

High School DxD: Spartans X Dragons

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Summary: Teleportation. Not John's favorite method of travel, but when a teleportation procedure get's interrupted, Spartan-117 get's stranded in an entirely different timeline. How would one of humanities' greatest fare in a Japanese high school that just recently become co-ed and fight against the forces of evil...and good?

1. Accidental Pervert

****HighSchool DxD: Spartans X Dragons****

****Chapter 1: Accidental Pervert****

A ringing tone woke me from my sleep. I moved my body lazily and smashed the source of the ringing. Getting up, groggily, I haven't been to work for a year now. I've gotten quite lazy in my "waking-up" process. I walked up to the sink and turn on the faucet. Water poured down; into the drain. I grabbed my favorite tooth brush, a blue colored toothbrush. I squeezed toothpaste onto my cleaning utensil and started to brush my teeth. I finished and spat out the foam, gurgled some water and spat it out. Getting another mouthful, I added some mouth wash and gurgled for a slightly longer amount of time. The feeling of my mouth burning, didn't appeal to me. It still made my mouth feel clean afterwards.

I walked outside, grabbing the broken alarm clock. I walked outside of my room and placed it on top a throne of broken alarm clocks. I am the King of smashed pieces of technology. Sitting down on a sofa, I grabbed a remote and turned on the TV. I scrolled through the various channels, trying to find something interesting. Most of them were news channels. When I got to my favorite channel, the Sangheili "learning human customs" show. Surprisingly, the reactions the split-mouths make are comedic. Satisfied with the episode, I powered down the TV. I walked back into my bedroom and grabbed my under-suit. It felt odd enough not wearing this.

I unzipped the back of the suit and equipped the jet-black jump suit. The internal gel inside the under-suit quickly adjusted itself to my body and skin temperature. It felt great having this on again. Without it, I felt naked and vulnerable. I looked at the mirror again. I looked at my 24 year old face. Fully aware at my age, which is 53, I wasn't freaked out or frightened by my appearance. What I saw, was the face of Master Chief Petty Officer John-117, leader of Blue Team. I went back into the living room and pulled the carpet off. There was a safe there. I inputted the password, 2511, my birthday. The safe opened with a satisfying hiss... noise. I grabbed its contents, which were consisted of, a MA5D ICWS Assault Rifle, M45D Tactical Shotgun, M395 Designated Marksman Rifle (DMR) and BR85HB SR Battle Rifle. Loading it with crystallizing paint ball rounds, I exited my civilian hovel and proceeded to start my "morning".

Walking outside my small house, I opened my garage to reveal a M274 Ultra-Light All Terrain Vehicle or more commonly known as the Mongoose. I placed the ICWS, DMR and BR85 on its passenger's seat and ignited the engine. A small burst of sound was emitted from its engine. The low humming noise was refreshing. Without further wait, I twitched my arm and the wheels began to move. I closed the garage door as I exited the house. I road for a short distance, purposely choosing a civilian dwelling close to the ONI Military base that held my MJOLNIR Mark VI.

* * *

><p>"Chief," I turned around to be greeted with the face of my creator, Dr. Catherine Halsey. She was smiling, softly. I quickly stiffened and saluted my de facto mother.

"No need for formalities John." She placed a hand on my saluting arm. It was the hand cut off by that bastard Sangheili. Fortunately, we were able to restore it back to its original state.

"How's your arm, Doctor Halsey?" I asked, concerned.

"It's perfectly fine now, thanks to the UNSC, we're able to clone it from the left-over cells in that stub of an arm that I had." She chuckled softly.

"John, are you sure you don't want a new A.I.?" She asked. Was she really trying again? I'm not replacing Cortana.

"Affirmative," I boldly stated.

"Then, it looks like we're going to have to retire you..." That statement hit me hard. Me? Retiring? Never, never in a million years.

"I refuse."

"Sorry John, it's not my call. ONI's chairman told it to me personally, if you were to decline ownership of Terra, you are to be discharged from the UNSC Marines." She said. She sounded slightly happy. She wanted us Spartans to have normal lives, now I'm getting one.

"But what will I do? I'm a tool of war, Doctor Halsey. I was trained to show no emotion, no sympathy to anyone or anything."

"Yes, but it's time for you to start your second phase of training."

"Second phase, what do you mean?" I questioned.

"It's time for you to learn how to be human, John."

* * *

><p>Humanâ€¦ I'm a weapon meant mass destruction, not a civilian. I belong nowhere else besides the battlefield. I increased the acceleration on the M274 ULATV Mongoose. The ONI facility that held my MJOLNIR armor appeared just above the horizon. I turned on the corner and might have broken a traffic law. The base walls appeared, closer now. I grabbed a data-pad from under the stack of weapons and hacked the gates, opening them. As I entered the base, several surprised Spartans began firing at me with their MA5Ds.<p>

Naturally, I'd die if I were to be hit with these guns, but I modified the Mongoose to create its own bubble shield. I grabbed the Assault Rifle and stuck my hand outside the protective shield, shooting the Spartan in the chest, crystals grew on his armor, locking up it up and causing him to fall down, frozen. I did the same with the rest of the Marines and Spartans. I rode inside the base, the ULATV drove onto the stairs with little to no problems.

This was the farthest I've ever gotten inside the ONI base. Oddly enough, there were no defenders what-so-ever inside the base. I ignored the fact and proceeded to drive deeper into the facility. When I reached the objective, the door was already opened.

"Suspiciousâ€¦" I thought aloud. I grabbed a BR85HB SR Battle Rifle and M6H Personal Defense Weapon Magnum and entered the room. There was only one scientist. He wore a mask and glasses that, for some reason, reflected light and hid his eyes. This gave me a bad impression of him. I looked around and spotted my MJOLNIR armor. The Mark VI was due to move tomorrow. I wouldn't let that happen. Pointing at the scientist, I barked an order.

"You, activate those mechanical hands."

He obeyed without a second thought. Strangeâ€¦ I walked onto the platform, where the hands began to place a piece of armor onto my body. The familiar weight of the armor was returned to me. I regret nothing. The helmet was placed onto me and the HUD lighted up. It was an updated version. Everything was where it was, but there were several new functions. There was a night-vision option, for some reason, thermal vision and "energy indicator". What the hell is an energy indicator?

"We took the liberty of upgrading your armor." A voice called out from the door. I checked my radar and saw a yellow blink. Then I noticed, that voice sounded familiar.

"Doctor Halsey?"

"Good to know you're alive and well, very active as well." She revealed herself, along with two Spartan IV bodyguards.

"Come with me." She beckoned me. Without any objections, I walked down from the platform. I followed the Doctor to a larger room. It looked like the science lab. There, I saw some familiar faces: Kelly-087, Fred-104 and Linda-058. They seemed to be expecting me. Behind them, was a Forerunner-like platform with arcs surrounding it. They had their helmets tucked under their arms, MA5Ds and BR85HBs equipped.

"Squad Leader," Fredric-104 saluted. I returned the salute.

"Why are we here?" I questioned.

"We want you to test out a device the Forerunners gave us." The Doctor explained.

"Why us?"

"The UNSC Infinity is under attack by Covenant Loyalists. They sent for your assistance." Halsey replied.

"Loyalists, is that all? Can't they take care of themselves?"

"Apparently, the Loyalists overwhelmed the Infinity. They're having a hard time keeping the Loyalists out."

"Why are we using this thing then?" Fred interjected. "Wouldn't it be more reasonable for the UNSC to sent reinforcements via frigates and transports?"

"Yes, but that'd take too long. The Infinity requires your abilities now."

I temporarily submitted to their demands. Atleast I get the MJOLNIR back. I waited for the device to start up. Fred, Kelly and Linda went in first. The platform/portal activated. The arcs surrounding the platform began spiraling and spinning frantically. A bluish light glowed from the device as the room dimmed. A bright light blinded us as the three blue-team members disappeared.

"Is it safe?" I asked, weary of portals. If there's one thing I hate more then hostiles, its portals. I have my fair share of bad-luck from portals reminiscing that time on Installation 04.

"Of course, although the Forerunners given us an older model. They said for us to adapt to their technology slowly before using their more technological devices." Halsey explained, "There may be a few...glitches here and there." She said, laughing to herself. I don't find anything amusing about that joke.

"I'll trust your judgment on this." I said, stepping onto the platform. Immediately, I knew I was going to regret it.

"Doctor Halsey, where's the Chief?" Captain Laskey asked on radio.

"He's coming through, he should be there soon."

"Uh, Doctor Halsey?" I asked.

"Ok, make it quick!" Laskey told her.

"Don't rush me; everything needs to be perfect for the teleportation procedure to be successful!" She scowled at his impatience. Her fingers were typing in the coordinates with frightening accuracy.

"Doctor Halsey? Hello?" I called again.

"Well sorry for being so impatient, but the Covvies are about to breach the room anytime now!" He shouted back. I noticed the low rumbling sound from the screen now.

"Permission to speak." My cries were left unheard as my "mother" inputted the data and pressed the red button.

The arcs began to spiral around me. Bright lights filled my vision, bright FLASHING lights. If it weren't for my augments, I swear, I would have gotten seizures from the portal alone.

"What's going on?" I FUCKING CALLED IT! My "mother" looked frightened. Did she accidentally input the wrong code? Did she avert too much power into the machine?

"I spy a retarded Forerunner Combat AI next to the power supply. The hell are you doing." I asked sarcastically. If there's something I learned from being a civilian, it's that sarcasm is one of the greatest things humanity has ever created. The Promethean Knight just stared at me blankly. No grunts. Is it charging its fucking batteries or something?

"JOHN!"

I simply raised my palm. I'm completely calm and extremely angry. Doctor Halsey began inputting additional codes.

"The codes aren't working! Why aren't they working!?" She smashed her fists onto the control panel. She was frantic. Her eyes had a hint of blood veins.

"Doctor Halsey. I'll probably be gone for a while." I said the obvious. "Could you send me some MREs and weapons with ammunition?"

"You're acting calm for a person that's going to be sent to an unknown destination. With no way of knowing if your going to survive or not." Yeah, I'm way too calm.

"I've been trained not to show fear and to stay calm at all times." I lied. I'm actually panicking ALOT right now. I'm just not showing it.

"We'll try to keep the portal open for as long as we can! When it closes, you're on your own..." A technician said.

"Noted, okay then, let's hope you fix this thing soon. Or get that

GOD DAMN PROMETHEAN AWAY FROM THE SOCKET!" I shouted at the Promethean, which still has a wire sticking from its back, inside the socket. I thought they used solar energy... The Promethean showed no signs of acknowledgement. Great, that's just great. Subconsciously, I placed my right hand on my lap. I noticed my "gift" from Thel-Vadam was still there. It was a stronger version of the Energy Sword, using hard light technology. It was an Energy Sword/Promethean Arm Blade hybrid.

Great...and just when I thought I was about to get back to work too. Atleast I still had SOME form of protection. A fully loaded M6H PDWS, with six magazines to waste. I then realized the armor seemed different from when I last used it. I checked the specs and saw "MJOLNIR MARK XI PROTOTYPE".

"This is the Mark eleven!?" I blurted out. I couldn't hold my surprise, not only I got a MJOLNIR powered suit, it's a prototype too!

"Well, yes. It's still your own armor; we just repaired it and upgraded it." Doctor Halsey explained, still typing commands into the control panel.

Really, this felt sort of long. I could probably beat myself playing chess while waiting. The color changed, it was red now. Red is bad. From all the children's TV shows I've watched the past year (and anime), I knew the color red means something bad is going to happen.

"What's happening?" Catherine asked. You tell me! I shrugged my shoulders and shook my head. I really don't have anything to say right now. Then I felt a kind of "anti" gravity, sort of feeling affect me. The molecules in my body seemed to warp, disappearing for some reason. I grabbed my arm to make sure it was still there. This took an entire minute longer then the previous teleport.

"Uh, I guess this is goodbye." I said, still holding onto my arm. Halsey looked up. Her face went from being serious, to a face of utter shock. I saw a tear stream down her face. I let go of my arm and gave her a thumbs up.

"Don't worry, Spartans never die." They respawn...where did that come from? I smiled from under my helmet and looked at myself. I was becoming more transparent by the moment. My smile turned into a scowl. I was getting extremely pissed for some reason. I squeezed my forearm. Looking back up, the view of Doctor Halsey was getting foggier.

The strange "anti-gravity" feeling got stronger, and stronger, until it felt like pain. I fell on my knees and clutched my helmet. Usually, Cortana would be here to tell me to snap out of it or hold on or to tell me how much longer I'll continue hurting. Not now. Now, I have no one to comfort me, no one to tell me any jokes, to tease me. I felt alone, isolated. After being away from my "family" for so long, I felt alienated. My neighbors, when I first met them, were friendly. Until they learnt of my "origins", they became scared. Almost threatening to kill me, to stay away from their children and families.

I blacked out from the pain as the teleportation finished.

* * *

><p>I woke up in a pool of blood. I stood up. The blood seeped off my armor. Looking around, I saw a female woman. She looked Japanese. I mentally set my translator to Japanese. She looked shocked. I should be shocked. Why did I wake up from a pool of blood and the first thing I see, is a cute, Japanese teenager, in a striper uniform. Seriously, the only thing covering her is straps. Oh my god. I smacked my face with the palm of my hand.<p>

I tried to get up. The only things I had on me were the Energy Sword and Magnum. I noticed, in the pool of blood, was some clothes. Did I crush someone? I looked around and saw no body. Not even a trace of giblets or intestines. I grabbed the shirt. There was alot of blood, as if someone was left to bleed to death. I crouched down to examine the red liquid. The shields protected my suit from getting wet.

"Hey, have you seen the person who did this?" I asked. My reply was in the form of a spear, made from light. I was able to turn around in time to catch the spear by the tip. Half my shields were drained in the process. Then, suddenly, I the spear seemed to burn my hand as I held it. I dropped it; the spear disappeared into a brilliant flash of light.

"The hell, what is this magic?" I asked myself. Looking up, I saw the girl rush at me, spear in hand. I side stepped her. She tripped into the pool of blood, smearing her face and exposed body. I noticed the black wings on her back... BLACK WINGS!? Angel wings to be exact. I was never a holy man; actually, they would call me a demon. Religion was long dead before I was born. The bible was more of an educational book, then an actual religious manuscript.

"Why you..." I grabbed the back of her face and smashed it into the floor. The brick that made up the floor was crushed and pushed under. The face of the...fallen angel, I guess, was bloodified. I believe some of the blood on the floor went into her mouth. She looked extremely tired. I pulled her head up and whispered into her ear.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"...Kuh." She spat out some blood. I took that as a sign of insubordination and shook her head a little.

"ANSWER ME!" I shouted. I didn't have the necessary tools to do a proper torture, but this should do.

"D-don't you already know?" She said. I was dumbfounded.

"Know what? Don't play tricks on me, little girl." I sounded like a Sangheili.

"Don't fuck with me." She elbowed me in the face, a quarter of my shields dropped. That elbow was certainly stronger then a regular human's, but not as strong as mine. I released my grip on her hair and she escaped from my grasp. I grabbed the Magnum from my waist and aimed it at her. She threw a Light Spear at me. I dodged the throw, but she took off into the sky with her wings. I sprinted towards her

and jumped. I jumped higher then any normal human could; I leapt over her height and smacked the back of her head.

The girl fell onto the floor, unconscious, probably. I walked up to her and grabbed her cheeks. I turned her face and examined her appearance. Sure she was cute. Some might say "hot as fuck". Hormones no longer affect me. I took out a combat knife from my vest and cut her hand with it. I touched it with my hand. The suit scanned her DNA and blood. It was so similar to a human's, yet so different. She had excess energy and the wings were part of her genetic structure.

"What the hell is going on?" I asked myself. I let my shields recharge. The familiar "bvvvvvp" was calming.

Bleep.

Great.

Bleep.

Another one?

Bleep bleep.

Two?

Bleep bleep bleep.

"Shit."

I turned around and saw three people with wings, flying, a middle-aged man wearing a long coat, another girl and an older female. I stood up, dropping the girl's face onto the floor. I aimed my Magnum at the group. The older male scoffed at me.

"I can't believe Raynare got beaten by this kid." I believe you're underestimating me.

"Is that his Sacred Gear, the armor? Well then, looks like you won't need that anymore." The younger female commented. Girl, this is a multi-million dollar powered armor, do you think you're going to snatch it away, just like that?

"Probably not, there's never been a Sacred Gear like THAT before." What the hell is a sacred gear? I decided to squeeze the information out of "Raynare" here and squeezed the trigger. The gunshot rang as loud as it could. It pierced the male's shoulder and went through it. This is the most over powered pistol in existence. Don't think you could just fly like that.

"What the...! That actually hurt!" The male shouted.

"And next time, it's going to be your head exploding like a watermelon." I replied.

"Kuu... I didn't know Issei was this aggressive. Well then, time to die." Who's Issei? And why do I feel like I might actually lose this time? They all made Light Spears appear in their hands. I activated

Hardlight Shield. No use, they flew behind me and threw the spears. Their flight capabilities were amazing.

The two spears took my shields down to half, the other, pierced my back and came out of an un-armored area. I fell down. This was nothing compared to the other battles I've fought. Standing up, I realized the spear burnt like hell. I turned around and fired my M6H. They dodged two of my shots, but the rest hit them. One hit the male in the chest and another in the leg. Two hit the older female at the shoulder. And the last three hit the younger female in the legs, and one to the chest. They all were shocked at my accuracy.

"He's no ordinary human. We should eliminate him and destroy his body before the devils come and resurrect him." The older female suggested.

I then felt something pierce my chest, through my armor. "Raynare" was back, back for vengeance. The spear pierced my lower chest and through my upper back.

"Well...looks like I'm missing the next Sangheili reacts show..." I got my last laugh. I grabbed the Gift Vadam gave me. The Energy Sword activated. Its crimson blade illuminated the night. I tuned it to "last stand" mode. Lightning cracked around the sword. I slowly backed away, in a stance.

"You're not going anywhere!" The older female said as she rushed me.

I let her get closer. It used up ALL my strength to do this, but I lunged at her. The training I did with the Sangheili master swordsmen was worth it. I pierced her heart and lifted her into the air. Blood came out her mouth as the spear she held disappeared.

"Kalawarner!" The younger female cried out. I threw her body away to my side. Time for me to boast.

"I am Master Chief Petty Officer Spartan-117!" I lifted the Blade to face level. "And Spartans NEVER die." At the last word, I coughed. I heard a car behind me stop. My vision was getting blurry and Raynare stood over me.

"You're not Issei."

"Who the fuck is Issei..." I said as I blacked out

* * *

><p>This time, I woke up in a more pleasant room. A hospital I presumed, but the technology was...out-dated. Where the hell am I? I got up. The hole(s) in my body healed completely. Wait, where's the MJOLNIR? I looked to my left and saw the Energy Sword there. I grabbed it and got up. I opened the door. Several female employees blushed at me. I was too consumed in thought to care.<p>

"OAI!" A security guard ran towards me with a baton. A nurse had a hospital gown in her hands, pushing it towards me. Just as the security guard was about to get into lunge range, I activated the Energy Sword. This time, it was just the sword, so it was a blue color now. Everyone froze.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"Eeto...I dun shpeak engrish." The security guard said.

"Can you please put this on!" The nurse next to him threw the hospital gown at me. I grabbed it with my free hand and deactivated my Energy Sword. Then I noticed, I was small. I wasn't 6ft 11 anymore. What the hell? I then noticed my skin wasn't pale. It was a yellowish color.

"Wat." I said "what" in a stupid manner. Like someone who just had just woken up to notice that he's been asleep for fifty years.

"WHAT THE HELL!?"

I walked back into the room I was in and grabbed the closest mirror. I then put on the hospital gown. I looked like a Japanese boy, a teenager. What happened!? Last time I checked, I was Caucasian!

"What's going on?!" I asked the nurse.

"Mr. Victor-"

"Who the hell is Victor?" I've lost my calmness now.

"The man who dropped you off here?" Oh that clears EVERYTHING up.

"Where is he?"

"In the lobby, downstairs." Atleast she KNOWS where he is.

"How long have I been asleep?"

"Three weeks." How did my wounds heal in three weeks? WHY WAS I ASLEEP FOR THREE WEEKS!?

"Let me go talk to him."

"Excuse me, but may I know your name?" I thought about her question for a second. I didn't have an answer besides my undercover name.

"Sierra-117" I said, in a calmer tone.

"117?" What, are you deaf? (No offense to the deaf people out there. I'm sorry.)

"Yes, that's part of my name."

"What's your surname?" Persistent isn't she.

"117."

"Uh...okay, 117-san." She laughed nervously. "This is a funny joke, Issei."

"Who the hell is Issei?" That name again.

"Uh...you're Issei. Are you alright, Issei-san?" A friend? Who is this girl.

"Who are you to 'Issei'?" I asked. I stated that bluntly and quickly.

"Uh... I'm a friend of your mother."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"...Ise?"

Well this got a whole lot more interesting.

"Where's my armor?"

"Sorry, what now?"

"My MJOLNIR suit, large, bulky, weighs a ton?"

"Sorry, you didn't come with a...Mjolnir suit."

I groaned. This was going to take longer then I thought...WAIT.

"If you already knew my name, why did you ask?" I turned back towards her. My face had a mixture of shock and confusion.

"Ahh..haha?" The woman laughed nervously.

* * *

><p>"So you're Victor." I said. I looked up towards a man that stood at 6 feet tall. He looked like, what people would call at this time, American. He had blonde hair and looked about 25 years old. He wore what seemed to be a brown trench coat. Under it was a blue T-Shirt and tacky pants.<p>

"Yes, nice to meet you...Issei-san."

"Drop the Issei and the 'san'. Call me John." I said. I didn't want him to confuse me with a dead man. Issei must be the name of the kid I... no that isn't possible. How could I crush someone and nothing is left behind? Besides, I didn't see any visual evidence that I crushed him.

"So...John, what was that you were wearing?" I grabbed his collar and pushed him against the wall with all my strength. I still had THAT atleast. I pushed him up the wall and stared into his eyes.

"Where's my suit."

"It's in my house." He was terrified.

"How'd you get if off?" I questioned.

"It just...came off by itself, honest!"

"Take me to it." I let go of his collar. The male fell down onto the floor. He groaned and rubbed his butt. Everyone else was staring at me, frightened, just another day as a Spartan. Just another normal day- Oh, red hair. My peripheral caught a most interesting sight: Red Hair. Not dyed, not a wig, but BRIGHT red hair. Not that dark red hair you usually see people dye, but organic red hair. I turned towards her. She seemed to be in a private school, hence the uniform. When she saw me, I caught a glimpse of shock and awe. I felt power and experience pour out from her. I scoffed at her sudden emotion and looked away. The other women that saw me were disgusted, shocked or showed evidence of extreme hatred. What did I do? Nothing thought so.

"Hey, Victor, how long are you going to-" When I turned towards him, I didn't see any "Victor". That asshole. I held the Energy Sword in my right hand and ran after him. He ran past the line of students. He seemed to be heading towards a school. I couldn't read Japanese; I knew only a few words, thanks to Linda.

"COME BACK HERE!" I used my natural "Spartan" Voice. It was a deeper more mature sounding voice than the one I usually use. He didn't stop, the fool. I exerted the rest of my Energy in my legs and sprinted. Augments don't disappoint, I ran faster then any human at this point. Body slamming into the young male, I grabbed his throat with my left hand and shoved a fist in front of his face, making sure he saw the stub of the Energy Sword in my hand.

"Where do you think your going cock sucker?" This is the language I've learned after leaving the military for an entire year. I threw him against a wall and kneed him in the gut. Victor coughed up some blood onto the ground and fell into his knees.

"Get up. I want my MJOLNIR Powered Armor Suit back." I told him. He obliged this time, nodding his head, showing acceptance. Everyone gathered around us, mostly students. They began mumbling something, one word I caught "Akuma". It means demon or devil in Japanese. That's right, I'm a demon. I'm a Spartan. I shouldn't even be considered human anymore.

"We should go; I've attracted too much attention to us." I told him.

"Yeah."

"And don't bother running. If you try to, I'll gut your stomach and hang you on a lamp post." I threatened.

"Right."

"Don't judge me. I've done that already. I've also beaten to death; three fully trained Special Operations Soldiers with my bare hands at the age of sixteen." That gotten his attention. He grabbed my hand, which I noticed, began growing paler. I also felt my muscle mass begin to increase as I accelerated.

* * *

><p>What's going on? I've grown back into my "adult" form again. My skin is still very pale and I'm now 6 feet, 11 inches. I also tore the clothes I was wearing while growing. The man seemed trust worthy, I haven't told him about anything yet. If he were to ask for information, I would give some out, the less sensitive ones.<p>

"So, do you have some sort of medical condition for that?" He asked, eyeing my pale skin.

"No, I didn't get too much sunlight for my entire life." I said, my voice, back to normal. I was inside his house, in the MJOLNIR Mark XI again. I tried tuning the radio to any frequency I could, so far, nothing. I was sitting on the floor, my legs crossed. Doctor Halsey really beefed up the suit. I have just about every armor ability (EVADE IS NOT AN ARMOR ABILITY, IT'S BASICLY ROLLING), besides the jetpack. I also had an EMP resistant armor and my very own "EMP Fists" which almost looks like an energy ball, except I can't fire it.

"So, who are you?" Victor asked.

"Master Chief Petty Officer John-117" I replied bluntly, without hesitation. I continued to tune the radio, hoping for any sign. After another five minutes or so, I gave up. The portal couldn't be open for this long, besides, I doubt Doctor Halsey would be able to find me...like this.

"What year is it?" I asked.

"October 3rd, 2013, you?"

"I usually would know changing the time line would be dangerous...but I have a feeling this isn't even my own timeline. December 5th, 2564." I said.

"Wow, five centuries into the future. Tell me, do we have flying cars yet?"

"No, the Covenant does though."

"Covenant? What's that?"

"Just an alien alliance that tried to wipe humanity from the face of the galaxy. Nothing too special." I said, staring at a painting he had on his wall.

"You sound...bored."

"Yeah. They got old after a while. Same repetitive strategy, same unit count, they had no variety asides their vehicles. Which by the way, feels like it's made from graph paper." I joked.

"You sound experienced."

"I've been fighting them for over thirty years, almost my entire life."

"Thirty years!?" He exclaimed. He looked at me with great interest. "You look like you're in twenties!"

"I don't look like it but I'm actually 53 years old, cryosleep can do wonders."

"So, how long are you going to be here? I don't feel all too comfortable sleeping with a person that could easily break my neck in my sleep."

"Just long enough to learn Japanese." I said, looking at him.

"What? Wait, you want me to teach you?" His jaw dropped.

"Who else can?"

* * *

><p>(Rushing this, but I can't really explain what happens during this time, besides STUDYING and more STUDYING.)<p>

"Okay, repeat. Hello, my name is Hyoudou Issei. I'm sure you've heard of me. I've been gone for about five weeks. I've been in a car accident down by the river and was rushed to the hospital, where I stayed there for several weeks." Victor said. This was the most ridiculous story I've ever heard in my life. I mean, wouldn't his parents know about this? I scratched the back of my head, pondering for anything else.

"Don't you think this sounds too cheesy?" I asked. I grabbed a glass of water and drank out of it. The water quality wasn't as good as it was back in 2564, but it was clean enough. I finished the glass and waited for his response.

He mused on my statement. "Sure it does...but do you have another idea?" He asked.

"Actually, yes, I do." I cleared my throat and said in clear and fluent Japanese, making sure to imitate Issei's voice as best as possible, "I'm back! Sorry about that, but I won't die that easily! Now, now, I'm sure you're all confused on how I'm 'not dead', but I've got a reasonable explanation for that! You see, I went up to the mountains for a while during Sunday, but there was this crazy, crazy girl I met. She stabbed me with a knife and threw me into a river. I was able to survive get to a hospital. Though, it was in an entirely different town."

I gave my opinion. It sounded legitimate, but the "thrown into the river" part sounded strange, but humans are such simple creatures. They'd take anything as the truth.

"Hm... that does sound good, but what about the river part?" Victor questioned.

"Use human psychology against them. They'd take the first thing they hear as truth and as the only truth, even though, in reality, I must have "replaced" Issei when he was dying." We had a talk during the extra two weeks I spent learning Japanese on how I've gotten into this situation. The most reasonable explanation, besides killing Issei, was that I somehow "exist" as a foreign and natural existence in the universe. Half of me, John-117, comes out either by will and strong determination, or by exerting excessive energy during exercise or anything else that requires physical labor.

"I guess you could..." The American said. I guess he wasn't all too much into psychology.

"Well, what would you say about your parents?" He asked. That...was another problem.

"Well, I could say I had amnesia. I can still say that I still do...until I fainted in the park! You came and took me to the hospital and I regained my memories back...wait." I stopped after that. Regained my memories? I don't even KNOW Issei's parents, so to hell with his personal life.

"What do I do? We don't have a good explanation for this..." I asked.

"Well, we'll go have a walk in the park...oh, and don't worry about your armor." He said.

"Why...?" I questioned. That was a stupid thing to say.

"Well, first, they'll think your cos-playing, or costume playing. So, you won't have to worry too much about your armor. That's also a pretty damn awesome looking suit you're wearing." Victor commented.

"Well, okay. I guess we could walk...I've been cramped up in here for way too long." I got up and stretched. The blonde lazily got up from his couch. He stretched and grabbed his keys. We walked out, he locked his door. We talked for a long time. Thinking about ideas on statements, but the same problem we always run into is the "parents" one. We needed someone that knew Issei like the back of their hands...or just someone who could easily delve into his info. That's something I can't do because I don't even know where to start. I don't even know where to get his information from.

We decided to stop for some ice cream. Well, just Victor anyways. He was sweating and beat tired from walking. What a pussy. His constitution must be low then. He sat down on the bench and licked his ice cream. He held another one in his hand. To be honest, I never tried ice cream before. All I've ever eaten in my life was MREs. Never had a cake or sweets (besides the ones that came with the MREs) in my life.

"Want one?" He offered me his spare ice cream. I looked at it enviously. Of fucking course I wanted one.

"Sure. Just hold it for a second." I took off my gloves and depressurized my helmet. When I took it off, two girls screamed and a smaller one stared at me emotionlessly, but I knew under that mask, she was shocked. I saw her eyes widen a little. She wore the "Kuoh Academy" uniform. Her white hair went well with it...yellow eyes? I was staring at her for a while until I saw a foot flying at my face from the corner of my eye.

"Stop staring at Koneko-chan with those lustful eyes!" The attacker said. I stepped back, the girl landed on her feet and got into a crouching position. It was a lazy one; she tried to hide her skirt from being seen. Who's this idiot...? I set my 50 pound helmet on the bench besides Victor, along with my gloves.

"Sorry, but do I know you?" I asked. She looked confused for a second, but her seriousness returned in an instant.

"Don't toy with me, hentai!" Pervert? Am I a pervert?

"Uh...excuse me, but who are you?"

"Eh!?" She stepped back, slightly, but grabbed a wooden sword from the air. It was thrown by one of her friends.

"Don't you play games, ISSEI!" The girl lunged at me. It looked like it was well versed. It seems like she's supposed to be able to hit me.

Nope.

I sidestepped her and put my foot in front of her legs. She tripped on it and landed face first. Fail. I grabbed the kendo stick from the air and stabbed it in front of her eyes. The sword shattered, but the tip was stuck inside the ground.

"Wh-what!?"

"What insane strength!"

"Super hentai!?"

I heard people murmur around me. I heard EVERY single comment. Augmentations never failed me before, but sometimes act like a double edged sword. Many of the comments were hurtful. I'm not Issei man...

"I-is...is he going to rape her?" OK NO MORE!

"Let's get out of here." I grabbed my helmet and gloves and put them back on. Victor finished his ice cream and the other one was beginning to melt.

"You can have that one." I told him. He didn't complain and ate the rest of the ice cream.

* * *

><p>What the fuck.<p>

"Hey, this is an unauthorized- GUH!" I punched the male soldier in the gut. He fell down with ease. I saw an M12 LRV (Light Reconnaissance Vehicle) sticking out like a sore thumb in the middle of the park. It came, fully loaded with tons of weaponry and in all its glory. Its turret was still attached too.

"Freeze!" Two more soldiers aimed their pathetic rifles at me. I picked up the M16 the unconscious soldier held and deactivated its safety.

"Open fire!"

The guns were useless. The rifles barely used up a centimeter of my shield bar. My shields flared a golden yellow color and I aimed the

M16 on the attackers. Technically, the Warthog and all its contents belong to me. How did Doctor Halsey pull it off, I don't know, in five weeks nonetheless, grand as always, Catherine. They stopped firing their weapons after they saw how useless it was. I intended to stop resolve this conflict without any violence...coming from a guy who's entire life revolved around fighting, killing and war. I slowly walked towards the Warthog; I still had the M16s primed on the two. I heard several other marines run towards me. I aimed it at them too.

I slowly backed up against the LRV. Cautiously, I laid the M16 onto the floor, slowly and got into the Jeep. Victor was hiding behind the trees, I signaled him to run away. The two of the guys saw my signal and turned around; I threw a sonic grenade towards them. It hit one of the guys at the back of the head, distracting him. I ignited the engine and grabbed the nearest weapon, which turned out to be a M6 Caseless SMG. The bullets rattling filled the air and the two men dropped dead.

"So much for no violence..." I thought.

"He killed Timothy!" A marine shouted. There's a fine line between disabled and killed. Right now, I disabled him, even with an SMG, I'm still pretty accurate.

I drove out from the park and into the rode. I haven't used a Warthog in a while. I saw Victor running across the street. He was panting heavily. I pressed the wheel, the horn blared loudly. The tired American got onto the driver's seat of the car. I was lucky I memorized the city during my two weeks here, I was able to drive around the city (passing Victor's house several times).

"I think we lost them." I said.

"I think they never even tried to find us..."

"Pretty sure they'd try and catch us. I would try to anyways."

"What ever, I just want to go back home, Sharp Shooter."

"Linda's the Sharp Shooter..." I mumbled.

"What was that?"

"Nothing! Nothing."

* * *

><p>(Rushed? Yeah, the others hopefully won't be as rushed. I need to get the main clinks in place before seriously starting the rest of the story. And good to clear it up now or I'll have like...5-6 chapters of explaining to do)<p>

It's been two days after that military incident. Today's the big day. Today's the day of my big "return". I didn't want it to be too flashy, so I decided to submit a student application under the name "Hyoudou Issei-117" It sounded weird. I'm not a High School student, I'm a 53 year old UNSC Special Operations Super Soldier, who's survived over a hundred combat encounters and killed over a thousand with my bare hands. I'm not supposed to be stuck behind a desk, doing

paper work...oh the irony. My "parents" know that "I" still live now. I've practically read all of Issei's history and personality, and I must say, I'm extremely embarrassed to be walking in his place right now.

"Embodiment of sexual desires...what the hell." I said to myself.

"I was surprised when I first read his files too. I never knew such a person existed!" Victor, your not making me feel any better. This guy has a strange fetish for boobs also, which is a foreign concept to me because I've practically never thought about having sex, nor did I even care. I held my bag-suit case thing over my back, like Issei does..or did.

"So, go with the plan?" I asked Victor.

"Yeah, the plan...is going to hell because of his god dang personality."

"You're not helping..."

"What ever, just go with the flow. I'll be waiting here in about five minutes after school to take you to your home." Home eh? My home was destroyed by an invading alien racist alliance. I didn't tell you that did I?

"...I was always considered lucky..." I began.

"What?"

"I survived over a hundred combat encounters...and what do I get? Nothing of value. Yup. I don't give any shits about the medals they gave me, oh no, no, no. I do not give any shits, none at all."

"..." Victor listened intently. We were at the school gate now, on the bridge.

"You've taken my life from me. In return, I get a friend that died several years ago, brothers and sisters that died fighting, brothers and sisters that I wish, WISH, miraculously survived."

"The UNSC uses me like their pet, their lab rat. I fight for them, they keep humanity alive. Seems like a fair trade, doesn't it? NO! It isn't! Where's my humanity!? What's left of it!? NOTHING! I LOST IT FIVE GOD DAMN DECADES AGO!"

"John." Victor called me.

"We're here."

I looked up. There was a massive building complex in front of me. Some students were looking out the window, probably due to the rant I had. I walked inside. Victor told me good luck. I am the luckiest of the Spartans, and I sure damn hope that luck will hold. I kept the gift Thel gave me in my pocket. I always have a weapon on me at all times. I'm also really damn lucky this Energy Sword converts virtually ANYTHING into energy. Heat, sound, light, solar, kinetic, magnetic, nuclear - weak and strong, you name it. It can probably convert it into electric energy too.

I stood in front of the door of my class room. The door was made out of a sturdy wood. The floor stub seemed to be made out of the same thing. The floor was made out of a marbled stone. I took a deep breath and placed my hand onto the door. This will be intense. I quickly opened the door.

"Uh..." Shit. I'm at a loss for words. All eyes were on me. Hopefully my accent imitated Issei's close enough.

"I guess...this is hi again?" I scratched the back of my head and laughed nervously. No, this wasn't an act. My palms were sweating and I was seriously nervous.

"...H-...!" I don't know what to expect, really.

"HENTAI!" I did not expect that. Not in the slightest.

"Damn! Issei's back!" He must be really hated...

"Go crawl back to the hole you came from!"

"Yeah! Go die again!"

"_Must...restrain...anger..._" I chanted in my head. I was still smiling, even though I wanted to grab the Energy Sword and cut up everyone in this classroom. What subject was this...math? I was never good at math...but it became a vital aspect during my missions. I had to learn it.

"Alright class...It looks like Issei's back, let's give him a warm welcome." The teacher said. He didn't seem all too happy about me coming back either. Is he giving me the evil eye? I stepped back, slightly surprised at all the hateful comments I was getting.

"Issei...take your seat."

"..."

"We're waiting."

"Where did I sit again?"

Everyone in the class fell. Is this an anime or something?

"Are you retarded? You sit behind me!" A bald guy called out. He had a healthy body by the looks of it. One of Issei's friends? I have nothing to say.

"Oh. Okay." I took a step forward. And just like that, I felt a trip wire. I stopped mid step.

"Well...aren't you going to move?"

"Excuse me, but who put that trip wire here?"

One of girls blushed. It was the one I saw in the park.

"It was you wasn't it."

"SHUT UP, YOU SUPER STRONG HENTAI!" Did she like Issei?

* * *

><p>Class was easy. I was underwhelmed. The teacher mostly picked on me during class, not that I had any problems with it. At 11th grade for me, I was already into making biological viruses, etc. Quadratic equations are cake to me. The bald guy walked up to me. He seemed to ramble on about girls and porno videos. I didn't bother listening. I was too engrossed in this book that Doctor Halsey sent to me via dimension traveling Warthog.<p>

"Hey! Are you listening to me?" 'Matsuda' called. I returned his glare with my own.

The rest of school was dull. During English, the teacher really didn't pick on me as much. Really, the only time he did, was to read a 'section' of a passage. I read it, the entire class's jaws dropped. When I finished, the teacher asked me to continue reading. I obliged. Eventually, I read the entire passage. I had to remind him that I had already finished the entire thing and sat down. Really, the only time I actually studied, was during Japanese. I had an uneasy grasp on Japanese. I paid close attention on the lesson. I knew when the teacher called me, I was fucked. I tried my best to memorize all the Japanese Kanji words, the only problems I had were the combinations.

"Okay then Issei-

"Please excuse me; I need to use the bathroom." I interjected immediately. If it was reading, I didn't need to embarrass myself in front of the entire class.

"Probably off to go peek on some girls..." One of the females gossiped. Ears fail me now, please. I ignored them. When my entire body was across the door, I took off into a sprint towards the bathroom. I'm completely clueless in these kinds of situations. I was trained to kill, not retake school!

"The pinnacle of human augmentations and squad leader of the humanities' most superior fighting force, and I don't even know how to read a damn passage in Japanese. God, Samuel would be laughing his ass off right now." I said to myself, rinsing my face in the sink. I looked up into the mirror. In it, was the face of a Japanese teenager named Issei. He's dead now, I think. I've taken his place in the universe.

"Hey, Sam, Fred, Kurt...what would you do right now, if you were in my position?" I asked myself. I wished some sort of divine hint would prompt me to do something. Anything?

The door behind me opened. A blonde haired kid stepped in. I believe this was the "Prince of Kuoh Academy" or some other bullshit. Well, he did look good. He had blue eyes, clear blue eyes that would take any girl's heart with a glance. But I knew, under that cheerful and gentle smile was a dark past. He was a warrior, I could tell. Wait...

"Who're you, someone out for vengeance?" I asked. I stepped away from the boy. I didn't know his name; guess I'm calling him Casanova for a

while.

"Kiba Yuuto, at your service, Issei." He did a mock bow. I'm still cautious of him. I got into a side stance, my left side facing the front. I placed my right hand above my right pocket, ready to grab the Energy Sword.

"You know me?" Still cautious, I slowly approached him. He didn't look...normal. I could tell, I felt something strange emitting from him, similar, but different from my pervious encounter with that...Fallen Angel.

"Of course, everyone in the school is aware of your...illustrious reputation."

"Pick your words carefully, playboy." I warned.

"This accidental pervert is more dangerous then you think."

"Of course. By the way, have you heard the rumor of the 'Green Giant'?" And there you have it. I restrained myself from grabbing this little punk's throat and breaking it right then and there. That'd cause a lot of problems and I'd be called a pervert murder.

I took a deep breath and said, "Continue." I knew if I heard more I wouldn't be able to restrain myself any further.

"Well, he was eating ice cream with an American male..."

"_Correction, I DIDN'T get to eat any ice cream._" I thought.

"He could break a kendo sword by stabbing it into the floor..."

"_Nothing wrong there..._"

"And he raided a military quarantine." You just signed your death warrant. I rushed towards him and threw a vicious punch to the face. All my years of training taught me how to punch quickly and efficiently. Surprisingly, he dodged the front jab, and my hand went through the wall.

"I didn't expect that..." The Casanova said. He looked surprised and frightened. I pulled my hand out of the hole and used the same hand to back hand him. The surprise attack hit. He was almost knocked out by that strike. I used my opposite leg and side kicked his side rib. The kick nearly shattered his ribs. The blonde fell onto wall; I grabbed the back of his head and smashed it into the wall, once.

"Okay kid, listen here. I don't know how you know about that little incident, but if you tell ANYONE about that or this, I'll make sure that's going to be the last time you tell anyone about ANYTHING." I said into his ear. From behind, I heard a camera snap. It sounded digital. I whirled around, getting the playboy into a headlock. I was met with the same small girl I saw at the park, the one with the silver hair. She held something that looked similar to a hand held phone.

"Caught you." She said in a monotone voice.

"And why should I care? I can break that phone and your neck in an instant." I threatened. She knew that I was serious and put the phone into her pocket.

"Delete it. Or this kid gets a one way ticket to hell."

"I'd actually love to see the underworld." Kiba said in a playful voice. He began laughing, "That kick was almost as strong as Akeno-sempai's or Buchou's."

"Almost." He added at the end.

"Say another word and your dead."

"I've been dead. It's pleasant when you feel at piece."

"Kiba, you're not making the situation any better." The silver haired girl said.

"Sorry, sorry Koneko-chan." He really is a playboy.

"What do you want from me?!" I shouted, tightening my grip on Kiba.

"Bu-buchou just wa-wants some questions answered...gah! That's really tight." I lessened my grip on the male. Buchou, in Japanese means "club president" I believe. Why would their club president want questions to be answered and why from me?

"Who's Sam?" I did a powerful jab towards his lower spine, this much strength would either kill or cripple a human, or anything in that manner. And like a bitch, the little girl caught it with both her hands. How'd she get here so fast? I noticed her move, but it was in an extremely agile manner, almost like a cat's.

"That...hurt." She said.

"Really? Wow! You're strong, for a human." He said playfully. I really wanted to wipe the floor with this kid. Then, they looked at me awkwardly.

"What?"

"Your skin, it's becoming paler." I looked down. It was becoming paler. I barely used enough energy over such a short period of time, why am I changing again?

"Are you a vampire?"

"Does it look like I have fangs and suck blood?" They didn't say a word. "Thought so, let me see this 'Buchou' of yours."

* * *

><p>Class was over and it was lunch break. We got an entire hour to ourselves, enough time for me to-<p>

"KYAAA!" Enough time for me to listen to girls get orgasms. The hell

is going on. I tilted my head to the source of the commotion. The "prince" was here. I guess my intuition was correct, he is a playboy.

"Kiba-kun! D-do you want to have lunch with me?" A girl asked.

"No! Kiba-kun will have lunch with me!"

"K-Kiba"

And we had more girls asking the kid for lunch, dates, etc. Hell, one girl asked him to "take her first time". That statement had to require a lot of courage. I looked away, bored. I continued reading the book Halsey gave me. This was much more interesting than all the crap I got from the school. Luckily, this book was roughly 500 pages long, and there was an entire series, with the same amount of pages.

"Sorry, I'm here on business for Buchou." He said.

"Oh, please take your time!"

"Yes, we don't want to dirty the air around you." What ass kissers. The Casanova approached me. I didn't give any shits and continued reading the book. He waited for a reaction, I gave none.

"Pardon me." I tilted my head to the direction he was standing, to show a slight sign of acknowledgement.

"Buchou wants to meet you." You know, I'm expecting a large, muscular, 18 year old male right now. I packed my things, leaving the book out, since I'm only on page 67 and this was a really good one, a story, I mean. It really captures you in the first few lines and continues to hook you on with constant drama and cliffhangers.

"No! He's going to be defiled!"

"I won't allow a KibaXHyoudou couple!"

"Maybe it's a H-"

"Don't you dare finish that sentence." I said coldly. My right hand tightened its squeeze on my bag. In the UNSC I tolerated the rumors spread by the marines. I understood why they feared me, but THIS. This is just senseless rumor spreading.

"ISSEI!" Matsuda called out behind me. I stopped, mid walk and turned to confront him. He looked angry.

"If you have business with me, make it quick." I stated bluntly.

"What are you going to do with this DVD, Me the Molester, and the Udon?!" He held the DVD case high in the air, above his head for the entire world to see. He had a face had a mixture of triumph and an urge to laugh.

There was an awkward silence afterwards. I didn't move a molecule and just stared at him. No screams of disgust, no, nothing, just a slightly embarrassed Matsuda.

"Is that all?" I asked, bored and unimpressed.

"Good, keep it that way." I turned around and didn't say another word. All that was left were the angry girls that swarmed the baldy.

"DARN YOU ISSEI!"

Koneko joined us as we walked away from the massacre.

* * *

><p>I stood in front of a wooden door, in a wooden hallway, in an old wooden house. They called this the Old School Building, apparently, Kiba and Koneko's clubroom. I put my right hand into my pocket and held onto the Energy Sword. Walking up to the door, I examined the hallway. If I were to make an escape, I could easily jump out the window and climb down a tree. If there that route was blocked, I could just run down the hallway or break the wooden planks that made up the floor. I placed my left hand on the door knob. The cold metallic steel feeling invaded my left hand. I'm still complaining about feeling naked Vic. I turned the door knob slowly, looking behind me occasionally. I stalled the opening for an entire minute. Funnily, inside, sat a girl, no older then 17, with black or just a really, REALLY, dark purple hair color. Her hair was tied into a ponytail and due to the length of her hair, the ponytail seemed like it could stretch to her waist.<p>

The next millisecond later, I noticed there was a shower in the room. A SHOWER in a CLUB ROOM. I looked around for the phantom shower and saw it. It was in the corner of the room and the silhouette of a girl appeared on the cover. I didn't flinch. I walked inside and took the spot where I could take the quickest exit point without looking conspicuous. Kiba and Koneko took their seats on the sofa. Koneko began eating, what looked like sweets. Kiba just began staring into space.

"Would you like some tea?" The older female asked.

"I respectfully decline." I said, shaking my head. I placed my bag next to the door and continued reading my book.

"Akeno, could you pass me a towel?" Requested the female from inside the shower.

"Yes, Buchou."

So the club president is a girl? And she's taking a bath inside her clubroom. I can't help admit, but that's bold. I immersed myself into the novel for the next five minutes. Best five minutes of the day. When the club president finally dried herself and reestablished the fact that humans are required to wear clothing, I placed a bookmark on the page I was (page 73) and put the book back into my bag. I took out my Energy Sword, I was still weary of the situation, and I didn't trust these people all too well.

"Query." I asked. I got back into my usual mood and personality. I didn't look up from my bag yet.

"Alright soldier boy, what's your question?" The Alpha female asked. I looked away from my bag, and immediately noticed her red hair. It was the girl from two weeks ago.

"Why did you summon me?" I asked. She pondered over my question for a moment as I analyzed the room for any other escape routes.

"I'm pretty sure you know why I called for you, Issei." She said. "How are you still alive and what's with the sudden change in personality?"

I grunted. I needed to get one point clear and that's that I'm not Issei...or fully Issei. I guess I could say I'm half Issei and half a biologically augmented super soldier that has survived over a hundred combat encounters and neutralized more than a thousand military combatants with my own two hands, and more with my fellow Spartans. Then again, I could also be Issei. I do have his appearance, and when I'm fully relaxed and take on his appearance, I have the same biological information or DNA as him. Dimension travel is a bitch.

"Do you want half the answer or all of it?" I decided. The red head looked confused at my statement.

"What other half don't I know?"

"A lot, actually, I won't even say half of it. More like 1/4ths of it." I said. Everyone seemed to show some interest in my statement. Even the silent and calm Koneko's eyes perked up to what I said.

"Okay, tell me. Tell me everything."

"Ok then..." What's her name?

"Rias. Rias Gremory." She said.

"Ok then Rias. Here's my story." I started. "I'm not even sure about this, but as of right now, I may be Hyoudou Issei. I seemed to have replaced him in this time and space. So, as of right now, you may address me as Issei."

"What do you mean?" Kiba asked.

"I'm getting there." I said, staring at the boy. "As far as I know, I'm 16 and am an infamous pervert among the ranks of Kuoh Academy..."

"You're correct about that." Akeno said, smiling as if she was having fun listening to me.

"If I had a NIC (I believe this isn't canon to Halo), this would be a lot easier to explain, but alas, I don't."

"What's that?" Rias asked.

"Do you always have to ask me what everything is? A NIC is an acronym to 'Neural Interface Computer'. You use it to submit reports or review memories for things such as this."

"Okay then, what's your other 3/4ths of your story?" She requested.

"You may want to sit down for this..." I said. No one seemed to care too much. "I am a soldier in the United Nations Space Command, Office of Naval Intelligence branch. I've survived over a hundred combat encounters and killed many military combatants with my own hands, more with my fellow brothers and sisters in arms."

"That's...quite a story you have there..." Rias commented. She looked slightly surprised. The others' eyes were slightly widened, besides Akeno's; she was still smiling like an idiot.

"Do you have any proof to back your story up?" Akeno asked. I didn't really have anything besides my energy sword. I looked down at my right hand. It was sweaty, really, sweaty.

"No. I do have this though." I showed them the hilt of my Energy Sword. They didn't look surprised. The only thing fancy right now is how fancy it looks. It's generally an energy sword with orange instead of blue energy.

"What's that?"

"Do you guys really have to ask me about every single little detail? I'm getting there, princess." I said irritated. "This is a modified version of the Type 1 Energy Weapon/Sword. It uses Forerunner technology, with its original plasma tech, and has a rechargeable battery, via solar, kinetic, heat, etc. Specially made for me as a gift, by a good friend, it can cut through virtually anything besides other Energy Swords of a similar kind."

"I'll ignore your insulting comment just now and say this, 'Show me.'"

I squeezed the Energy Sword. Its azure blade appeared and glowed majestically. Everyone else stood up, Kiba looked excited. Was he a sword freak or something? I tuned it. The "knobs" on its sides were tunable. I turned the top one. The sword changed from a bright blue to a bright orange color. Hardlight technology combined with superheated plasma. It is a physical, yet plasma like weapon. Lightning crackled around the blade. It's so strong; it can create its own electron cloud.

"Is that enough proof?" I asked.

"Yes...but what about the augments?"

"Actually, Buchou, he punched through a wall when I first confronted him. It was a cement wall and might have had some metal plates lining the insides..." Kiba said. Good job boy.

"...That is enough."

"So, why am I here?" I asked, deactivating the Energy Sword. Rias looked down onto the table she was standing above. She didn't answer my question for a good two minutes.

"Well then...Issei... I believe you recognize this person." Akeno covered the windows with drapes. The only light source came from a

dim light on Rias's desk and a lamp on the table. The red head threw down two pictures of a girl. One was a picture of Issei with a girl that looks really familiar...and the other was of...the same girl in a stripper outfit. Horary! Now we can all stop being virgins...

"Cute innocent looking girl...stripper outfit still sort of innocent looking girl. Yeah, I've met her. Not much of a fight if you ask me." I said.

"Really, then would you allow us to test your prowess?" Rias asked. Really? I just wanted to hit something.

"Why not, I need to get back into shape." For some reason, my skin began getting paler, and I started to grow. My muscle density increased in size and I grew up to a height of 6 feet 11 inches.

"I did not mean like that." I commented, now as John-117. Everyone paled. I was huge, I stood taller than the door and my clothes were close to breaking.

"Begin." I said. I pocketed the Energy Sword and got into a fighting stance. Kiba was the first to attack; he was extraordinarily fast, for a human. He had a sword in his hand. How he got it, I had no idea. He swung down, the blade cut through the air easily. I dodged the first slash and elbowed Kiba with lightning fast speed. Koneko rushed me next; she began punching me with quick, short jabs. I blocked two of them and noticed the ironic ability she holds.

"For such a small girl, you hit hard." It's true. If it weren't for my augments, my bones would have broken. Then again, my bones can't break, they're virtually indestructible. The silver haired child jumped onto my leg and tried to punch my stomach. I parried the strike and grabbed her shoulder, performing judo throw. Kiba came back, he was about to punch me. Spartan time kicked in. He bluffed his first punch and went for a knee to the stomach. I crossed my arms, where my arms intersected, the knee hit, a karate block. I used the arm on top and hit Kiba on the nose with the back of my hand. I saw Koneko ready to unleash the pain with a heel kick to my back with my peripheral vision. I bent my back down and back kicked the little girl. She flew through the door and broke the glass. Lucky for me, she landed on a tree branch.

"Looks like it's my turn..." Akeno looked at me sadistically. I am legitimately creeped out now. She raised her hand. A second later, the room smelled like ozone. Lightning. The bolt of thunder struck me and lasted for VERY long. If I had shields, I would be fine, but I didn't. I fell onto my knees. My hands supported me. That was a VERY deadly attack.

"Fufufu, you're still alive?"

"Are you trying to kill me?" I asked.

"Actually, yes." My eyes widened. I grabbed my Energy Sword and set it to Promethean Hardlight Scythe mode. I twisted the bottom knob and pulled it out. The pole formed from Hardlight and the blade was also Hardlight. I rushed towards the sadist and swung the blade. I swung it with all I had. Akeno blocked it with her lightning, but I kicked her leg, crippling her for a second and head butted her. The force of

my head butt knocked me onto my ass, but set Akeno into a daze.

"Was that good enough?" I said, reorienting myself.

"Yeah...shame I couldn't recruit you into my peerage though..."

"Peerage? What are you taking about?" I questioned. What was she a slave laborer or something?

"I'm sure you're confused. There's something I hidden from you." Let me guess, you're actually a really good looking male.

"I'm sure with your experience and knowledge..." Girl, I've been fighting aliens for over thirty years. Parasites for two and highly advanced forerunner beings for the next couple years. I'm sure I've seen everything."

"You can handle what I am about to reveal to-"

"Just get on with it. I'm growing impatient, I've worn this school uniform without my under suit and I still feel naked." I crossed my arms.

"As you wish. We, in reality, are actually Devils."

"..."

"..."

"So? Like I care. You're still civilians in my eyes." That was underwhelming. I expected something big, like I'm the princess of hell or something.

"I...expected a larger reaction."

"I've been in the military for all my life. Fighting is all I know and when you kill for as long as I have, you don't get surprised easily. So what is this "peerage" thing I keep on hearing you babble on about?"

"Are you familiar with the game of chess?"

"I love that game." I said, recalling on all the nostalgic skirmishes I had with my fellow Spartans.

"That makes things a lot easier. Peerage is a term given to groups of devils. During the Great War, the Devils lost many forces to the Angels and Fallen Angels. We lost so many troops that we couldn't even form new armies. Many pure blooded devil bloodlines died during that time. That was 200 years ago. Now, we recruit humans that have exceptional abilities or wield Sacred Gears." Sacred Gear...heard that term before.

"We use chess pieces to recruit them. When a Human is dying, we can resurrect them as a Devil, using the chess pieces. Usually, we would require just one chess piece for a human, but Issei...before your...change...was worth eight pawn pieces."

"That's all the pawns in the game." I commented. Issei must be strong then.

"Yes, I wanted to resurrect him, I was about to also, but when he...died. You appeared. No, Issei turned into dust and the dust warped into you. It then went inside your under suit and you regained consciousness." She explained.

"Why was Issei, pre-super soldier, worth eight pawn pieces? Was he smart or strong or anything?"

"No. He was an average pervert, with average abilities."

"Why was he worth eight pieces then?" I asked.

"He may have a [Longinus]."

"Isn't that the spear that killed Jesus Christ? You can't have *a* Longinus, you HAVE Longinus." I said.

"[Longinus] is a term given to the Ultimate Sacred Gears. So far, they are only 13 [Longinus] in existence: **[True Longinus]**, **[Zenith Tempest]**, **[Annihilation Maker]**, **[Dimension Lost]**, **[Boosted Gear]**, **[Divine Dividing]**, **[Regulus Nemea]**, **[Canis Lycaon]**, **[Absolute Demise]**, **[Innovate Clear]**, **[Sephiroth's Grail]**, and **[Telos Karma]**." Someone did their homework.

"And what do you think he has?" I asked.

"We were hoping you could show us."

"What? Sorry, but I never used this "Sacred Gear" thing ever. I never even heard of it until five weeks ago."

"If you have it, which you likely do, we can confirm which Sacred Gear it is." I thought about it. No harm in gaining a new weapon. I unfolded my arms and took a deep breath.

"Ok, how do I get this thing to work?" I asked. Rias smiled.

"This room is filled with Magical Energy-"

"So that's why I changed into my original appearance." I interjected.

"So it should be easier for you to show us you're Sacred Gear. First, think of the strongest person you can imagine."

"Chief Mendez."

"Now imagine a pose where he looks the strongest."

"Barking orders."

"Now try doing that pose."

"..."

I gave my best Chief Mendez impression. I took a deep breath and

shouted, "DROP DOWN AND GIVE ME 500! DO IT IN THIRTY MINUTES OR NO FOOD UNTIL DINNER! YOU CALL THAT A PUSH UP? GIVE ME FIFTY MORE!"

Everyone in the room flinched and paled. Koneko actually hid behind the couch (when did those two get back inside?) and Akeno looked surprised. Rias was laughing nervously; I'd have to agree with her, I feel like my Training Officer will break the Dimensional Walls to kill me. I felt a cold poke at my back.

"John...don't you ever do that again." I felt a phantom presence behind me, when I turned around, I saw a transparent figure of Mendez. I quickly walked away from him and saluted. "SIR YES SIR!"

"What?"

"Ah." He wasn't there anymore. Was I imagining things?

"What was that?"

"I...must be imagining things." I returned to where I was, confused.

"Don't worry about that, look at your left hand." I looked down and saw that my left hand had a gauntlet of some sort. It didn't cover my lower forearm and fingers though.

"Which Sacred Gear is this?" I asked, lifting my left arm up.

"That's [Twice Critical]...looks like my senses were wrong..." She looked disappointed.

"Your combat experience would be a great addition to my-"

"I don't plan on dying anytime soon, so you can forget about it." I glared at Rias heavily. My face was dead serious.

"Right. Since you summoned the Sacred Gear, you can summon it at will now." Rias said.

"Right...enough talk. I think I overstayed my visit. I'm going to go for lunch and then, I'll skip the next hour. I don't really have a club as of right now."

"You could join this club." Kiba said. He got his shit together, it seems. He was still nervous.

"I'll pass. If I were to join a club, it's going to be something interesting..." I grabbed my bag from the side of the door and left the room. I disengaged the gauntlet. Twice Critical eh? Sounds like it does twice the damage to something.

* * *

><p>1300 HOURS, October 17, 2013 (Definitely NOT a Military Calendar) Japan, Tokyo... (?), Kuoh Academy, Earth**

I'm lying down in the grass during P.E. class. We were supposed to

run 500 meters or half a kilometer. Everyone groaned when the teacher said so. I finished in the first 10 minutes. The grass was soft and rubbed against my back. This was the last hour of the day. After this, I go meet my "parents". Nervous? No, I just want my under suit and I'll be happy. I continued to read the book that Doctor Halsey sent me. I'm on page 130 now. It was really interesting and this isn't even during the climax yet.

"Ise! I looked up and saw another one of Issei's friends, Motohama. Code Name, Perverted Glasses. What?

"Yeah?" I replied.

"Want to go watch some--"

"Don't even finish that sentence, no I don't. I'm busy after school actually." No porno videos. I don't need to restudy the human reproductive system.

"Hey are you alright Ise? You've been acting strange all day."

"I just feel tired that's all." With all I've been through, I would feel tired.

"Oh, okay then. Don't get sick, you bastard..."

I ignored him and placed a bookmark inside the book and set it down by the grass next to me. I closed my eyes and relaxed. I actually fell asleep like that. Chief Mendez trained us to keep an eye and ear open at all times, even when we're asleep. Right now, I don't have an eye open, but I could still hear. I heard footsteps approach me and do to my highly sensitive ears; I was able to wake up really fast.

"Hey, hentai, move this is our spot." A group of girls surrounded me. They didn't look amused at the fact that I was here. I kept my eyes closed, ignoring them. I got the spot first and I don't plan on leaving it.

"Are you deaf? Move it!"

"Does it look like I want to move?" I said, slowly opening my eyes.

"Well, I'm demanding that you move. Unless you want us to whoop your ass like the masochist you are."

"I'd love to see you try." I said, still lying down.

"Kuuu..." The girl that was talking to me stabbed down with her kendo sword. Many people here have kendo swords. There were six girls in total, four had kendo swords and the other two...were girls from my class. I dodged the first strike, grabbing my book and keeping it from harm. I quickly got up, kicking one of the females behind me. She flew away several meters. I side stepped one of the girls that rushed me with her stick. I bent her arm and disarmed her, knocking her hit with the butt of the sword.

The other two ran at me again. I used the acquired wooden katana to block the two strikes that aimed at my head. I had no experience with

katanas. I used the butt of the sword and slammed it to the girl next to the one that did all the talking. The other tried swinging at me towards my back. I jumped and did a back flip. She hit the other girl in the face, not that I have any problems with it. I grabbed the "main boss" and disarmed her. I did a light tap (punch) to her gut and she fell down with ease.

"Like I said, I'd love to see you try." I stabbed the tip of the "boss's" sword into the dirt in front of her and walked away.

"What time is it?" I asked the two girls, Murayama and Katase. They were both in shock, scared. They began shivering and hugged each other.

"I'm not going to do anything to you, what time is it?"

"I-its time to go."

"That's all I needed to know, thank you for your time." I replied. They stopped shaking, still scared of me but their fear was replaced with surprise.

"A polite Issei? What has this world come to?!" I heard them whisper.

* * *

><p>(GOD DAMN I ACTUALLY WANT TO FINISH THIS PRETTY DAMN QUICKLY. The others won't be as long, trust me. They're probably going to be 4k-7k in words, not this dreadful 13k pain in the ass)<p>

"Ise!" My "mother" hugged me. I tried my best again to imitate Issei's personality and voice.

"Sorry if I worried you."

"It's okay Issei, just don't go off doing whatever you want again, okay!" She scolded me.

"Well, I hope you learned something from your little trip." My "father" said.

"Uh..."

"Well atleast your fine!"

"Actually, Issei-kun, I have a present I want to give you." Victor said. I turned around, there, was a box next to him. As planned, I'm keeping the MJOLNIR inside the box, but it's still pretty darn heavy.

"Thanks Vic."

"No problem."

"Okay now, go back to your porn." That statement hit me like a freaking arrow. I actually *had* porn magazines? Shit.

"Thank you so much for taking care of my boy." Mother said.

"Any day mam, it was a pleasure." He did a mock bow and left the house. I entered my room. It was slightly dusty; Issei hasn't been here in a week. I placed the MJOLNIR in a corner of the room and opened the box. I took off my clothes and equipped the under suit. It felt great to wear this again. I didn't need to wear under wear because of it, and I liked how it felt. I cleaned up the room a bit, reorganizing the drawers and shelves, accidentally finding his porn stash in the process. I made sure to keep that in a hidden place. I was dead beat. The entire week I was studying and planning, and now since it's over, I could rest.

Wait. There was still something I wanted to do...

I put my MJOLNIR on and grabbed an MA5D ICWS and M6H PDWS and placed them on my magnetic hoisters. I walked down stairs, carefully too, one ton is heavy. I took off my helmet so my "parents" could recognize me.

"I'm going out, I forgot something." I said.

"No."

"But this is important!"

"If it's really that important to you, then your sister can accompany you!"

"...I have a sister?"

* * *

><p>Authors Notes:<p>

Following a guideline is easy; making a completely new storyline is easy. Executing something like THIS is hard.

Hello everyone! Thanks for reading this light novel. As you can see, I've implemented some...properties of my other crossover IDGPE or IDGPEFTS, mostly my theories on Dimensional Travel. Yes, John is going to be called Issei for most of the story, until the other (yes they WILL come, spoiler alert) Spartans arrive. Also, I'm going to (spoiler alert) revive some well known Spartans. Kurt-051 (i think that's his tag), Sam (Samuel)-034, All of Noble team (Noble Six is coming first) and adding borderline crossover with a crossover (this with IDGPE).

This was a real pain to write, especially the beginning. The mid section was easier, but I'm not all too good with school life. Yes, John has a favorite toothbrush, YAY. Anyways, I know this chapter had an OOC John and then a more...John-John, I know. I suck at personalities. Anyways, OOC John only occurs when Spartan-117 here has a good day or with the other Spartans and possibly Victor(OOC John is the beginning Master Chief, I have no idea what the other personalities are going to be called). Regular John (Master Chief Mode) would be when he's either formal with the occult research club (that isn't going to last long), fighting, or generally every other time he's not mimicking Issei.

Talking about Issei...I want John to slowly gain Issei's personality along the story, or I could have Issei talking in his head, so you

guys will see me type the word "boob" and "oppai" a lot. And I won't be proud of that...ever.

Yes Master Chief WILL eventually join the research club. He's weary of everyone besides Doctor Halsey, superiors and his Spartan brothers so he's going to have a difficult time trusting them.

****IMPORTANT:****

This story will probably be put on hold until I get into the middle part of IDGPE, which will be coming soon. I may update once and a while, but not as much. Also, in this story, Issei get's killed sooner then in the Canon, hence why Asia isn't even mentioned once in the story. Issei having a sister? I wanted to see that to happen at least once, but alas I had to do it myself. Yeah, it's going to be one of this tsundere sisters I guess...or idk, you tell me her personality! Hell! I'm going to do it, OC TIME!

****ACCEPTING ORIGINAL CHARACTERS:****

****REQUIREMENTS:****

****GIVE ME A NAME FOR ISSEI'S SISTER IT'S GOING TO BE HYOUDOU (NAME) or (NAME) HYOUDOU
>**MUST BE IN A REVIEW (actually IDGAF)****

****Application can be whatever you want, if you're too lazy, you can use this:****

****NAME:**

>AGE:**

>HALOVERSE OR DXD-VERSE OR OTHER:**

>IF HALOVERSE SPARTAN OR REGULAR:**

>IF SPARTAN: SPARTAN ID:**

>ARMOR:**

**>IF DXD-VERSE: SACRED GEAR:
****IF DXD-VERSE: FACTION:**

**>APPEARENCE:
****ALITTLE BIT OF BACKGROUND:****

Hell...yeah. I'm going to be accepting as much OCs as I can handle (probably 10+ so that's quite a large view for you right there). Also, I may add an Original Villain to this, give me some ideas on that also. Plus, I just had a hilarious idea, I'm probably giving all OCs (unless you don't want it) a Dragon Sacred Gear, yes, similar to DD and BG, it will add on to your strength or take it away and add to yours. One of them would probably be Addition Gear or Increasing Gear. Subtraction Gear? Square Gear-Square Root Gear. Lol. I'll come up with a list in the next chapter.

Lastly, I know this is has comedy in it. The story, I will *try* to make it mostly comedy, but there will be chapters where it's always dead serious.

Thanks,

>Sonicfanx1
(NO SIGNATURE TODAY)

****Words: 14k (Microsoft Word, completely beating the chapter 4 of IDGPE)****

P.S.

>The editing thing will follow the same rules as IDGPE, it'll be listed down below, the edits and the next chapter will announce the edits.<p>

Deleted Joke Scenes:

"...I've survived over a hundred combat encounters-"

"Ehembullshitehem" Kiba faked his cough. I glared at him. First chance I get, I'm killing his bitch ass.

(After the boast)

I activated the Energy Sword and lunged at the bastard. I grabbed him by the neck before he got a chance to react and stabbed him in the chest. I threw him at Rias and out the window. The bastard deserved it.

"That felt so fucking good."

* * *

><p>Edit 1: 37/2013 (DD/MM/YYYY)**

Changed the bit where John tells Rias that he's a Super Soldier. That'll decrease the shock value when I start making John murder people with his bare hands.

2. Still Better Than My High School

High School DxD: Spartans X Dragons

* * *

><p>Announcement:<p>

I edited a few things in chapter one, one major edit was John omitting the part that he's a super soldier.

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: Still Better Than My High School**

"What was that?"

"Oh! Nothing." What a pleasant surprise. I have a sister, or Issei does. I skimmed through his profile; I didn't read anything about his family. I always thought he was the only child. I slugged my MA5D over my shoulder and walked outside. Mom spotted me as I left.

"What are you doing, cosplaying? Aren't you getting too old for that?" She asked.

"No, just meeting some friends. I want to wear the present Victor-san gave me." I replied, plainly. I opened the door and awaited my sister. I heard some yelling from inside the house. I was in Issei

form, so the armor looked bulky on me. I was lucky the titanium nanocomposite body suit (or the jump suit) was for all sizes because this body is tiny. I placed the rifle on the magnetic hoister on my back; I waited for two minutes and thirty-three seconds for my sister to come out. She did not look happy to see me. I shrugged and placed the helmet on my head. I was also lucky the Mark XI can adjust to a person's body size. It was difficult to walk in this armor. Even if the Mark XI feels lighter, 700 pounds of force could crush this kid's body. It is crushing this kid's body if not for my augments. They seemed to carry over to Issei's body, but isn't as strong. Enough for the kid's body to hold its own against the MJOLNIR. I had trouble walking, adjusting my strength so I don't break any bones, fine.

Issei's sister had bleached blonde hair and a cute face, if she could just smile for a second. She was wearing some expensive looking clothing, but the fashion sense was outdated in 2564. Her clothes consisted of: pale blue tank tops with a short sleeved shirt underneath that had a slightly stronger color of blue. She wore a bit of makeup and had ear rings on. She also wore a short skirt and brown shoes that didn't cover the top of her feet (I said top, not toes).

"Where are we going?" She asked. The tone of her voice clearly stated that she did not want to be next to me. The look on her face was that of disgust and hatred. I guess Issei didn't get along with his sister. I didn't reply for a few moments, formulating a reply.

"Just the park, I'm going to meet someone."

"Which park?"

"Fuji Nakamura Park or the place I died." I said the last bit under my breath.

"Hmph!" He puffed her chest, folded her arms and turned away from me. It didn't take a genius to know that she did not like me.

"If that's where you're going then I don't need to come along! Fuji Park is just a few streets away; I can't believe Oka-san dragged me along with you! She knows how much I hate missing my clan events..." What's a clan event?

"Anyways, I'm heading back now, so you can go back and die in the hole you came from!" She shouted back at me. I gritted my teeth. I was getting irritated and that comment hurt my feelings. I was unprepared for it. Issei really screwed up relations with his sister; I don't know how that happened, but I have a feeling that I'm going to have to clean up his mess. Just as my "sister", who I don't know the name to, turned around, I grabbed her hand. She turned around and an aura of pure EVIL exploded from her.

"LET GO!" She slapped my hand away from her wrist. My grip was slightly stronger than I expected, so I bruised her wrist a little. She carefully examined her wrist, touching it and flinching.

"What kind of demon did you have to sell your soul to in order to get this monstrous strength?" She asked. I ignored her comment and said, "You shouldn't go back in the dark like this, who knows what kind of guys may lurk in the shadows at this time of night."

"You have a lot of nerve acting like a brother figure now, after ignoring me for all these years! Shut up and leave me alone!" She shrieked. She quickly ran away, leaving me behind to wonder what Issei did to turn his sister like this.

I was two steps the opposite direction before I heard a scream from behind. I grimaced and ran towards the source of the scream. The illumination coming from the street lamps and moon didn't help much, but one of my augments, Occipital Capillary Reversal, allowed me to virtually see in the dark, due to the boosted and submergence of my blood vessels beneath my rod and cone cells in my retinas. Rod cells are basically the cells in your eyes that function in weak light; they help you see in the dark. Cone cells are the cells that help control your eye color, color vision and function in bright light.

"Ho ho, look at what we have here." Three thugs surrounded my "sister". One had his arm against a pole besides her. They practically surrounded her; I don't really need to explain. "Sis" had her hands an up close to her chin; she was shivering. I could grab my Combat Knife and gut them. No, that'd cause too much trouble, besides; it'll probably make my little sister hate me even more. Hell, it's the worst idea ever, unless it was a life or death situation.

"What do you want?" She put up a brave facade. Just wait a little longer; I silently snuck up behind a trash can besides them. I didn't need camouflage to finish the job.

"Well, what do you think?" He flipped a butterfly knife from his pocket. I snuck over to the other side, where one of his buddies was standing. He wasn't that close to the other two, so they shouldn't notice his disappearance. The bastard thug put his knife against my sister's throat. I restrained my urge to kill. I've already seen one too many deaths in life. I won't add a sister on the list either.

"Now strip." I lost it.

I grabbed the guy the farthest away from the two and smashed him into the ground. I didn't bother making a silent take down; I threw him into a wall, cracking it. The other two quickly turned towards me and cursed, "What the hell!"

The hell indeed, I grabbed the delinquent with the knife and disarmed him by twisting his arm. Still holding on his arm, I kicked his legs, causing him to flip and land on the floor, back-facing-up. The last guy threw a punch at me. I used a Kenpo restraining grapple on him; I grabbed his forearm of the striking fist and hooked my hand besides his wrist, I then moved my arm over his fist and bent it down, crushing his wrist. He bent down in pain, begging me to stop.

* * *

><p>(AN: Actual martial arts move, although slightly modified for this situation, in the usual situation, the attacker would have grabbed your hand with his opposite hand, for example, he grabbed your right hand but used his left hand to do it. You would smack his face with your fingers and knuckles. At the same time, a

must, you have to bend your right hand's wrist up, completely; this causes the attacker to slightly open a gap in his grip, a small one. Then, you move your wrist behind the hand and force his arm to make an "S" shape. If you did it correctly, the attacker's arm or whoever you're testing it on right now, will be either on his knees or crouching. You can apply a small amount of force DOWN and it'll cause TREMENDOUS amounts of pain. Yeah, small lesson there, I'll go check with my Karate teacher and make sure later)_**

* * *

><p>I quickly kneed his face and knocked him out. A bit of blood oozed from his nose and my sister was in shock, grabbing her mouth. The three were out cold and I was refreshed. It was a nice warm up. I quickly gave my attention to my sister; I saw she dropped something, an ID card.<p>

"Asuka...Hyoudou." I read. I looked up and grabbed her shoulders, "Are you alright?" I asked.

She quickly nodded, still clutching her mouth. I didn't know what to do, so I went through several options. I could ask her to come along, but she looks a little shaken to do that. I could drop her off at home and go meet up with Vic, but it's almost midnight and I don't want to keep him waiting. I guess I could stay home and tell Vic that we can't meet today. Yeah, I'll go with that.

"Let's go home." I said and grabbed her hand. She didn't struggle, although she started to look like she wanted to hit me. When we arrived home, it was about 15 minutes after we left, we haven't been out for long. I opened the front door, "We're back."

"Why that was quick." Oka-san or mother stated.

"Yeah, we were jumped by a couple of delinquents just now-"

"Are you alright!" Oka-san quickly ran into the front door. She seemed to analyze me. I took off my helmet and said, reassuringly, "Don't worry, we're fine. I took care of them."

"But there's blood on you knee!"

"That's probably from that knee I gave him." I said softly. Oka-san seemed to relax a bit, "Thank goodness, Issei, did you protect your sister?"

"Uh...yeah." I still couldn't fathom why I did after what she said to me. I guess it's my personality. I ran up into my room and took off the MJOLNIR Mark XI. I made sure not to make a ton of noise, I don't know how much this weighs, but it seems lighter, maybe 700 pounds? Forerunner tech is amazing. I wiped off the blood stain from my knee cap and called with Vic with the house's phone, canceling our meet. I lay there, on my bed. I set my alarm clock for 6:00AM subconsciously. It looked...weird, the alarm clock. I took out my book and read for several more minutes, reaching page 103. I placed the book away, back into my bag and turned off the lights. I was in deep thought for several minutes before I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

* * *

><p>"Wake up mas-" In an instant, I punched the "snooze" button on the alarm clock. Due to Issei's body being weaker than mine, I ended up stubbing my hand a bit. I didn't mind and drowsily walked off into the shower. After a quick rinse, I put on my black jump suit and grabbed the alarm clock from the bed and walked outside. I was about to place the alarm on a stack again, when I noticed that there wasn't a stack.<p>

"Old habits die hard..." I commented. The king has been dethroned. I looked at the alarm again and saw that it was in working condition. I turned off the alarm and placed it back inside my room. I turned on TV and browsed the channels. During my stay at Vic's, I've only been able to browse a small selection of channels since he didn't have cable TV. I decided that there wasn't anything of value to be seen and I shutdown the device. I grabbed a small loaf of bread and a bottle of water. I prepared a towel in front of the door for me; I decided to go out for a short jog.

I came back, ran for...5 minutes straight without stopping. I was dead beat. It's embarrassing to say, I mean, back in my "retirement" I did keep fit and could run for about 20-30 minutes without stopping. Issei must not have a lot of exercise if he could get tired this easily. I entered my house and grabbed the towel I set for myself. I wiped the sweat of my face and took another quick shower. Afterwards, I kept my under suit on and put on my school uniform, wearing a red shirt under my school jacket.

It wasn't hot, I could still "feel" with the under suit on, so I still wore underwear. I went downstairs and grabbed a few ingredients and began to cook. After living by yourself for a year, you learn some skills. I cooked the rice and began cooking some eggs and bacon (A/N: Yes, I kind eat weirdly, I don't really care what I eat unless it's uneatable or tastes disgusting. Also, we eat rice in Asia.) I finished preparing breakfast and quickly ate my serving. After preparing my bags, I left the house at 6:30 AM. It was cold in the morning; I regret not bringing a scarf.

* * *

><p>"You came early." Matsuda commented. I replied with a low hum.<p>

"You usually come later."

"Yeah, I got up earlier than usual." I said, rubbing my hand. It was pathetic how weak this body was. I assumed no physical labor or training has been attempted. Surprisingly, he was faster than Kelly, pre-augments of course. I looked to the right. The girls grimaced and huddled into a group. I have a lot of clean-up work to do.

The teacher entered, correction, two, one female head-teacher, wearing glasses and had a rock solid writing hand-board with her, and one male with sandy looking, blonde hair. It was messy and looked like he needed a new barber. He reminded me of someone...familiar.

"May I have your attention please..." Everyone stopped talking. "Mr. Ichimura has gotten into a car accident yesterday. He will be taking a leave for 4 months. Mr. Sam here will be your substitute English and Homeroom teacher."

Sam stepped up. "Pleased to make your acquaintance." He popped a smirk.

I nearly choked on my own saliva for a moment. That smirk and voice depth...it can't be. I looked at his face again, examining it. It has to be a coincidence. I wanted to shrug it off but decided to hold on to it for a bit longer. He had a jarring appearance similar to Sam's, if not identical, excluding the scar that Samuel-034 has.

"Is there a problem Mr. Hyoudou?" The head-teacher asked.

"None at all Madam." I replied respectfully. She around and tapped the English teacher's shoulder and seemed to whisper something into his ear. I could make out the words, "Watch out for that kid." but everything else was inaudible.

"A new teacher eh? Hopefully he's nice."

"Who cares about that! He looks cute!"

"Yeah! Really cute!"

"And here comes the gossips. Hey, Ise, what do you think?" Motohama asked, his hand on his hip. He adjusted his glasses. His eyes seems to be always studying, always catching something.

"Not much. Don't care. Let me finish my book." I said, engrossing myself into the novel yet again.

"Now, now, Mr. Hyoudou. Class is about to start, so please put that book away and get out your textbook." Sam closed the book for me and placed it to the side. I tucked the novel back into my bag and did what he said. Sounds like another boring class.

And I was correct. Instead of learning, all we did was ask the teacher questions, which he reluctantly did. I was restricted from reaching into my bag and "joining in with the class", that hates me. Eventually I did ask a question, well not exactly. I just asked him what he thought about recruiting children at a young age to become soldiers. His answer, well thought out and calculated, just like what Sam-034 would say. His was answer, "I find it cruel that a child would have to enter the battlefield. Although, in times of great need, some would find it a necessary cruelty."

"What kind of question was that?" Matsuda asked.

"A question about morals."

"That's twisted dude." And after that, I painfully tanked through listening girls ask for his phone number and other personal info. My senses were dull by the time English was over, and by dull I mean strained.

"If there's no other questions, besides my phone number, I'll take my leave." Silence. He smiled, grabbed his things and happily walked out. Lunch was in two more periods. I looked around, everyone seemed unnerved for the next period. Math isn't that hard. I turned around to Matsuda and asked, "Why's everyone nervous?"

He gritted his teeth and moved closer to me. "I heard our new substitute teacher is really strict. People call her the 'Ao Oni', the Blue Demon. Plus, her lessons are really hard!"

"Finally..." I whispered to myself and turned around. Well, can't be that hard.

* * *

><p>"Hwaaa..!"<p>

"It's over!"

"Thank god!"

"We made it!"

I heard sighs of relief as the teacher exited the room. It was hard, for the students. They got the hardest questions in the textbook, whereas I got even harder. I still ended up completing them in less than a minute thanks to Spartan time. Well, a weaker version of Spartan Time. Japanese classes were next, but the teacher was sick. What's with all these substitutes today?

Classes are up, now we have a lunch break and two hours of clubs. I'm not in any specific club at the moment. I should go hunting for one. First stop, the chess club!

"Eh...Buchou? Hyoudou Issei wants to join our club." One of the members said.

"What! No! Of course not! He'll tarnish our reputation and all the girls will leave!"

"May you please reconsider?" I asked.

"No!"

"Could you play me at chess?" There was a silence after those words left my mouth. Then a, "Fufufu" was heard.

"So you want to challenge me?" The President of the Chess club laughed.

"Fine then! If you beat me, I'll reconsider your proposal!" He laughed manically. The club members got a chair and a chess board ready. I let him take white and I took black. It lasted only ten rounds before...

"Checkmate." I deadpanned.

"WHAT?!" He shouted, clutching the sides of the desk. The club members were trying to stop him from flipping the table. "This cannot be! How'd an imbecile like you beat me at chess! How!"

"Will you reconsider?"

"No! I won't accept this defeat! I challenge you again!"

Five minutes later...

"Checkmate." I said. This one lasted nine rounds. "At least try to put up a fight."

He was staring at the board in awe. Until eventually, he passed out from the shock. They apologized and made me leave the room, more like kicked me out of the room. Next up! The Science club!

"Sorry, but what is your reasoning and intention behind applying for this club?" A member asked.

"I want to join, the chess club already kicked me out and I don't actually have a club of my own." I replied.

"I apologize if I speak out of line here, but I hypothesize that you will give absolutely no contributions and will continuously peak at girls skirts and try to make small talk with the females here. Unless you can prove me otherwise, I'll have to refuse to let you join." He said. Issei must be hated.

"With all due respect, I can be of much use to his environment. I can handle contained experiments with delicacy, experience and as much care as I can with...anything else besides peaking at girl's skirts."

The member came in close and said, "Show me." Before grabbing the sleeve of my shirt and pulling me inside.

"Okay everyone!" He clapped his hands twice, "Hyoudou Issei here is going to show us a little science experiment. Can you all give him a little space and privacy and let him work his magic." I groaned at his announcement.

Two minutes later, I ended up creating liquid plasma, the one the Covenant used and a biological weapon, which I immediately created the antidote to afterwards seeing as everyone here could be infected with an airborne virus that's highly contagious and could be even worse than the Flood.

"Please leave Issei, I don't believe that bull shit!"

"Go back to peeping at girls! Actually don't."

I then "accidentally" spilled the plasma onto the floor and it began melting the floor. I quickly poured liquid nitrogen onto the Plasma, instantly cooling it into the floor. Then, I mixed the antidote into the biological virus and killed them off. I took my leave, seeing as everyone was laughing at me. I potted some ingredients for making a tactical nuke, foreseeing that I may need it later in the future. Next up...Uh. I don't really take sports.

"It's expected. With your reputation, I don't think anybody would want you in their club." I turned around. It was a girl with black hair. She wore glasses and had a serious face on. She wore an armband that said "Student Council President".

"You are?" I asked.

"Sona Sitri, Student Council President. How may I help you?" She asked.

"Do you know any clubs I could join?"

"I do...but they probably won't accept you." She said, adjusting her glasses.

"I see. Is being in a club a requirement?"

"Not at this school, no. Students that don't apply for a club would usually go home immediately-"

"Wait Issei!" A cry came from behind me. I recognized it as the defeated president of the chess club. I turned to greet him; he bent down and breathing heavily.

"We still have our chess match! One more round and I'll think about it!" You just want to regain your honor huh.

"Fine then. let's head back-"

"No! We play here!" He brought out a table and two chairs. The chess board was already rearranged and ready for play.

"What's going on?" The student council president asked. I moved a piece.

"He's angry I beat him at chess, twice." I waited for the chess captain to move. Then I moved another piece.

"Twice? That's astounding." He took another piece. I captured a pawn and sacrificed mine.

"I won't lose this time!" I let it go on for a few more turns.

"Checkmate."

"NOOOO!" And the king has been dethroned. The President of the Chess club laid on the board, defeated. I stood up and left the scene, seeing as I didn't need to be in school anymore.

"Wait." Sona grabbed my arm and I turned to face her.

"Play me at chess."

"Hm. Okay."

Everyone surrounding us seemed to gasp and "Ooo". I sat in my chair and she sat opposite of mine.

"Take your pick." I said. Sona chose black. I turned the board around and we set our board. The following minutes were amusing at best. She wasn't as good as my fellow Spartans back in our time back on Reach, but she was an expert chess player. Although, I found one fatal flaw. She did not like sacrificing her pieces. I, on the other hand, sparingly sacrificed them, giving me the edge in the game. I ended up cornering her last knight, two pawns and bishop with my queen, rook, two bishops and five pawns. It was over, a checkmate. She couldn't move her pieces without me checking her king and, she couldn't move her king without being checked by my rook. Therefore, I've

won.

"Checkmate." I said, getting up. I left the table, leaving Sitri in awe.

* * *

><p>"Wait." I turned around. Koneko approached me.<p>

"What does Ms. Gremory want with me?" I asked.

"An explanation."

"For? Haven't I've explained everything already?" Not really everything, I've omit the part that I'm a super soldier.

"No, something else. It's easier if you follow me." I didn't say a word, seeing how urgent this may be. It's not too late yet, I could stay for a few more hours. When we've entered the room, I immediately flinched back, seeing as there's a Light Rifle aimed at my head. I dodged the shot and scanned the room for the attacker. It was just Ms. Gremory. She held the Rifle in her hands but immediately put it down and rushed to me.

"I'm terribly sorry for that!"

"Although it's a shame that I couldn't die and join the peerage, right?" I said, getting back up. Rias giggled and walked back to the Forerunner weapon.

"Do you know-"

"That's a Z-250 Directed Energy Engagement Weapon also known as, the Light Rifle." I answered her right off the bat.

"So you do know what this is-"

"What I want to know, is where did you get a Forerunner Weapon from, and do you have more?" I interjected. I tried to look as serious as I could, but for some reason, my mind wanted me to look a little bit...down. I fought the urge to stare.

"We found a crate next to the old school building. The writing on it said "UNSC" and we presumed it was for you."

"Those crates are sealed with an encrypted code. How did you open it?"

"We didn't. A little teleportation magic and we were able to pick a gun from the box. We just wanted to give you your weapons back."

I was silent for a moment. Akeno was sipping tea and Kiba was listening intently. I walked over to the Light Rifle and tried to lift it. I found myself back in my original body, seeing as Issei's couldn't handle it. It only fired one shot. I avoided trying to move, since my clothes had a lot of tension from the increase in mass.

"Where's the supply crate?" I asked.

"Here." Gremory placed her hand on an object beside her, hidden by her desk. I unbuttoned my jacket and took off my clothes. My undersuit made a great replacement.

"Why did..?"

"They're close to tearing. It's a few sizes too small for me, right now." I said, examining the titanium box.

"I see. I'm curious though, what's in the crate that's so important?" Rias asked, paying more attention to me. I pressed my finger on a glass screen and it scanned my finger.

"Weapons, probably. Mostly Forerunner technology." A holographic screen popped up reading "Master Chief Petty Officer, John-117" and my picture. The box unsealed itself and a large Forerunner-like gun, unlike any I've seen, was revealed to me.

"That is?"

"I don't know." I picked it up. It was heavier than expected, for a handgun. An uncharacteristically large barrel was at the end and a large battery was placed on the back of the handcannon. I aimed it at the wall besides me and stepped back a few feet.

"What are you doing?" Rias shouted.

"Testing."

"Not in here!"

"It's too big to be a pistol and too small to be a grenade launcher. I don't think it's a flare either and this battery seems like a memory unit. A new improvement on the Forerunner's part."

"Oh a hologram projector?"

"Highly unlikely." I replied as I pulled the trigger. Unexpectedly, a sphere of what seems to be Promethean innards (aka what happens when they disintegrate) formed in front of the barrel of the gun. When the orb was shot, it splattered all over the floor and a single Promethean began to form. The battery or memory stick lost its glow and steam hissed from the cracks of the pistol. Everyone was looking at the forming Promethean.

When it got up, it scanned the room. When it saw me, and the gun, it just simply nodded and sat down. Everyone was looking at it. I was wondering why it formed. I guess Doctor Halsey decided that I should have a companion and since I may be stuck here for a long time, an AI would be best.

"Ise...what is this?"

"John. Not Issei."

"Right, John, what is this...thing?"

"A Forerunner Promethean. I don't know why it's here, but I assume it's my companion in the long, cold days to come." Yes, I am exaggerating. I have a nice house to sleep in and a warm

bed.

"Correction, I am your guardian for the upcoming days and your reinforcements. Doctor Halsey is close to completing the portal back and I see you have a problem in your genetic infrastructure. Your body is rejecting assimilation, thanks to the Janus Key most likely." The Promethean spoke, unexpected. It spoke in a low, mechanical, raspy voice. Similar to the Prometheans that I've fought, when they growl.

"Wait, assimilation?" I questioned.

"Affirmative, your body is being assimilated into another, this can be averted. However, after scanning your mental state, I conclude that there are two personalities in your body."

"Two personalities?" Rias asked, stepping forward. The Promethean went silent and looked at Rias.

"Non-human detected. Similarities in Homo-Saipan DNA can be seen, major and minor alterations in DNA can also be detected. Intruder, state your name and race." Rias was taken back by the AI's sudden change. She quickly regained composure and said, "I am Rias Gremory, a Devil. I am not hostile, please answer my question. There are two-"

"You are not of rank to be asking questions. Rias Gremory, Devil, apparent gender, female, apparent age, unknown, notiable features, Red Hair, Humanoid appearance, unnaturally large female attributes. Stored in archive matrix." No comment.

"John, could you please?"

"There are two personalities in me, clarify."

"Due to the apparent merging of two minds and bodies, there are two alternate minds in control of the body."

"What if the alternate personality was horribly injured when the merging occurred?" I asked.

"The Alternate Personality will be put in a coma. When the two bodies are separated, they will return to the state before that of the assimilation, that is, injured."

"So, if we were to somehow split, the alternate would be horribly injured, like how he was back before the fusion?"

"That is correct."

"Promethean, what are your current directives?" I asked.

"Protect Master Chief Petty Officer John-117. Stay in standby mode until called upon. Notify Master Chief Petty Officer John-117 of ETA until evac."

"What's the ETA?"

"Thirty days."

"Oh. Okay. That's...cool."

"What does that mean?" Kiba asked.

"Non-human detected, state your name and race." The AI shouted at Kiba.

"It means, I have thirty days left until I return to UNSC space and I can get this alternate personality bullshit sorted." I answered.

"Kiba Yuuto, Race: Devil."

"Kiba Yuuto, Race: Devil, Apparent Age, Unknown, Notable features, Male, Blonde hair, Meta-Human."

"Well, I am half Human." He corrected.

"Correction, Kiba Yuuto, Race: Half Human, Half Devil. Storing in Archive Matrix."

"Promethean, what is your rank and designation code." I asked. I couldn't go on calling him "Promethean" for the next month.

"I am a Promethean Knight, base rank. Designation Code: PKX7341." He said.

"You will answer to the name 'Picks' then." I said, giving him a name.

"Affirmative, additional name added into archive." Picks announced. Picks looked at me for a moment, then he shifted his head up. "Master Chief Petty Officer John-117, I have a query."

"What is it?"

"You aren't wearing the given MJOLNIR Powered Assault Armor Mark XI given to you. Why is that?" He asked, turning his head to the right.

"It would be a bother to enter a school wearing heavy powered armor."

"You're...in a school?" He asked, sounding puzzled.

"Yes, I am. When I over exert myself in any kind of physical activity, I start to morph into the body you see right now. Although, if I relax and don't do any kind of intense physical activity, my body will begin to shift into a younger, Japanese teenagers' who I am currently living as. You will address me as Hyoudou Issei when I am in my 'base' body to advert any attention until further notice. However, if I am to be in the body you see right now, you will address me as you see fit, John, Master Chief, I'll take those." I explained.

"Affirmative." He blurted. Then, he had another thing to say, "Query: Why is that you are with humanoids? You seem to know that they're not human and their races. Why are you staying with unknowns?"

"They sound like they want to resurrect the previous Hyoudou Issei

into, what they call a 'peerage'. Which, from what I got, sounds like a group of resurrected Devils."

"Correction, most peerage resurrections are slaves to their owners. Everyone in my peerage is my slave, however, I don't treat them like that." Rias interjected.

"Correction noted. What methods are used to 'resurrect' something." The AI asked.

"We use a system called the '**[Evil Piece System]**'. Which a person's value is dictated by their strength, intelligence and special powers. If a person is more valuable, the more pieces he/she costs." Rias explained, "We took the human game of 'chess' as our basis. Kiba Yuuto is my knight, Koneko is my Rook and Akeno is my Queen. I do have a bishop, but he's...not here right now."

"A being's value is dictated by strength, intelligence and special abilities. The more valuable, the more they cost. I'm unfamiliar with the game 'chess', inform me of the pieces." Picks asked again.

Rias sighed and sat down, folding her legs. "In the game of chess, there are six types of pieces. Eight Pawns, two Knights, two Bishops, two Rooks, one Queen and one King. In the '**[Evil Piece System]**', the Knights have increased speed and relies mostly on swords. The Bishops use magic and the Rooks have high defense and offense. The Queen is the combination of all the pieces and the King is all of them but stronger. Pawns are special, they have the increased strength, stamina and agility from being a devil, along with all their special attributes, but, with a King's permission, they can '**[Promote]**' into the special pieces, which is Knight, Bishop, Rook and Queen. However, they must be in enemy territory to do so. There is also a rating game, which I will touch up on later." And that concludes Rias's explanation.

"Noted. What special abilities do Devils have?" And the Promethean has yet another question.

"We can see in the dark, automatically understand and be able to communicate with any language, however we hear it in the language most familiar to us, we can change our appearance at will, we have an average lifespan of 10,000 years and can use magic." Rias seems glad to explain this to the AI, not knowing that he can use it against her at anytime he wishes.

"What is magic?" A concept foreign to most, if not every technologically superior species.

"That's a difficult question. The best way to explain it is...the manipulation, creation, destruction and transportation of anything and everything." That's a very broad explanation.

"What beings can use magic?"

"Devils, Angels, Fallen Angels-"

"Are Angels and Fallen Angels not the same?" Picks interrupted.

"Well, they've fallen from the grace of God-"

"God?"

"Yes, the creator of the universe?"

"Negative, the explosion of a concentrated amount of matter and energy created the universe, not any omnipotent being." The Promethean corrected...I think.

"Anyways, they no longer consider themselves Angels. As I was saying, Humans-"

"Humans too?"

"Certain humans."

"Acknowledged, please continue."

"Deities, Dragons, Yokai, etc."

"Yokai?"

"Demons, spirits. Any of the sort we can call Yokai."

"Query-"

"What is it this time?" I asked, weary from the questions.

"From UNSC space, we have human religion. There is: Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam and many others. From what lore do you hail from?"

"Christianity. We're the Devils from the Bible. However there are other gods from the other religions, notably Shiva, and the Greek gods." Rias answered. She didn't seem to like the question.

"So, are you the enemy?" Picks asked, weary this time. He raised his blade arm slightly.

"No, we've been completely obliterated by war and we're currently in a state of recovery."

"Is that why you have been resurrecting Humans?" The AI asked.

"Yes."

"Noted, Devil society is recovering from war." He archived.

"What are the strongest gods?"

"That's a tough one. Arguably, Great Red, the Apocalypse Dragon also known as the Dragon of Dragons and Ophis, The Dragon God or the Dragon of Infinity."

"Noted."

"Anyways, do you have any other questions?" Oh sweet merciful Chief Mendez, no more.

"Negative. Although further development is needed, my time is currently up. I'm going to enter stasis mode, recharging phase."

"Your that dick that sent me here in the first place!" I instantly blurted out.

"Negative." Picks said before disintegrating into, what seems to be a necklace with a diamond attached to it. On further examination, the diamond has a button on the front side and it is colored black and orange. The top part has a "wings" coming out from it. Then, the Promethean talked again, "You can talk to me via button and I can convert data into a physical form in this state. This is my passive state, I will observe and record everything and when time comes, I will go back into combat form to fight." That's all he said before going silent again. I wore the necklace, it was heavier than expected.

"Ah that reminds me." Rias said, "Would you like to see how we Devils fight?"

I turned towards her, staring dead into her eyes. "You mean you weren't fighting seriously when you ordered everyone to attack me?"

"Of course not! We'd kill you if they did." I thought about her proposition. It wouldn't hurt to watch. It's just when and where I have to go. I asked her when and the location.

"Midnight, at the old abandoned theater." Why does it have to be midnight?

"Don't worry, we can come pick you up." Kiba said. I nodded and went to sit on the couch.

"What time is it?" I asked since I didn't have a watch nor a cell phone with me.

"An hour has passed since you've arrived here." Akeno notified. I nodded. I reached into my bag, bringing out my modified Energy Sword, checking the battery. It was nearly full. I put it back and decided to sit here for a while longer.

"Are you going to reconsider my proposal about the club?" Kiba asked.

"Maybe, if I don't have any club to go to. But the Student Council President, Sona Sitri, said that it isn't required to join a club." I said.

"You can't just go home though since school is still in session." He countered.

"Ah. What do you do here anyways?" I asked. I never got the chance to ask Rias about her club activities.

"Nothing usually. We just sit down, have some tea, you know, relax. The Occult Research Club is just a guise to hide our presence as Devils. That's why we're located in the not-so-popular area of the

Old School building." He explained.

"So, being here is just as good as doing nothing." I summed up what he said.

"Yeah, exactly." He grinned and sunk into the couch. I noticed that I wasn't changing back and decided to ask. "Why am I not changing back?"

"This room is filled with magical energy. It must be slowing or even stopping your...uh...transformation." He replied.

"Yes, but it took me a few seconds just to transform into this body. Why not vice-versa?"

"Well, your ability has to be activated right? That might be the reason. You have a time limit on how long you can stay in John-mode right? The time limit is lengthened by physical activity which creates energy. That may be the reason, magic is substituting for the energy requirement."

"Makes sense. I figured as much, although, I'm not all too familiar with this...magic stuff." I said.

"I can tell." The blonde laughed again and I relaxed.

"So, what did you do to make your skin look so pale and your body so damn big?" Kiba asked. I stayed silent and turned away. "I'd rather not say." I replied a while later. It's both classified and private. I don't like talking about the war with anybody that's not military, besides Dr. Halsey. I got back up, seeing as I wasn't needed and left the clubroom. I folded my uniform and put it into my bag, leaving the clubroom. However, I'd have to deal with another problem.

-Break-

Exactly fifty five minutes and thirty three seconds later, I was back at the research club. I knocked on the door in a hurry.

"Kiba!" I shouted, when I entered.

"Whoa! Don't scare me like that! What's wrong, John?" He asked like he didn't know.

"Can't you see? I'm still in this body!" I shouted. Rias and Akeno noticed. Koneko was nowhere to be seen.

"His body has a surplus of demonic energy." Akeno said, her eyes shifted from purple to a glowing red for a second.

"I can see that! He's creating his own supply of demonic energy too! John, what in Lucifer's name is going on?" Rias asked.

"I don't get it either! I was about to leave the building when I noticed that I wasn't changing. I ignored it but as I continued through the school, I noticed that I really wasn't changing. When I realized this, the teachers tried to apprehend me. I evaded them and ran back here, although it was proven more difficult seeing as they were following me. Sona helped by stalling them. I was able to make

it back here undetected." I recapped what had happened.

"Well, from what we can gather, your body somehow managed to recreate demonic energy and is using it to supply your transformation." Rias explained. "The question is, how did you manage to recreate demonic energy?"

"John-117 has special genes implanted within him, within the genes, the acceleration of evolution and adaptation to the environment." Picks said from the necklace. The orange lines glowed with every syllable.

"What?"

"The Genes were given to me by a close-to-immortal being known as the Librarian. Hailing from the race we call the Forerunners. Well, not exactly given, they were implanted in the human genome and over the course of 100,000 years, found their way into me." I explained, "It helped me resist composing and has aided me during the second Human-Forerunner War."

"What are you talking about?" Rias asked.

"Do we really have to talk about this? I need to get back to normal! I'll figure out how to change at will later." I said.

"Alright, first, we need to get the demonic energy out of your body." Rias said. I clenched my fist. This sounded like a painful process. Although, I've already experienced the greatest pain in the world.

"And how do we do that?" I asked. Rias simply smiled.

"We ****suck**** it out."

My mind blacked out on me for a second. What? Sucking? I cannot comprehend what she means by "sucking". I remained silent for a moment as I pondered over what she said. Akeno jolted me back into reality, literally. She shocked my hand for two seconds and I flinched and tried backhanding the area to the right of me. She blasted me from a distance though, so I didn't hit anyone.

"Sorry." I said, rubbing my hand. "What do you mean suck?"

"What do I mean? We have to suck the demonic energy out of you."

"Like a leach? Do I give you a blood sacrifice or something?" I asked sarcastically.

"No, we'll suck it from your finger." How the hell does that work?

"Sorry, I don't understand the logic behind this."

"You don't need to. It'll work out and you can change back into your clothes. I don't know how your Janis Key works but it should at least give you some time before reverting." Rias said.

"Okay, then." I took a seat on the sofa. "Get it done with. I don't

like where this is going."

"It'll be done soon enough." Akeno and Rias each took one of my hands. They picked a finger and began sucking on it with their mouths. (A/N: Fuck me). It felt strange since the insides of their mouths were soft and I been around guns, battlements and generally hard things most of my life, excluding beds. Some might say this was pleasurable. I tried to ignore the feeling, but I could tell that there was an increase in my body temperature. I focused on something else, formulas, equations, battle tactics. Eventually, I felt myself change again. It seemed to be working. However, I felt something, from the deepest corners of my mind, perk up. I could tell it was being aroused, but I also thought that it was also unconscious.

When the whole scenario ended, I was back to normal, with one minor change. My skin was slightly more pale. It still had color, but it was more pale and I could see more clearly now.

"We're done, that's all the energy we could get out." Rias said, getting up and wiping her mouth.

"What've you touched all these years? Your fingers had a metallic and rubber taste to them." Akeno asked. She was slightly disgusted and was wiping her tongue with a paper tissue.

"I've worn this under suit for most my life, I usually never took it off." I said. That seemed to satisfy their curiosity. That also seemed to make them realize why I was so pale.

"I should get going before my body starts sponging up all the demonic energy again." I said.

"Agreed, we'll pick you up at midnight?"

"Fine. Picks would love to gather more data," I pressed the button of my necklace, "Right picks?"

"Affirmative. John-117, I've detected a slight change in your personality. It's less serious than in the data archives of the UNSC."

"I must be becoming soft."

"I concur. We must retrain you ASAP." The AI suggested.

"Alright then, let's go. Better put on my clothes though." I said, putting on my uniform.

"Doesn't it get hot wearing all those layers of clothing?" Akeno asked.

"No, the under suit can adjust to my body temperature and feels comfortable. It also adds for a second layer of defense." I answered, putting on the red T-Shirt.

"I see, well then see you later." Akeno said, smiling. I nodded back and left the building.

* * *

><p>(AN: This...is surprisingly longer than expected. I feel like in this segment, John felt more like a mixture of Issei and a Spartan-IV now. Shit. I tried searching the wiki for his personality, but it's hard to emulate it, so forgive me as I fuck up John's personality in the previous segment. I'll have an explanation on why John is more OOC in than in the canon series in the author's note at the end.)

"Human evolution...tell me, Picks, what was the Librarian's plan? Besides the immunity from the Flood, Composer and further enhanced speed, strength, agility and senses, what else did she give me?" I asked, lying on my bed. I held the necklace two feet from my face.

"The genes accelerates of evolution. Usually, it would take humanity a million years of constant evolution and learning to get to where these primitives are today. It took the Humans in your world only one hundred thousand years. Although the genes that cause the acceleration of evolution have nearly degraded into nothing, the Librarian has created a copy of your genome and has extracted the special genes in your body. There are no notable genes to explain your strange mutation, other than the survival adaptation gene." Picks explained.

"What role does it play in the creation of demonic energy?" I asked. It didn't make sense either.

"Unknown, exterior intervention possible."

"Exterior...meddling?"

"Affirmative, it's a possibility. Motion detector is detecting movement outside the room, going into standby." And the necklace began to lose its glow. I got up from my bed, expecting a knock on the door. I got the knock, along with a request, "Hey Issei, get your lazy ass off your porn and come help me on an errand. Oka-san doesn't want me out without company ever since that scene from last night."

"I'll be right there." I replied. I gritted my teeth at her voice. She said it in such a hateful manner that I couldn't help wanting to punch her. I put on a red shirt and navy blue jeans. I decided to pocket the Energy Sword, since any other weapon would be confiscated by the police. I considered taking Forerunner or Covenant weapons, but it would be a bother to carry them all without the aid of hoisters.

"Okay, let's go. I feel like puking every time I'm near you." I'm starting to hate this bitch.

"Where do we go first?" I asked. It was sunset, an odd time to go for a errand. Mostly students passed us. The necklace hung from my neck. It glowed as time passed. It was small though, so not many people saw the change in brightness. Asuka, my "sister", went inside the connivance store. I stayed outside, hands in my pocket. Yes, I wore my under suit. It didn't do much to help me from the cold though since it adjusts to body temperature, which is pretty low right now.

"Why are you wearing that black thing under your clothes? You look like an idiot." That was the first thing she said coming out of the store. I shrugged and didn't give her an answer. "Take it off when you get back. People are looking at us."

"Are you trying to push on to me your fashion sense? I don't wear this because I think it looks good; I wear it because it's comfortable." I replied. I showed my impatience to her in my voice. Asuka didn't reply and just walked off. I followed. It's extremely cold now that you think about it, about 12 degrees Celsius.

I pressed the button. "Don't you think it's getting a little too cold?" I whispered to Picks.

"Affirmative, current temperature, 10 degrees Celsius. Abnormal weather for Autumn season." The AI replied, abruptly loud.

"What was that?" Asuka turned around. I pretended it came from behind me and turned as well. My finger was still pressing the button and I said, "Be quiet when we're in public."

My reply was in the form of a car beep. When I turned around, Asuka was running away from me, quickly. I turned around again, and saw what she was running away from. It was a giant spider that was scaling the building besides us. Since we were in an alley, it could use it's legs on the building opposite from us.

"What the...?" I was at a loss for words. I have no idea what this was. As the arachnid came down from the shadows, I spotted a human body where the eye is supposed to be. Just from waist up, a male body.

"I was aiming for the cutie, but I guess you'd have to do for now." It said and cackled loudly. I quickly jumped back and rolled a few meters away from him.

"What makes you think you can get away from me!" He laughed. I pulled the necklace off, the string that connected it separated and reattached when it was off my neck.

"What makes you think I was going to run away?" I pressed the button on the necklace. "Picks!"

I threw the necklace at the spider. It glowed orange for a moment and began disintegrating, the pieces formed the Promethean. It's face split, showing a bright orange skull and a roar came from its body. The AI leached onto the man-spider. Picks was hanging from the arachnid's waist, pulling it down. The spider was several meters off the ground so the fall hurt. Picks quickly teleported up, facing the spider who shot web from its tail and grabbed hold on the Promethean's face. The arachnid then pulled back, underestimating the Promethean's strength, who threw it into the building.

"Darn you! What are you!" The man-spider shouted.

"Forerunner AI, Promethean Knight Class, PKX7341."

"What?" It shouted back, the people in the building scrambled away from the scene. It was a bar and a beer bottle rolled towards the arachnid's human body. The man grabbed the bottle and threw it at

Picks, who swiftly cut it with his arm blade. Booze splashed all over the AI's face. Unphazed, I heard the old Promethean growl that I've come to recognize. It split its face once more and a horrifying scream emitted from the AI. It jumped onto half the arachnid, who's front legs faltered from the weight of the Promethean. The man, horrified, quickly skittered away from the Promethean, the lower human half of his body detached from the spider. I ran towards scene, standing behind the Promethean who towered over the puny body I have right now.

"You! Your its master right? Tell it to stop! Please!" The man begged for mercy. I then decided to ask him, "How many people begged for you to spare their lives? How many? A hundred? A thousand? I think not. Picks, finish him." I ordered.

"No, no-!" His voice was cut off by the sound of a Light Rifle burst that completely obliterated the man's head. The Promethean grabbed the corpse as it disintegrated, tearing off the leg of the corpse, saving it from datafication.

"Permission to store as data and study?"

"Permission granted." I said. I was about to leave but the spider's corpse had other plans. Its eyes grew back and charged at the Promethean, ramming it into the opposite building. It was about to shove its talons into the Promethean but I swiftly detached its head from its torso with the Energy Sword. The body shuttered for a second before Picks grabbed it and tore the arachnid in perfect symmetry. I want to say blood and guts spilled out from spider but no. Human corpses spilled from the spider's insides before the it dissipated into purple vapor.

"Strange energy signature detected. The energy signature emits from the vapor and seems to dissipate into the various elements (atoms)." Picks blurred.

"Oh god! Oh god!" Something said from the pile of corpses. Picks heard it too and turned towards the source. A male clawed his way out from the pile of intact corpses and puked all over the floor. When he saw Picks, he immediately screamed, "Oh fucking hell! Shit, shit, shit no! Demon! Devil! Darkness Incarnate! Ohmylordjesuschristpleasecomesavemeohlordpleasehav emercy!"

Picks growled and the man immediately closed his eyes and cowered in the pile of bodies. He held a cross in front of him, expecting Picks to go away. Instead, he picked up the man and lifted him into the air. Tears began flowing out from his eyes and he closed them and began praying again. I noticed movement from the pile of corpses and a spider launched itself at the man. Picks instantly shot it with his Light Rifle. I saw liquid drop from the man's pants and I realized he wet himself. A grown man, around thirty years old, wet himself. The Promethean noticed and put the man down, patting his back. He seemed to be curious about the bit on his neck.

"Reclaimer." Picks asked the man who tensed immediately. Picks turned to me and tilted his head. I sighed and jogged up to the man and attempted to comfort him. I grabbed his shoulders and shook them.

"Sir, sir, please relax, sir. Bah, I'm not good at this." I said. It

was usually Jorge or Samuel that handled civilian talk, I'm no good at this kind of thing. "Please calm down, everything is going to be alright."

"E-everything...everything...is.." He passed out from the shock.

"Oh dear." I said. "Move, we better move." The Promethean grabbed my shoulders and teleported out of there. We emerged on the roof where we could see the scene of the crime. I looked to the right and spotted Asuka peering at the scene from the corner. I pointed towards her and told Picks to teleport him and I behind her.

"What the hell is going on? Where did Issei and that giant...demon go off too? Is this where he was the past month? In league with demons? I have to get out of here; I have to get-" I silenced her with my right hand and pulled back with it. I then kicked her legs and flipped her around. She flipped several times before landing, face up. I planted my left knee on her chest and covered her eyes. Then, I made her pass out from lack of air.

"Do you have the memory eraser with you?" I asked Picks.

"Affirmative, although, a weaker variant due to the precaution of being overwhelmed and all data and technology confiscated and reverse engineered." Picks said. He handed me a pill and I popped it into Asuka's mouth. The pill melted into her mouth and Asuka seemed to subconsciously relax. I looked up to Picks, "Find any witnesses and give them the pill, don't hurt them."

"What of the Reclaimer that relieved himself?" Picks asked.

"Make up a memory, just say he's been eaten by a giant spider. Any other survivors from...Humanoid-06 won't know us. How many survivors?"

"Approximately six, four out of six have been infected with arachnid poison." Picks summed. I counted about fifty heads in one piles, it's amazing that six survived.

"Give them antidotes, if the police arrive, cancel the mission and find me at the house. Make sure you aren't seen" I ordered. Picks nodded and his orange glow dimmed and brightened. He then set off to his mission. I looked down at the sleeping Asuka and picked her up. What happened: Slip and fell, got knocked out, end of story.

* * *

><p>(AN: Wow. I didn't really expect to have a fight scene in this chapter really. I can't consider the "midnight demonstration" a fight scene since...it's not really fight just curb stomp.)

Asuka got a scolding when she woke up. She looked dumbfounded at what happened, stating that she didn't remember what happened and everything was foggy. I sat in the desk, in my room, and finished up my homework. I decided to get a piece of paper and draw since I didn't really have anything to do at the moment. I drew whatever came to mind, and I ended up drawing the disgusting picture of the Gravemind. Although not perfect, it was close. It was from when I met Thel for the first time, in the Gravemind's grasp. I didn't color it.

The sight of an accumulation of bodies that seemed to merge and wrap together so perfectly was disgusting already.

I decided to finish up the book. I was nearly done, a hundred pages left to go. It was about 11PM before I finished the book. This body was getting tired already. I reached into the UNSC supply crate from the Warthog and got a stim-pack. I remembered who's body I was in and if I were to leave his body I wouldn't want to leave it in bad shape, so I left it and decided to sleep, setting the alarm clock to 11:50PM.

I got my short nap, Picks was inside the room now, in necklace form. I could tell from the glow emitted from the amulet and the string that it was attached to. I began exerting myself and pretty soon, was in Spartan-mode. I put on the MJOLNIR Mark XI that was still hard to put on. I grabbed the Energy Sword, a Bolt Shot and Light Rifle. I walked up to Picks and put him around my neck. I noticed something fall from my helmet, it was Cortana's Data Chip, another necklace. I wore it again. Then Picks quietly said, "The AI Slot in your MJOLNOR Powered Assault Armor Mark XI is compatible with the current amulet."

I didn't make any jokes and quickly shot down that suggestion, "There's only one AI that belongs in that slot. Her name is Cortana."

"I understand, but without an AI, your reflexes will be hampered."

"I can still fight."

Picks decided that this was something I would stay adamant on and shut up. I looked out my window, it had a clear view of the front of my house. I saw Kiba and Koneko standing in front of the gate. Before they could open it, I jumped from the window, landing right behind them.

"Good to see that you're ready." Kiba said. I shrugged and pointed towards my bedroom window. "Could you do me a favor and close that window, please?"

Koneko waved her hand and the window shut silently and locked itself. I snorted and we left the neighborhood. Kiba reminded me that we were going to an abandoned theater and that I should be careful. I considered asking him about what Picks fought during sunset, but decided to hold that question for Rias or Akeno.

"And here we are! The **[Stray]** should be here." Kiba said.

"Stray?"

"That's right, a **[Stray Devil]**. It's a Devil that killed its master and escaped capture. We label them **[Strays]** and hunt them down before they can cause more trouble for the world." Kiba explained.

"I thought Devils were creatures of evil and destruction. How would trouble for the world be bad?" I said, partly joking.

"Even we have morals, John." Koneko replied.

"Rias should be here anytime now." Kiba stated.

"I'm already here." I heard a voice say behind me. "Looking good John." Akeno said.

"Stick with the mission. We're here to kill the **[Stray Devil]** right?" I asked. Rias nodded. "I think I met one earlier today. Spider body, male torso located around the eyes."

"Ah I heard. One of the Devils situated here reported to me saying that he saw a large demon tear a spider in half and caused a mid-aged Japanese business man to wet himself. He then said it grabbed you and teleported out of here. Was it Picks?"

"Yes/Affirmative" Picks and I said at the same time.

"Anyways, we should kill the stray Devil right now." Rias decided and opened the doors.

As we walked in, I felt an eerie feeling surround me. Even Kurt-051 could get a "bad-feeling" here. I readied my Light Rifle. I couldn't smell anything through my air filters but everyone else covered their noses. We were about 1/3rd away from the center before the doors closed behind us and a loud laugh was heard ahead.

"Humanoid Detected, Humanoid Detected. Listing as Humanoid-07."

"Who are the other six?" Kiba asked playfully.

"You and that spider." I replied.

"Well, let's see what we have here? A couple poor little devils out hunting for **[Strays]** huh? Well too bad! Because I'll be your doom!" I could see a figure from the shadows. A centaur, although the horse bit was extremely exaggerated and the human half was a naked female. I aimed my Light Rifle at the beast and fired off a few rounds before Rias pushed my gun aside. The rounds hit the centaur in the shoulder and horse bit. All the rounds connected.

"That's some deadly accuracy you have there." Kiba commented.

"Ku! You bitch!" The beast shouted. Akeno began licking her fingers and Koneko cracked her knuckles.

"This is a great opportunity to really show you the stat traits of our various pieces." Rias said before telling Kiba to attack the **[Stray Devil]**. He showed off extremely fast speed, dodging all of the centaur's strikes and cutting her horse legs. The [Stray] roared and charged towards the group. Koneko stepped in, blocking her strike and holding her ground. She lifted the centaur up and threw her into the air, punching the Devil away.

"Akeno, you can have the honors." Rias said. The vice-president had a sadistic face on. She laughed as lightning appeared and struck the downed **[Stray]**. I made a mental note not to go on her...other side. The centaur flinched.

"That's enough." Rias ordered.

"Aw, but it was at the best part." She said, disappointed. That smile could give any Sangheili shivers up their spine.

"Any last words?" Rias asked, looking down at the Devil.

"Actually, yes." She said and rushed towards me. Kiba's reaction time was too slow, by the time he noticed, the ****[Stray]**** was already at my throat. She was about to claw at my neck, but before she could even touch me. There was a crushing sound and my fist fractured her spine and broke the front of her skull.

"What..?" She croaked before I lifted her by the neck and ignited my Energy Sword. I impaled her, slashing up and tearing her in half. I looked at everyone else, they looked surprised at my actions, swift and without mercy.

"The deed is done. I guess that's two ****[Strays]**** I've finished off today." I said, walking towards them.

"If we're done here, I'll be on my way." I announced and left the scene. I heard a small rumble and detected a sudden unidentified energy spike. I found unlocking the door to be a simple task; the door wasn't locked to begin with. I silently crept in, the door creaking as I locked and closed it. I made my way to my room, making sure to be as silent as possible.

"I think that's enough excitement for one day." I commented as I took off my armor. I locked the front door and checked the clock. 1:15AM, I lost a lot of shut eye. Pulling the blankets over myself, I began to drift away from consciousness.

* * *

><p>Author's Notes:<p>

Okay, to get this annoyance out of the way. At first, I thought I'd be clever and give John a little personality change, due to him living a civilian life for one year after Halo ended. I assumed Cortana was still dead and that's why I gave him the civilian lifestyle. I know many of you are angry at the fact that John doesn't seem to be John and he "is just Issei in a cool new body.". Yes, I admit, I did fuck up the personality. Trust me, if you try to emulate the personality of a killing machine that only knows how to take orders, it's going to be difficult. Well, not for you maybe, but for me, yes.

I was aiming for a more "loose" John, a less serious one since he's "softened up" after not seeing combat for a year. As stated above (I think), John does have a comedic side to him. One of the Halo Wiki's I read on his personality states that John can make a joke out of the situation before him. That's why I've pulled out some jokes once and a while. I laid off the jokes a TON in this chapter though, since I need to get this out first. He doesn't like it, no, HATES it when a civilian or innocent is harmed. A Spartan is deadly, but an angry Spartan? That's even worse. This author's note is going to be long since I'll be talking about many things. The ACTUAL author's note will be after the talk about "Dimension Spanners"

On to Rias and the Gremory group. I don't know what to do here. I

noticed, and was quite annoyed, when I always made Rias talk and talk. It was infuriating. I wanted Akeno, Kiba or Koneko to talk more often since I didn't really want Rias to talk all the god damn time! Not that I hate her, this is a fucking Harem Anime, not a single love interest one. The reason I didn't have Akeno talk as much was due to the fact that I'm confused with her personality. As you can see, I didn't have much I could talk about with Picks, with her anyways. Rias is the big sister here, she's the leader. She asks all the questions. I could pretty much emulate Kiba's or Koneko's a lot better after I refresh on a few bits in the Anime and Light Novels.

Now, talking about alternate universes and confusing shit. I don't know how anyone can wrap their minds about the alternate universe bull I had to deal with. It's confusing already. Even yesterday, I figured out, why the hell doesn't a character pop out, knowing that he's in one universe he's been to, but pops back in, the exact same one, and doesn't realize it. I've figured out a "past-present-future" factor to this. There's a "past" version and a "present" version of a specific universe. I plan on using this later in the Fan Fiction, but you won't see any time travelers in this crossover, it's way too confusing, will all the paradoxes and whatnot.

Now, onwards to the alternate entities and "fusion". Universal laws. I don't fucking give a shit about them. Well, I may, but I always break them. The reason John-117 and Post-Devil Issei fused is unknown, even to me. I want to say "because their the main characters", but then I'll have to introduce the Dimension Spanners FUCKING HUNDREDS OF CHAPTERS SOONER THEN EXPECTED. I'll get to them later. I don't know why they fused, it's a mystery. I want to say, "It's because their main characters" or "It's because John was at the same place at the same time" or "It's just a coincidence". I won't op out of this, you'll get your answer in the later author's notes. Alternate entities, sweet, my favorite. As you probably know, there's a poll on my profile that asks "Do you want Cortana to be revived?" A lot of people said yes. I'm still going to wait, I'll probably have a "Native-Cortana" and "AI-Cortana". Of course, the "Native" will be under a different name. I already have a problem with "Ichika Orimura" and "Ichika Kuuga" in IDGPE.

Anyways, there're two versions (possibly even three or four with the consideration of Doppelgangers/Doppelliners, clones, and of course, more alternate personalities) of a character in two universes. Like in IDGPE, when one of the same person, no matter how different they are (personality wise), goes into another universe, their souls "combine" temporarily. Once the "Supreme Divine Entity" or "Elder God" of that universe detects the fusion, he'll separate them. The dominant will have control over Character-Native's body, while the weaker will be shoved into a mental entity. Imagine someone speaking in your mind, that's the mental entity. They will see and hear, feel, smell anything you can, but won't control the body. Extreme willpower can force the body to move though, so fighting over a body is possible. Character-Alternate's body will go into a "coma" as their soul has departed their body, it's now just an empty shell. Of course, death of the Alternate will mean death to the soul if it separates.

Rule 64. Most of the genes and the soul has to be the same for the fusion to occur. Although, it'll be funny to see this, rule 64. I see a lack of main character meets rule 64 fan fics out there...I think

you could tell if there was a person with the same (or similar) name to you but is the opposite gender.

Dimension Spanners. This is my own creation and I'll try to explain it in the least amount of words. (Deep breath). It's Interuniversal Military Force that keeps order in the multiverse. To IDGPE readers out there, there will be spoilers here. They were originally created by the "Quantex", very literally Gods of the Multiverse. If you think John can be a Dimension Spanner, forget about it. He better be able to take on an entire armada of fully equipped Forerunners ALONE as in, only armor and a shit ton of weapons and ammo, if he wants to be able to be a Dimension Spanner. Although for some reason I can clearly see that happening. They are only considered if they do extraordinary universal feats. Highly considered if they can repel a dimensional conqueror. I won't go deeper into this and you'll have to talk to me personally if you want the details.

Now, the main author's note, not explanations- okay there will be some explanations...and spoilers.

FINALLY! IT'S DONE! WOOT! YES! FINALLY! Sorry about it being so late, I was working on the sixth chapter of IDGPE. I believe I started several days ago, picking up on where John-sei first arrived at school. I stopped there since I had the finals. I noticed some people reviewing for more (btw, that ultra long review was from a friend) chapters so I decided to finally get back into typing. I finished IDGPE first since that is my main story right now, even if I don't get all that many reviews; I do get a lot more views though showing that people still read it.

I finished that in like...three-four days. Posted that up and began work on this the next day or right after, I think. I didn't really like how the "school" bit turned out. I felt like I was cramming way too many things into one segment, which I am doing since I don't have the balls to say "Oh school went by fast. I gone to different clubs but they rejected me because they thought I was Issei.". I did rush the bit where Picks entered the fray. Yes, I made Prometheans talk, problem? I wanted another OC in the story and YES I still am taking OC suggestions. I got like...two right now. I'll work them into the story later. Also, what I meant by "rushing" Picks, was that he wasn't supposed to enter the fray this quickly.

Also, him turning into an amulet, is my way of saying, "Don't worry, he won't ruin your ecchi, fan service, funny moments, awkward moments that want to make you laugh your ass off, etc.". Prometheans are disturbingly horrifying if you think about it. They're taller than Sangheili, which, in Halo 4, is like...a head taller than you. And Prometheans are bigger, taller and more deadly than Sangheili. They're like...10 feet tall, whereas John is 7ft tall (in armor). Also, if you look at them as if they were real, you'd be horrified by their appearance since it's REAL and you can see all the little bits and shiny metal on the it.

Asuka. Kudos to DeathOverLord for giving me the name. I am dreadful at names. Yes, she's a bitch. A BITCH. Inspired from "Oreimo" which, the full name, translates to "My Little Sister Can't Be This Cute". Yes, I watch that, GET OVER IT! It's a good slice-of-life anime! Yes, very Oreimo. I even have to try to emulate her personality, it's like...there. Why she's such a bitch? Her brother is an A-Class pervert who wants to sniff other girl's panties and peek at you when

you're changing. Of course she'll hate him. And she'll have some "childhood" problems that John and Issei will have to work together to mend.

Yes, it's official, Issei WILL be returning to this crossover. Yes, he will have his body later on in the story, but that's for later. I've set a lot of things up in chapter two, most notably the "Demonic Energy" and "Thirty Days until evac". Yes, he will be a main character once he is introduced, I plan on end-chapter 3. And since people are complaining about "I FUCKING HATE ISSEI" (exaggerated) I will change his personality over time to be a tiny bit less perverted. Still a pervert though.

Ddraig and the boosted gear. **This is going to be a major spoiler alert to people, so, skip this paragraph if you don't want any.** I'll have John's and Issei's souls connected by the boosted gear. They will get separate bodies later, but there's still that spiritual and mental link between them. I plan on "Body Fusion" or where John becomes like what he is now, to help Issei later on in the story without showing himself. However, he will be inside Issei's body and he will have complete control over it. They will be able to switch around at will. Also, I plan on combining the MJOLNIR Mark XI and the Boosted Gear Balance Breaker to create...the Boosted MJOLNIR Mark XI Powered Balance Breaking Assault Scalemail. Fucking names! Still sounds funny to me, BWHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! You guys know when to expect this to appear.

Spoiler End.

Anything else? Actually, yes. The first segment was okay. The school segment was just...god damn it. It was unnecessary but I did add humor there. I do realize I forgot to say "John took the Light Rifle off Rias's desk". But fuck it, he took it off okay? Picks arrived ahead of schedule. Asuka was a bitch. The first **[Stray Devil]** fight came out pretty well actually. I got to show my more "brutal side" of my fighting style. Yes, I am brutal in my combat style. You'll see it later. The second "canon" **[Stray Devil]** fight was just for the sake of the canon and Pick's research. I'll figure out how to classify magic (all types) later. I actually wanted a burglar to enter the house and rob everything but...no. It's done! Too much excitement for one day, what are the chances of a burglar entering a house the FIRST time the door is unlocked?

Comments:

Yay, over. Yeah, I did some martial arts here, it was difficult to explain the wrist bend one since it really isn't an actual Kenpo move I think. I wasn't able to talk to my Karate Instructor, so you'll have to wait on the explanation.

Word Count (Microsoft Word, at this moment and author's note included): 13,042

Thanks,
>Sonicfanx1<p>

P.S. WELL! TIME TO WORK ON ANOTHER FUCKING FAN FICTION! CROSSOVER-ONESHOT OR SERIES...? DARKEN THE SERIES FIRST THEN CROSSOVER-ONESHOT THAT HAS WAY TOO MANY REFERENCES TO OTHER SERIES!

3. Following the Canon for Once

****High School DxD: Spartans X Dragons****

****Chapter 3: Zero-Zero-Zero****

"Hey, Oni-chan, wake up!" a voice said. I quickly jumped out of bed and tried to smash the alarm clock again, halting mid-swing. This kid has a weird taste in alarm clocks. I pressed the button on top and went into the bathroom. As I entered, I noticed that Asuka was already there, half asleep by the looks of it. I closed the door and waited for her to finish. After she finished, I was confused for a moment. I couldn't find my preferred toothbrush until I remembered I left it at home, if I can still call it home.

I grabbed my Type-1 Energy Weapon/Sword and slid on my nano-composite suit/jump suit. I check the time, 7:07AM. That's plenty of time to do maintenance on my suit. I grabbed hooked up the Mark XI to a crate-computer. I check all its systems, the temperature regulator, magnetic pads, AI slot, biofoam injectors, fusion power plant, shields and the suits general systems. All systems were cleared as green, I smirked in approval went to pick up Picks. I hung him on my neck as usual and left the room.

I joined in breakfast, quickly eating my share and leaving the table. I wasn't comfortable with my "sister's" company. I grabbed my bag and left the house, only to be greeted by Rias Gremory.

"Good morning Ise."

"Salutations, Ms. Gremory." I replied, in English. "What brings you to my...residence?"

"No need for formalities Ise. I'm just here to walk with you to school, nothing devious." She said with a soft smile. I didn't detect any sort of plot from her. I felt like being a little more cautious around her now since she does want me dead and turned into a slave. I then remembered my sacred gear, ****[Twice Critical]****. It doubles my strength, if my memory serves me correctly.

"I usually don't talk with civilians, madam." I said walking besides her.

"We're friends; you can drop the formal act." She said chuckling softly. That kind of laugh can make any man fall for her.

"I'd prefer not to, Rias-san." I returned to Japanese since we were gaining stares from other students. I was just at the bridge and already I hear rumors spreading.

"Why is HE walking with Rias-sama?"

"Why isn't it us by her side!"

"Darn, I'm so jealous!"

"He'll defile her!"

I would have thrown a comment at them, but decided not to. My reputation is already bad enough as it is. For some reason however, I have an urge to go peak at someone's panties. That was sudden. I shook my head, trying to resist the urges. I tried memorizing weapon schematics and that definitely suppressed my sudden spike of lust. I believe one of my augments was supposed to handle that.

"We'll part ways here, should we meet up again?" Rias asked.

"I'd prefer not to cause another scene." I replied. Rias nodded, seeing my point and left. I noticed someone trying to throw a punch my way. My battle reflexes kicked in. I grabbed the attacker's arm by the wrist and placed a palm at his shoulder. I threw him away from me and side kicked the other person charging at me. I planted my knee on top the person I threw and was going to smash my fist into his face before I realized that this was Motohama, one of my "friends". Another strong urge overwhelmed me and I almost struck him before I grabbed a hold of myself.

"Sorry." I apologized, getting up. Motohama got up, brushing himself, Matsuda as well.

"That's some crazy strength you have there." Motohama said before I grabbed a punch from Matsuda with my hand.

"Wha?"

"I'm musing over if I should kick your asses here and now or leave you be. Either way, you guys are going to get your ass kicked." I smirked. I lost all reasoning there as I was too stressed and tired to give a damn. I dropped low and sweep-kicked Perverted Glasses, doing a hand stand and backing off to baldy. I did a light jab to his stomach and quickly smashing my palm up his chin (the hardest part of the palm). I finished him off by giving him a light shove. Matsuda stumbled down easily. I gave my attention to Motohama, who was on his feet. He seemed to be protecting something. I dashed in quickly and got behind him. I got my arm around him, grabbing him by his right (on his right) armpit the left side of his neck. I pushed him, positioning my feet behind his. I lifted his feet up off the floor and threw him onto the floor, a DVD case skittered across the floor.

It was a porn disk. I only caught a glance at the title, pinky something. Deciding that I've stuck for long enough, I left the scene in a hurry.

* * *

><p>Classes passed by like a breeze. I only once and a while paid attention to classes since I've already studied this and more back on the Fortress Planet: Reach. I couldn't fathom why, but throughout class, I had brief and intense sexual urges. I thought my Catalytic Thyroid Implants were supposed to suppress my sexual drive. I had an idea of what was going on, but I never thought that kid's limbo could be so damn strong. If word gets back to the UNSC, I'll be known as the Demon of Lust.<p>

Most of the time, in class, I found myself staring out the window. I watched as the wind blew through the trees and could smell the fresh air from an open window. Back in UNSC territory, I've grown use to

not wearing a MJOLNIR Powered Suit. It still feels weird, like I've lost a part of me, but I'm more comfortable now, wearing just plain clothes over my nano-composite suit.

I grabbed my bag and left the room. I took the exit at the end of the room, leaving quietly, not to disturb anyone else. I walked by Rias who nodded at my direction. It's hard for me to see her as a Devil. She seems kinder than what I'd usually picture in my mind. When I think of a devil, I'd usually see a black and red body with silver white hair and red eyes. They'd have a head shaped like a Sangheili, but their mouths are human-like and they're filled with spiked teeth. The Occult Research club trampled on my image of a devil and I'd like it back.

As I exited the school, I still heard rumors about me. Seriously, how did he ruin his image like this? I bet his parents, or "my" parents are real proud of me. I decided to go meet up with Vic today and I went over to his house. I have to cross the park to get to his house. I then noticed that many things have happened here. I was summoned here, got extra equipment here and I was over here to meet up with Vic a couple days ago. What's next?

And as if the universe was listening to my thoughts, a girl tripped and fell right behind me. She fell, face first and ended up in an...ehem...weird position. I looked away, remembering my common sense. Issei's instincts said otherwise. I ignored them and helped the girl up. She wore a nun's outfit colored in a dark shade of green, otherwise known as hooker's green, named after William Hooker. A veil covered her face. I noticed the sky blue trim and cross on the veil as it was caught by the wind and fluttered away.

"Let me go get that for you, miss." I said, in a respectful tone and ran off towards the veil, grabbing it while it was on the floor.

"Th-thank you sir." She said, nervously, shifting her legs. She said it in an English accent.

"No need to thank me. What is a girl like you doing out here all by herself?" I asked, in English.

"Oh, I was just looking for the church. I've seem to have lost my way since...I don't actually know any Japanese." She said embarrassed, looking down at her shoes. Given her facial looks and current personality, she'd be considered 'cute' by a civilian's standards. She had blonde hair and emerald green eyes. I looked down and saw a huge bag with clothes that spilled out.

I began folding the clothes and placing them inside the bag. She had a lot of clothes. After I finished folding them, I held onto them for her.

"Thank you very much. Let me carry that." She said, reaching for her bag. I shrugged and gave her, her bag.

"Do you know where the church is?" The nun asked.

"I think there's one somewhere around here. I'm not entirely sure though. You can follow me to a friend's house; I'm sure he knows where one is." I replied, leading the way. The nun hurried after me.

I slowed my pace to match her stride. I held my bag over my left shoulder. The nun was walking on my right.

"Um...what's that you're wearing on your hand?" She asked, pointing at my gloved right hand.

I paused before I answered. "It's just a glove that's attached to my inner suit."

"Really? I've never seen anything like it." She commented.

"I know and you probably will never see anything like it again."

"Oh..." She sounded hurt. I felt a prick of regret and was about to attempt to cheer her up, probably in a poor fashion, before a child's cry interrupted me. I immediately stopped in my tracks and turned my head towards the source of the sound. A kid scraped his knee. My curiosity was sated and I was about to resume my walk before the nun ran towards the kid.

She knelt down and placed her bag besides her. I felt annoyed and called out to her, "If we stop at every injured child, it'll take us a solar cycle to get to my friend's house."

She turned towards me, cheeks puffed. "Could you be a little more considerate?" She said, before turning back to the child.

"I saved the galaxy twice, saved humanity three times and stopped a man who has had hundreds of thousands of years of hatred towards humanity before making him rethink his actions and this is what I get in return? 'Could you be a little more considerate?'" I murmured. I saw a ring appear on her right ring finger, followed by a green glow that emanated from her hands.

My eyes widened as I realized what I was seeing, magic. It's definitely magic. Ah, who am I kidding, it's probably a Sacred Gear since a ring appeared on her hand. I saw the kid's scrape heal up until it disappeared. The nun, looking satisfied, stood up and returned to me. I saw the mother approach her son. She gave the Nun a frightened stare as the kid told her what happened.

"The lord will always repay you for good deeds." She lectured. I gave her a fake laugh and walked ahead. The nun ran to catch up with me, seeing as we've began moving again.

"What was that?" I asked. I knew that it was a Sacred Gear, but I've decided to play it safe and avoid drawing attention to myself.

"That was a blessing granted to me by god. It is a fantastic power." She said, enthusiastically. Then, her eyes gave off a look of sadness. "Yes...a fantastic power." She said, as if she was trying to convince herself.

"I can see you've used it in an improper way. Let me guess, you've used them for evil?" I asked.

"No! Not like that!" She said quickly, waving her hands at me. "It's just...um."

"It depends on what you used it for. If you used it for charity, for good things, then you're not a bad person. If you used it, knowing that you're doing the wrong thing, then you're a bad person. It depends on what you've used it for and if you've been tricked, well it's not really your fault." I advised.

"So are you a good person?" The nun asked, bending her head to get a better look at my face.

"Heh. I'm far from being a good person..." I murmured.

"Hm?"

We continued our walk in silence. It was getting late and I was in a hurry. A few moments later, the nun perked up, "Ah! There it is!" She said, pointing at the church on the outskirts of the city.

"Thank you so much Mr..."

"You can call me John-sei." I said, mixing my two names together. Heh, John-sei-117, it has a weird ping to it.

"Thank you so much Mr. Johnsei!" I nodded towards her as she ran off towards the church. Seeing as she doesn't need me anymore, I took off into a full sprint, tucking my bag under my arm. I passed the nun quickly. I stopped at Victor's house and pressed the door bell.

"Who is it?" The American shouted.

"It's John."

"Oh, Chief, come in." He said, opening the door.

"So, what's up?"

"Well, I got another crate of Forerunner and Covenant Weaponry. I also got some reinforcements in the form of a Promethean." I summarized.

"Really? Where's that Promethean now?" I pointed to my necklace and Vic seemed to get the gist of it.

"What are you doing?" I asked, turning my attention to his TV screen.

"Oh, just playing some Designation 7 (NOT REAL). It's surprisingly hard, want to play a round?" He asked. I shook my head.

"No thanks, I'm just here to see what's on your side."

"Nothing much, I'm going to visit America for a month and a half soon, that's all. I'll give you a ring once and a while." He said.

"Any rumors?"

"Two are circulating the internet, the rest are just made up fiction." Vic said. "One of them says that a huge 7'1" monster is roaming round the hills. He's wearing black armor and glows orange, occasionally red. There's a picture that's been added as well. I

printed the page but the actual thread has been long taken off the internet. The other is about a sighting of a group of eight. Three of them are around 7'1" the others are 6'7" or around that size. There's no proof but many other people claimed to have seen the exact same thing." Victor stated his findings. I'm looking for other Spartans or UNSC members that have been trapped here like me.

"Show me the picture." I asked. Vic, who was now engrossed in his game, pointed to the shelf. I grabbed the folder containing the picture and opened it.

The image wasn't blurred and didn't look like it had been tampered with or edited. The armored person seemed to be wearing, what looked like a Forerunner Combat skin. The user was definitely human or a kind of augmented Human. He wore a helmet that looked like a Promethean Commander's except that it had a horn on it. The armor he was wearing was a mix between the MJOLNIR and the Didact's combat skin, the latter being his chest and most of his leg armor. His shoulder armor was similar to mine, however it was different, having a sharper look to it.

His legs were hidden from view but his left arm had, what seemed to be, a Promethean arm blade. His hand was clawed and had some blood on them. His helmet glowed orange like a Promethean commander. I read the note under it, "Taken after his 'visor' sealed to make a mask." it said. This is definitely a person from my universe. He or she may be a Forerunner though.

"I'll take this home with me." I said, holding up the folder. Victor nodded and I stuffed the folder into my bag.

"When will you leave?"

"Roughly in the next two weeks. I have enough time to relax." He said. I hummed in acknowledgement and left his house. He locked the door behind me. When I looked out, it was already sunset. This is going to be one of those days again. I tucked my bag under my arm once more and began started to run. I jogged for a couple of minutes before reaching the park once again. By then, the sun was almost gone and the sky was a red color. I walked silently into the park, taking in the atmosphere. It didn't last however as I saw that same man in the photo.

He quickly jerked his head towards me, like he was expecting me. I saw his visor, a glowing orange. The lines that ran across his helmet were the exact same ones that ran across a Promethean Commander's. The face slid in, the same as a Promethean's, excluding the teeth. He crushed something in his hand, on closer inspection, it was a heart. I saw a dead person lying on the ground and beside it was a huge decapitated snake that was chopped into many pieces.

"Classified as Humanoid-08, Deceased." I didn't have time to ask Picks what he meant before the Promethe-human broke off into a sprint. I chased after him. He ran extremely fast, I took detours to catch up to him. We sprinted into my neighborhood and then into the city where the Promethe-human ran into an alleyway. He cornered himself.

"Identify yourself!" I shouted. The unknown turned around and flashed into white for a moment. He disappeared. I grunted and looked

everywhere. Spotting movement on the roof, I jumped against the nearest wall and jumped off it, landing on a window where I proceeded to continue wall-jumping until I reached the roof. I saw him at the edge of the building. He quickly jerked his head back at me; seeing as I'm still on his tail, he leapt over to another building. I quickly followed him, he was fast.

Soon, he was cornered again. He had nowhere else to jump besides down.

"Human..." He said, turning around. "If you don't leave me be, I'll be required to use deadly force." He said it in an extremely deep voice. It was also filtered to make it sound computer generated.

"Picks, assault mode." I said, pressing my amulet. I tore it off, as usual and chucked it at the unknown. Picks formed from the amulet and his face split. I saw it all in slow motion. The unknown **teleported** behind Picks and kicked him to the ground.

"I wasn't expecting a Promethean to show up." He commented, flash teleporting towards Picks who disintegrated. Forming behind the unknown and slashing at his neck. However, he quickly reacted and flash teleported in front of him, quickly turning around and activating this arm blades, no two. He had two arm blades, that's a concern.

"For fucks sake, I already have enough Vanguard's to fight over at the Dreadnaught." The Unknown commented.

"Query, who are you?" Picks asked.

"Just call me Zero-Zero-Zero, or just Zero." Zero said.

"Unknown tagged as Zero." Pick said before flash teleporting in front of him. Zero blocked Pick's arm blade with both his arms but wasn't quick enough to block the second strike that came from Pick's weapon arm. Zero's shields flared and he was thrown back. He disintegrated and formed behind Picks, stabbing his arm blades into the Promethean, but I had my Energy Sword at his neck.

"Checkmate." I commented. Zero raised his hands up in surrender; Picks regenerated his wound. Zero slowly turned around, my blade was still at his neck.

His arm moved lightning fast and made a claw near my chest. I went into stasis mode, dropping my sword. This was just like with the Didact. He pushed me back and placed a palm on Pick's face. All the glowing orange bits on Pick's body shifted red for a moment before shifting back to orange. He reverted back into an amulet and floated towards me. Zero turned around, pieces of armor floated around his back and I saw, what seemed to be, MJOLNIR booster packs. I was correct as they did the same purpose, boost people. He took off into a full sprint and jumped off the building, activating his boosters at his peak speed and landed on the other side of the road before disappearing with cloak.

"Why Zero-Zero-Zero?" I asked myself, picking up my Energy Sword.

* * *

><p>I sluggishly dragged my feet back towards my neighborhood. I unlocked the doors to my house. I took off my shoes and quickly took off my jacket. I headed towards my room, placing Picks on the desk. I took off my shirt and pants and put on my armor instead. I grabbed a Type-25 Directed Energy Pistol, Z-110 Directed Energy PistolExotic, MA5D ICWS and took out the Type-1 Energy Weapon/Sword from the pockets of my uniform. I grabbed Picks and detached the string. I reattached it at the back of my neck, since my helmet is too big, I can't wear the necklace like normal.

I exited the house again, deciding to patrol the city for 'Zero'. I began walking in the dead of night. I didn't find him. Not even my new thermal vision could detect him. I swapped between thermal, Promethean and regular frequently. I was horded by people at the "anime and cosplay" area of the city. Seeing as I couldn't find him, I headed back.

"Picks, did you record the entire battle with 'Zero'?" I asked, pressing the button on the amulet.

"Yes."

"Can you upload it to my suit?" I asked.

"Affirmative." The downloading process began and ended quickly. I walked down my neighborhood. It was peaceful. I didn't really do this much back in UNSC Space since I'm hated everywhere in my neighborhood. People there really hate Spartans, they're one of the few people, on that planet, there're plenty of people on other worlds that believe in a religion. I was an abomination to their religion.

I heard a scream come from a house and quickly ran towards the source. This weak body made me feel like I was dragging my feet across the ground. I made it in time though. I heard a groan come from the house. It would have been inaudible if not for my augmented senses. I didn't need any permission to enter and slowly opened the door.

"P-please aren't you a priest! Don't kill me!" I heard a man beg. I watched the scene take place, from the shadows. The 'Priest' was not Zero. He was nowhere as big. He was turned away from me so I could only see his back. He had a, what looked like a light sword in his right hand and a pistol in his left. He had white hair and was laughing like a maniac.

"Hell yeah I'm a priest! I'm a super priest and I'm going to kill you!" He was about to swing his sword but I stepped in and caught it, just as it was about to make contact with the other man's neck.

"Huh? Are you the Devil? Hah, they don't grow as big as you nowadays!" He laughed. He kicked my grip and was about to shoot his victim but I stepped in the way of his gun and the bullet made contact with my shields. It was as strong as a single shot from the Assault Rifle.

"Energy shields? Hey, that's cheating you shitty Devil!"

"First off, the Covenant calls me a Demon; don't mix me with a Devil. Secondly, this is cheating." I said as I grabbed my MA5D and fired at the priest. Issei's body, however, was not ready for the shock and I was thrown back against the wall, nearly crushing the victim.

"Wow, that did not work as well as I thought it would..." I commented, getting up, but the priest was about to finish off the other guy. I kicked his legs, causing him to trip and summoned my Sacred Gear.

"**[Twice Critical]**! **[Double]**!" Just a little more energy exerted and I'll be able to change. I dashed towards the priest and kicked his gun and sword away. I struck at his face but the priest dodged it. He kicked me off. That's a lot of leg power he has there.

"Wow, you're pretty heavy you piece of shit." He said as he ran towards cover.

"No wonder you became a rogue priest with that sultry mouth." I commented.

"Freed Zelzan, at your service and who may you be?" I paused.

"Right now, you can call me John-sei."

"Well then John-"

"John-sei"

"John-sei, it's been nice talking to you but...could you please die?" He smirked and fired his gun at me. I grabbed my Boltshot and fired it twice at him.

"What the fuck is that!"

"A gun."

"I know it's a fucking gun!" I fired off another two rounds to shut him up. I grabbed the Plasma Pistol and aimed it at Freed.

"Well then Freed, I free you from your line of work, permanently." I charged my plasma pistol, placing my Boltshot on my waist. I grabbed the MA5D from my back and fired it at his covering spot, the bullets piercing his cover.

Freed quickly leapt out of his covering spot and I released my Charged Plasma shot but the priest cut it with his sword. The plasma splattered all over the wall behind him. I gritted my teeth and placed the Plasma Pistol on my hoister again. I fired a few more bursts with my MA5D but Freed just kept on dodging the bullets. I couldn't move fast enough to catch up with his speed and he kicked me in the face. The weight of my armor made me fall down. Freed quickly shot the victim in the head, finishing him off.

"Damn it..." I cursed.

"Kyaa!" I heard a piercing shriek come from Freed's general location. I looked up and saw a very familiar sight, the nun from the park.

"Father Freed, what's this?"

"Ah that's right! You're a rookie! This is punishment for humans that align themselves with Devils. I call this, exorcising!" He laughed madly.

"Nun girl?" I croaked. The fall really took a lot out of me. The fall almost crushed my chest.

"J-Johnsei? Wh-what are you-?"

"This is just a goody two-shoes that knows nothing better than to jump into other people's business." He aimed his gun at me, the shields would protect me long enough for me to get up, but the nun girl didn't know that and jumped in front of me.

"Asia, what are you doing?" Freed asked in a more serious tone.

"I won't allow you to harm Johnsei!"

"I kind of regret calling myself that now..." I commented, trying to get up.

"Really? Get out of the way Asia-chan! I'm doing my job and killing this little shit!"

"No! Please, Father Freed, please forgive him for his sins!"

"Does butchering an entire species worth of people count?" I asked rhetorically in a low voice.

"Huh!? Don't talk shit to me!" He shouted, cutting at the Nun girl. He cut her clothes and exposed her body, I think. By the looks of it, yes, because Nun girl is now clutching herself.

"Nun girl!" I tried to get up, but the weight of this armor is too damn high! Freed threw the Nun towards a wall and began molesting her. He groped her and pulled his gun up her skirt.

"An unsullied nun gets raped by a priest, sounds sexy doesn't it?!" Freed shouted. I felt something break in me as I regained all my strength and smashed my fist into Freed's face. I saw him fly across the room and over the couch as a red light appeared from beside him.

"You...You...You bastard..." I said, enraged.

"First you kill an innocent and then you rape a little girl? How low will you go?" I hissed. I felt all my strength return to me as I now towered over the nun.

"J-Johnsei?"

"Just call me John." I said. My eyes were still on the priest.

"Ooh, are you a mage or something?" Freed asked.

"No. I'm a mother fucking space marine." I said. My gauntlet that was over my armor, glowed.

[DRAGON BOOSTER]! It shouted.

"Die!" The priest began firing his pistol at me with a seemingly limitless amount of ammo.

[BOOST]! I fired my assault rifle at the priest, all my bullets hit him. He was more resilient than I thought as he had his own kind of shielding.

[BOOST]! I reloaded my gun, shrugging off all his shots. I continued firing at the priest who now switched to his sword and charged at me.

"HAH!" Freed shouted.

[BOOST]! I caught his hands, dropping my gun and slowly bringing them down to chest level.

"John?!" I heard Rias shout.

"I hope you burn under a Covenant Ship's Plasma Beam." I hissed, crushing his hands.

[EXPLOSION]! I threw a punch at Freed, launching him outside the house, breaking through a wall. If not for his barrier, I would have crushed his head under the force of my strike. I noticed another large energy spike right above me. I looked up to see a large black portal appearing.

"John, are you alright?" Rias asked.

"Look at his armor, of course he's alright." Akeno laughed.

"How did you...?"

"This was going to be Koneko's employee but we couldn't get to him because a barrier was erected." Rias explained.

"Buchou, there's a nun here, what should I do with her?" Kiba asked.

"Let her go. We need to escape, now." Rias ordered. Kiba returned to the magic circle. It glowed a brighter red as they began to fall into the circle.

"John-san..." The Nun said. "What...are you wearing?"

I didn't reply. I stayed silent and looked at my gauntleted hand. It had scales on it, metallic scales. I felt someone tug at my arm and I looked down.

"John-san, what are you?" It took me a moment to make up my resolve. If she's going to be scared, it's going to settle fear into the hearts of my enemies, again.

"Your name is Asia right?" I asked.

"Yes, Asia Argento. Thank you for helping me." Asia thanked.

"Don't thank me yet. My next words will shock you the most." I let that settle in and felt a large spike of energy come from the portal behind me. I gritted my teeth and knelt down on one knee, activating a hardlight shield to protect me and Asia from Light Spears.

"I am a Soldier from the Year 2564. I've been physically augmented to levels above that of a normal human's and I've killed and maimed and completely obliterated over a thousand hostiles, both Human and Alien. Relay this message to the Fallen Angels," I said, coldly. I stared into her eyes and she stared into my polarized visor. I can see the fear in her eyes and she was shivering. "I'm coming for you and depending on if Issei decides to wake up, I will kill you."

(Remember, this is after the Second Human-Forerunner War)

I detected a barrage of light spears penetrate the ground I was standing on. I have to bolt fast. I took out a Boltshot and fired a few shots at the portal, in an attempt to hit someone before leaving the building. I left Asia on the knees, tears flowing out of her eyes. This wasn't the first time I've seen someone cry. Every time I return with the dogtags of my allies and comrades, there was always a friend or girl/boyfriend that would start weeping.

I felt a ping of distaste at myself. This is getting weirder and weirder by the moment. First, I get a new, stronger sexual drive. Then, I get horny from seeing a little girl's panties. Now, I hate myself. I don't like how these new emotions are getting stronger by the moment. I activated active camo and left the area. I saw black wings come out of the hole I made with Freed and I saw the priest, trying to get up. It almost looked like his jaw was dislocated, lucky bastard.

* * *

><p>I entered my house, silently, keeping my active camo on so I don't draw any suspicion to myself as why I was out so late. I walked up into my room and placed Picks a table and took off my MJOLNIR Powered Suit. Checking its systems and performing maintenance once again. All systems were good. After checking it more thoroughly, I realized that this suit could hold more than one armor ability. Currently, I had equipped: Cloak, Hardlight Shield and, built into the suit, Armor Lock and Promethean Vision. I nodded and decided to check more of the Mark XI's new abilities.<p>

It came with five slots for armor abilities, a slipspace storage device, slight EMP resistance, several new visage modes and a stronger fusion power plant, just listing a few things. I was surprised that the new Mark XI came by so fast. Doctor Halsey never fails to impress. I chuckled and went to my bed, I was still a little pale from the body switch but generally, I'm fine. I decided to get some shut eye instead and turned off the lights.

Out of all the dreams I could get, this is the weirdest one. I was standing on the bridge out in front of the school. I wasn't wearing my jump suit so I felt a little fidgety, but I couldn't move and I got a little agitated. It was sunset, I usually don't stay this long at school but for some reason I am still here. I felt the cold wind breeze past my neck. It gave me shivers since I'm not used to feeling the touch of wind. It felt good, I think.

Then, I started talking. Starting off with a very depressed sigh, I said, "What a dark youth I have."

I think I'm reliving Issei's memories. Judging by the fact that I'm not wearing an under suit and my skin isn't as pale, I am reliving his memories.

"I _completely_ agree with you Issei. You _definitely, absolutely, _have a very dark youth. Hell, even I'd be depressed if I had to run around peaking at girls changing everyday." I cracked a joke.

"At this rate, my exciting 'academy life' won't be in bloom or even bud." He said. I almost felt bad for him until he added, "And it'll end with me unable to touch and tits...Is this really the end?"

"...I...I am at a loss for words. ****This**** is what he's worried about?"

He placed his head on his arms, depressed. I don't want to feel sorry for him, but this is pretty pathetic. I heard foot steps approach me or him.

"Um..." She started out, nervously.

"Are you Hyoudou Issei from Kuoh Academy? You are, right?" She asked. Issei looked at the girl, confused.

"Yes?"

"_I don't recognize this uniform, what school does she go to?_" Issei thought. His thoughts came out like a loud bang in silence, like a flash of light in a dark tunnel. It was loud, and unexpected.

"_Cute!_"

"Holy shit. This guy is the stupidest person in the world. He judges a book by its cover and right now, I'd be very cautious of this girl." I commented.

"S-seriously, who's saying that?" He shouted at the sky. I froze. He could hear me?

"Sorry?" The girl said.

"S-sorry, do you have something to...say?"

"Hyoudou-kun, are you seeing anyone right now?"

"IT'S A TRAP." I shouted. Issei looked down and shrugged his head in annoyance.

"No, I'm not." He replied.

"What a relief! C-could you go out with me?" The girl asked. Suddenly, I remembered who she was. Coming out of nowhere, I appeared besides the perverted boy.

"You're that slut from the park!" I shouted, pointing at her. I realized then, that I was like an apparition, but visible. I was floating in the air, next to Issei, out of armor. In fact, all I was wearing was just my jump suit.

"Wh-who are you!" Issei shouted, almost falling off the ledge. I reached out towards him, but my hand phased through his. Raynare/Yuma rushed over to grab him.

"Stay away from Issei!" She shouted, standing in front of me.

"I'd recommend you stay away, you Fallen Angel." I warned.

"Fallen Angel? No, I'm Issei's kind, loving, warming girlfriend! And I won't let you harm him!"

"Kind, loving? No, I don't think so. From what I heard, you stabbed him in the gut with a Light Spear!" I shouted. Issei's eyes widened and he looked down. I noticed it as well, a hole in his gut.

"N-no...that was just a dream! That couldn't be real!" He shouted, clutching his head.

"Issei?"

"I broke the kid."

"No, no, no! That can't be real! My perfect life! No!" He shouted, running past me and into the city. Raynare looked at me, her face quickly morphing into a face of disgust as she chased after him. My Sacred Gear immediately appeared on my left arm and shouted,
"[Welish Dragon Over Booster], [Boosted Gear Balance Breaker]!"

"Hmph, so you're the intruder that barged into this kid's body?" I heard a voice speak. I looked behind me and saw an enormous red dragon towering over me. The world burst into flames and the Dragon expanded his wings.

"Who are you?" I asked, but I get a feeling I already know who he is.

**"I am Ddraig, the Red Dragon Emperor and the being that has been sealed inside the [Boosted Gear]."

"Boosted Gear?" I looked down and found myself inside red armor. It had this medieval feel to it.

"I'll explain on the way, but you should wake up the boy from his illusions and dreams." The Dragon said. I nodded and instantly, I felt a push from my back. I looked behind me and saw that I had jetpacks as well. I turned towards Issei's direction and activated them, green flames burst from the exhaust and I quickly boosted onto a building. I decided to sprint there.

"Isn't the **[Boosted Gear]** a **[Longinus]**?" I asked Ddraig. He nodded as he flew next to me.

**"It has the ability to double one's power every ten

seconds."**

"And I have that Gear?"

"Well, yes you do, but since you merged with Issei's body, I've been 'shared' with you, in a way. I am now a sort of bridge that attaches you and Issei together. Also, your soul seems to be different than all the other humans, Devils, Angels and Fallen Angels in the world. I presume that's because you're from an alternate universe." The Dragon explained.

"I see, there he is!" I pointed at the kid; he was in the park with Raynare, wearing a different set of clothes now. I realized there and then that that's where Issei died. I was about to jump and intercept before a barrier stopped me.

"What?"

**"This is the boy's dream; he has all the power in this realm. I've been trying to wake him up, but it seems that he's too weak to see or hear me. You, on the other hand, are plenty strong to wake him up. Use my gear and break through the wall!" **Ddraig shouted.

I smiled. I've always wondered what an army of Spartan IIs be like. I guess I'm going to find out, all in one.

"BoostBoostBoostBoostBoostBoostBoostBoostBoostBoostBoost tBoost" My gear shouted. Hell, there isn't even a 10 second interval between them. I ignored it as I punched the barrier and broke through instantly. I charged at the kid, breaking through another barrier.

I grabbed the Kid's shoulder and turned him around. Raynare disappeared, leaving only me and him.

"Who are you?" He asked.

"Issei, wake up." I shook the boy, careful that I might break him even more.

"Wake up? Aren't I already awake?" He asked, confused. I stopped shaking him and stared into his eyes. They were blank.

"He's in denial." The Red Dragon Emperor stated.

"Yeah."

"Give him a good jolt. That should wake him up. Don't worry about harming him, this is a dream." Ddraig suggested.

I clenched my fist, The Boosted Gear shouted, **"[Explosion]!"**

I whirled around, stepping behind Ise and ducking low. I turned my body with my right fist and punched him hard in the abdomen, sending him flying. The world disappeared around me and Issei groaned as he got back up.

"What was that for?" He shouted. Then, he realized that the world became completely black.

"What did you do?" He asked, shivering.

"Nothing, you did it, not me."

"You were the one who punched me!"

"And you were the one who woke up." I grinned deviously under my helmet and began cracking my fingers.

"I think I'm going to pay you back for all the shit you've caused me." I attacked. I imagined a Light Spear impaled him from the back. I then imagined the Augmentation procedures, Ddraig watching it all ensue. Just as I was going to start the augmentation process, I stopped it, seeing as the kid was already traumatized enough.

"What was that?!" He shouted, taking a step back.

"Something I had to go through. I don't think I'd want anyone to go through it again, but I really wanted to let go of some steam." I said. "You've caused me a lot of trouble, Issei."

"In what way?"

"Well, first off, I had to mend relations, fix your grades and go through a whole bunch of chasing. I'm also very annoyed by the fact that almost everyone in your school hates you, not the kind of hate because you're a freak, the kind of hate because you're freaking insane and lack common sense." I paused.

"Is it wrong to dream?" Issei asked. I shook my head.

"Then I dream to become a Harem King!"

"That is just stupid." I commented, slamming my palm against my helmet.

***"Actually, it is possible for both of you to get Harems now."**
Ddraig said, appearing behind me. ***"You know the saying, 'Bitches love Dragons'."**

"Never heard of it." I said.

"Never heard of what?"

***"He still can't see me, that fool."**

"He is a fool. Wait, what would become of me now since Issei is awake." I asked Ddraig.

***"Nothing, seeing as you're mentally stronger than Issei, I presume you'll have control over his body as well. The boy will probably see whatever you're seeing and might be able to talk to you, who knows, I never met a human from another universe until now."** The Red Dragon Emperor said.

"I see. Then Issei, can I leave you now?" I asked the boy.

"Sure, but, tell me this, where are we?"

"In your dreams." I said, before Ddraig relieved me of being there.

* * *

><p>Author's Notes:<p>

Sorry, this is a shorter one since I've just started working on it...I think today. It's kind of rushed, in a way, since everyone is practically begging for another chapter. I made this one not as long as the other ones and FOR GOD'S SAKE NOT AS LONG AS PARALLEL WORLDS! THAT'S LIKE...21K FOR THE FIRST FUCKING CHAPTER!

I'll have a P.S. bit at the end; it's a request from me. If you don't want to have another long wait for the next chapter, go check my P.S. out. It also explains why I've been sloppy in this chapter, very sloppy.

Now, seeing as the actual chapter is finished, at 7k words, yes, this is a shorter chapter since I've completed it in three days. Technically around 10 hours if you were really counting the time. Woo! Now that's done, I've made two chapter names for you, "Zero-Zero-Zero" which is the more serious chapter name and "following the canon for once" is the other.

I named it that since I am actually FOLLOWING the canon, as you can see, I've introduced Asia into the mix and this was generally episode 3 of DxD Season 1.

Who is Zero-Zero-Zero? A little teaser to IDGPE, that's all. No, he won't be that much of an influential character.

I will be bringing several other Spartans into the mix, because I feel like it. They probably won't play in the ranking games because they'd just DESTROY everyone.

Now, power comparison:

Spartan IVs (W/O armor): Low Ranking Devil
>Spartan IIIs (WO armor): Low-Med Ranking Devil
>Spartan IIs (WO armor): Med Ranking Devil

Spartan IVs (Armor): Med-High Ranking Devil (Depending on equipment)

>Spartan IIIs (Armor): High Ranking Devil
Spartan IIs (Armor): High Ranking Devil

Promethean Knights: High Ranking Devil
>Promethean Lancers: High Ranking Devil
Promethean Chariot...s? High-Ultimate Devils
>Promethean Commanders: Ultimate Class Devil<p>

Average Sangheili: Med-High Ranking Devils (depending on Sangheili)

>Thel VadamArbiter: High Ranking Devils
>Ur-DidactThe Mother Fucking Didact: Ultimate Class Devil (He is a fucking Devil)

You'd be wondering: Why is John ranked a Med Devil when he's not in armor? Well, that's because Devils are also more enhanced than

Humans. So, I'd guess that John is around that level without his armor. I've tried to balance this a lot and this is what I've came up with. Why is the Didact SO OP? Because He's the MOTHER FUCKING DIDACT! He's supposed to be OP.

So, yes, I introduced Issei into the mix. I think this will be more of a JohnXHarem and Issei X Another Harem story. Why I introduced him? Because I just didn't feel like leaving him out of the mix. Plus, there actually might BE some funny moments now, with Issei's lust now reaching the peak.

Please Note: **I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO DO ROMANCE STORIES.**

Words: 7,884 (MICROSOFT WORD TOTAL)

Thanks,
>Sonicfanx1<p>

P.S. I'm not trying to beg for reviews or anything, but I don't think I really have a choice on this one. I've recently been working on another story, hinted above, known as Parallel Worlds. It's a High School DxD Fan Fiction, not a crossover for once. It's going to be me, doing what I do best: Brutally Murdering people in the most horrible ways possible. The first chapter is surprisingly long: 21k words in Microsoft word. The sheer amount of WORDS in that first chapter has contributed to me being slightly more lazy than usual. This chapter has been very sloppy, in my opinion. I just went with the flow. Did I like how it turned out? Actually, yes, I did like how the story went, but I feel like it could have been...better.

The chapter is a level below my standards and ever since Parallel Worlds, I felt like this chapter was extremely short. I might actually start getting into 20k worded chapters, which is crazy. A little support would be nice, could you go check "High School DxD: Parallel Worlds" for me? The beginning is darker and more serious than Spartans X Dragons and does include Spartans and references the Halo universe multiple times. The first Spartan you'll see in it will be Linda-058.

4. Contact

High School DxD: Spartans X Dragons

**Chapter 4: Contact
>**

I woke up instantly. There was a tugging at my leg. Battle reflexes kicked in; I rolled off my bed and reached for the closest thing I could find, my alarm clock. Oh wait, it's just Asuka.

"H-hey, what the hell do you think you're doing?" My 'sister' shouted at me. I placed the alarm clock back and turned its 'alarm' feature off.

"Sorry." I apologized. Today was Sunday. That means I have the day off. Checking the time, it was 4:15AM. What's Asuka doing up so early in the morning and more importantly, why is she in my room? I turned my head back at her and felt a surge of emotions. It welled up; I felt confused. She was checking under my bed for some odd

reason.

"Are you looking for something?" I asked, rubbing my eyes with my palm.

"No! Why would I be looking for something?" She blurted out immediately.

"Your actions contradict what you're saying. I'd prefer if you reply honestly." I said, placing a hand on my waist. My sister looked away in shame. I scratched the back of my head and looked around. It was still Dark and the sky outside was dark blue in color.

"Well?" I asked.

"I'm going back to my room." My sister declared, twisting the door handle and leaving the area. I felt irritated for some reason. I decided to take a shower and start writing a journal. It's almost certain the UNSC will question me when I return. It should be easier to turn in a written report with some drawings than an oral one.

I summed up what happened during the past month and a half, starting from my teleportation all the way to yesterday. I wanted to omit the whole ordeal with Zero but decided against it. I grabbed Picks and cross-examined my information with his recordings. So far, they have been accurate. I drew a portrait of Zero and the various hostiles I've encountered, excluding the Fallen Angel Raynare.

My mind conflicted when I thought about her. I think Issei is awake. I decided to activate my Sacred Gear. The red gauntlet enveloped my left arm.

"Ddraig can you hear me?" I held out the gauntlet in front of my mouth.

***"Yeah partner. Do you have a question?"** The Red Dragon Emperor asked.

"Yes. Ever since a few days ago, I've been getting spasmodic surges of emotion. Could you clarify what's happening to me?" I asked.

***"It's probably Issei. It is his body and he does have a say in what you do. The kid was pretty angry at his sister, Asuka was it?"** Ddraig replied.

"Angry? Of course, the history I don't yet know. Could you patch him through?" I asked the Dragon.

***"I don't know. I'll try but I reckon it wouldn't work."** Ddraig paused for a moment before a younger voice came out of the gem.

"H-hello?"

"Issei, is that you?" I asked.

"Of course it's me, who else can it be?" He asked rhetorically.

"Hey could you explain to me what happened between you two?" I asked

the pervert.

"Between who?" He replied.

"You and Asuka, what happened?"

"Pfft. I'm not talking about that bitch." He scoffed.

"Issei, you should take that back right now."

"Why? A bitch is a bitch."

"That's coming from a pervert. She's still your family."

"Don't jump into other people's business! I don't care about her and she doesn't care about me! She can die for all I care!" Ise shouted.

"You'll realize how important family is when you lose them. I can ignore the fact that you don't care about her, but I won't ignore the fact that you just said that you just said Asuka could die and you won't even shed a tear." I replied. There was a dangerous tone in my voice and I felt very angry.

"Why? She's treated me like shit for the past five years! You've lived with her; you can see why I hate her!"

"Yes, but that doesn't mean I can go off saying that she could die. Issei, what would you do if Asuka died?" I asked him.

"I'd party. She's gone and out of my hair for ever, it's going to be a celebration!"

"What would your parents think if they heard that?"

"I don't know, they'd probably hit me."

"That's quite the soft punishment." I commented.

"Soft?" He laughed. "You don't even know what soft is!"

"No, I don't. All I know is death and destruction. Issei, this is a serious question, what would you do if you saw your entire species butchered and die in front of your eyes?" I asked him once more.

"..." He was silent. "I'd...probably cry."

"That's right. You'd probably cry, but I can seldom see that happen since you said that you'd celebrate when your sister dies. That's inhumane." I replied.

"She's different!"

"Yes, I agree, she is different! She's your sister, your flesh and blood sister! I wish all my Brothers and Sisters were flesh and blood as well! Then, I'd have a reason to cry instead of holding back all the unshed tears I've kept held up within me!" I shouted back at him. I heard a cringe on the other side of the gauntlet.

"I'll reconsider my actions..." He said, forfeiting.

"Good. I'll let you gather your thoughts so I'll hold off my request for now." I said; the gauntlet disappeared from my arm. I put my Mark XI on and placed Picks around my neck. I was in John-sei form so I had some trouble walking down the stairs. Eventually, I made it down and left the house. I decided to go for a walk and in armor as well. No one would recognize me and I should be able to change back into my original body easier like this.

* * *

><p>I decided to take a seat. I've been encircling this playground for an hour now. I'm standing 7ft 1' once more. It seemed easier than usual now; I think it's my body getting used to the morph. I hope I can separate from the pervert soon so I can beat his ass to submission. He was stupid, extremely stupid. The kid doesn't have a proper grasp on morality and he despises his sister. Then again, there is no Covenant here nor any Forerunners or Flood. There are just Angels, Fallen Angels, Devils and more mythology to boot.<p>

I took a seat against the trunk of a tree. I was lucky enough to find money on the floor to buy myself an apple. Seriously, who just leaves this shit lying on the floor? I still had my wallet and several thousand Yen to boot. The floor money just let me save.

I unsealed my helmet, placing it down beside me. I noticed the people that passed by gasp.

"Mama, why is the robot-man's skin white?"

"Don't look sweetie."

The reaction was expected. I took a bite out of the crimson fruit and chewed. How long has it been since I had a proper apple instead of those MREs that I had to live with? I savored the taste. It was sweet. I took another bite after swallowing my first. I recognized several students from my class pass by. They didn't recognize me but they still gave me some weird stares.

I finished the apple and let my system take it in before equipping my helmet again.

"Two hundred and fifty laps, this tree is the checkpoint." I said aloud before taking off into a jog. This was a small exercise by my own count. It took me about ten minutes to complete it. The playground wasn't too big so it was a light exercise. I placed my hand on the tree. I still got some weird stares from people. I noticed some kids pointing at the park and asking their moms to play there, but they were kept away, probably because of me.

"Mommy, mommy," A kid shouted, pointing at my direction. "Can I go play at the park?"

"Okay, but stay away from...that guy over there." I heard the mom say.

"Yay!"

The six year old began to run across the street, slipping away from

his mom's grip. I was about to sit down again before I heard a car screech by. I quickly twisted my head to the side. There was a police car chasing after it. I cringed. The kid was cross the street and a car was coming at this time? No hesitation, I leapt into action. Moving faster than the average human's reaction; I grabbed the kid and nudged him towards his mother. Just in time as well, the red sports car was just about to hit him.

"Armor Lock!" I shouted, smashing my fist into the ground.

The Sports car smashed into my immobile body and was sent flipping over me. It landed upside down and several police sped beside it. I deactivated my integrated armor ability and turned towards the flipped vehicle. A man was coming out and he held a fire arm. I moved instinctively, disarming the man and subduing him.

"Hey, hey! Get off him!" The authorities 'pulled' me off. I decided to leave; the boys in blue would probably want to question me.

"J-John?" I heard. I quickly turned to the side and lo-and-behold there was the Nun girl.

"Asia." I said.

"What's going on?" She questioned, shocked at the scene. I turned around and noticed a guy escaping with a bag of money. Unsheathing my combat knife from a hidden compartment in my pauldrons, I threw it at the escapee. He fell down; his clothes have been bolted to the ground by a combat knife. The Policemen quickly aimed their primitive revolvers at me but I simply pointed at the accomplice.

They turned towards him, several kept their sights on him but two turned back towards me. By then, I had activated my Cloak armor ability and walked up towards the escapee. I took my dagger from out of the cement and threw the escapee at the police. I whispered in Asia's ear, "Let's go." She flinched.

* * *

><p>We went back to the Park again. The same park where Issei nearly died and the one I arrive in, the same one that I always go to and the same one we are right now.<p>

"Seriously, what's so special about this damn park?" I cursed under my breath.

"What was that?"

"Nothing." I was buying the girl some ice cream. I never had ice cream in my life, too busy fighting rogues and aliens. I never got a chance to experience the many joys of life.

"So, what do you want to do?" She asked me, licking her cone.

"Depends, where do you want to go?" I asked. I bit into the cream. My eye twitched. I was surprised at how weird my teeth felt when I bit into it. I guess they were sensitive to temperature.

"Hm...I want to play something!" She shouted, cheerfully.

"The game center then?"

We asked for directions, where the center was. I mentally apologized to Issei, I don't think his wallet would hold.

Hopefully I could repay him with my own money if I ever find myself a job. Besides being a Super Soldier from 500 years in the future. Eventually, we found one. It had all sorts of games, racing, fighting, shooting...the list continues. Asia seemed intrigued by one of the claw machines there, a stuffed animal. I watched as she tried to grab one of the stuffed bee-mice with the weak claw and failed.

"Let me try." I said, putting in a 100 yen coin into the slot. I moved the claw around and caught the animal with a claw. It lifted it up, moving it over the hole where the award would drop. It dropped into the hole and I bent down and picked it up. I almost had to go prone in order to pick it up, I was that tall.

"Thank you John!"

"Your welcome." I smirked under my helmet and we continued to play around some more. Asia wanted to try a racing game but I had to break it to her that my armor weighted half a ton.

"How can you move in that then?" She was flabbergasted.

"Some things happened before I came here and got Issei's body." I explained. We decided to play a horror shooting game instead. I had to crouch since I was so tall.

"You win!"

I completely decimated at the game. My accuracy was 100% and barely any Zombie-Vampires got past their first steps. Asia seemed to have a fun time. She was smiling and laughing a lot. I felt a little weird inside, ticklish as one might say. We left the building for lunch. I didn't spend a lot of money there, surprisingly.

"That was so fun!" Asia exclaimed.

"John, where are we going next?" She asked, grabbing my arm.

"Out to eat I guess. The time is 12:13PM."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Internal clock." I tapped the side of my helmet. We decided to go for Mc Donald's. I frightened some people with my appearance and height. I was able to stay in Spartan form for this long since most of the time we were running around trying to find other games to play.

"W-what would you like?" The employee asked. He was extremely nervous.

"Two barbecue hamburgers!" Asia requested, in English however. The employee had some knowledge in English and was able to order us some

food. I we ended up having to eat outside due to my armor. I unsealed my helmet. Asia, like everyone else in the area, was amazed at how pale I was.

"John, what happened to your skin?" She asked.

"I've been wearing this armor for most of my life. It happens." I said, unwrapping the foliage on my hamburger. I was about to take a bite before I noticed that Asia was looking slightly embarrassed.

"Um..."

I knew what she was going to say, "Just take a bite."

I demonstrated. Her mouth was wide open.

"I never knew there was a method to eat like that!" She exclaimed. She must be more out of touch with this world than I am. The technology level here is extremely low.

"Well, that's how you eat fast food, I guess." I've seldom ate hamburgers back in the UNSC, mostly sandwiches. I reckoned they work the same.

"Delicious!" She smiled. I pulled off a laugh as well. She looks and acts like a child. Wait a second. This feels a lot like a-

"Are you two on a date?" I jerked my head up, and got into a cautious position. It was just Kiba. I sat back on the stone seat.

"Um... aren't you...?"

"Kiba Yuuto at your service." He bowed before looking back at me. "This is a date, right?" He smiled.

"Yeah, I was a second away from realizing that. You practically spoke my mind." I replied. My hostility level towards him was there, but not as potent. I reckoned that was because I was in this body.

"So then, Kiba, what brings you here?" I asked.

"I'm just out on a stroll and trying to escape from girls." He smiled.

"You might want make a break for it then." I informed.

"Ah, no worries, I can spend sometime with you here, they won't follow me with this huge guy around." Kiba laughed. I finished my hamburger and wiped my mouth. I placed my helmet on my head and waited for Asia.

"How's the club?" I asked.

"It's fine. Buchou is just a little irritated, that's all."

"Irritated? For what reason?"

"She's the reason." He said, pointing at the nun girl.

"What's the situation?"

"She thinks the Fallen Angel Raynare is trying to plot something. Therefore, she's trying to find where her base is." He said, watching Asia. "Excuse me, miss?"

"Y-yes?" Asia replied hesitantly.

"Do you have a Sacred Gear?"

The nun was silent. I wouldn't speak either; if I'm going to save Asia, I'll need to know the plans of her superior. "Yes."

"What is it called?"

"**[Twilight Healing]**." That voice, however, did not come from Asia. I detected someone behind us and quickly jumped from my seat, grabbing a Combat Knife from my pauldron.

"Raynar-Yuma-chan!" I blurted.

"Yuma-chan?" She looked at me, confused.

"Oh I see! Ise is still living within that behemoth of a body!" She laughed.

"Issei, be quiet!" I muttered to myself.

"No, I have to talk to her!" 'I' blurted out.

"Yuma-chan, why did you kill me?"

"Mortally wound, not kill." I corrected.

"Orders are orders." She said, looking at her nails as if uninterested.

"Fallen Angel Raynare, on behalf of the Gremory clan, I demand you release the girl this instant!" Yuuto shouted, pointing a sword at the Angel.

"And who's going to make me?" Kiba laughed. He turned towards me and pointed his free hand at me.

"The AI is!"

"Non-Human Detected, engage?" Picks shouted.

"That reaction was late, of course engage!" I threw Picks, necklace form at the Fallen Angel. The Promethean burst into life and frightened Asia. He lunged at the Angel who barely had time to dodge.

"What the hell is that?" She shouted. None of us answered. The Boosted Gear formed around my left hand and I charged it up.

"**[Boost]**"

The Promethean jumped at Raynare, who was now standing on the ground. He swung diagonally with his arm blade. The Angel easily dodged it. He swung again, horizontally. Again, it was dodged. The AI spun around and slashed diagonally. The Fallen Angel blocked it with a Light Spear that formed in her hand.

"**[Boost]**" I jumped into action, grabbing her Spear arm and twisting it. She formed another Spear in her other hand and tried to stab me with it but I grabbed it as well. I kneed her in the chest and judo threw her.

Quickly, I flipped onto her and tried to stab my knife into her face. She punched me and kicked one thousand pounds off her. That's some amazing leg strength. I quickly got up, Spartan Time activated. She threw her Spear that flew pretty quickly even for Spartan Time. I easily dodged it and tossed a Combat Knife at her. The blade spun in slow motion in the air. It nailed her right in the leg and I sprinted towards her.

However, her wings fluttered out and she blocked my vision with her wings. When I actually hit something, it was Picks. Raynare flew behind Asia and grabbed her.

"Asia, time to go home and you're going to heal this wound." She grunted, pulling the Combat Knife out of her leg.

"We're not done yet! Kiba!" I barked. He charged at the Fallen Angel but was suppressed by her Light Spears. Picks began shooting at her with his Light Rifle but got Asia instead. She cried out in pain as the three shot burst hit her in the shoulder.

"Picks, stand down!" I shouted running at the Angel. Asia had tears in her eyes even if she was smiling.

"Thank you John, I had a fun time." She smiled as tears left her eyes.

"Wait!" I held out my hand.

"Thank you." She muttered before they both fizzled out of existence. I lunged at the spot she disappeared at. Falling onto my knees, I cursed at myself.

"Darn it, not again." I cursed. I clenched my fist and grabbed the bloodied Combat Knife from the ground and sheathed it. The hilt disappeared into my pauldron.

"A question, are you always this emotional?" Kiba asked.

"Hyoudou Issei is a factor in his unstable emotions. Master Chief Petty Officer John-117 was quite mentally stable before hand. When I had arrived, his mental state has deteriorated due to the fact that he has two personalities within him." Picks explained. "A normal human would have had their personalities merged within a week. John-117 has held out for a month and a half."

"Should I leave then?"

"It is highly recommended, Devil."

"Wait."

John quickly turned around. He knew that voice.

"Doctor Halsey?" He muttered.

"John, what has happened to you?" The AI's orange glow changed into a lighter blue color.

"I have no excuse."

"I wanted you to become Human. I think you became a little too human." She laughed. "I've seen the video recording of your stay there. Devils eh? That's interesting."

"Doctor Halsey, what's the progress on the portal? I need to get out of here; my psyche can't handle much more of this."

"Not your psyche, John. I believe its Mr. Hyoudou's."

"I think I should leave." Kiba said, nervously.

"No stay here. I need you to pass a message to your leader." Katharine said. "Emotions can affect a Soldier on the battlefield. That's why we trained you to be cold and ruthless. Your civilian lifestyle has softened you."

"I apologize." I bent my head down.

"Don't worry John. You'll be back in no time once we get this whole body thing sorted out with. Your body has phased into Issei's body, that's why you've merged with him. It's due to the universal properties that were unnaturally introduced into that universe, that's why you're staying fused. If I were to open a gateway into your world, a wormhole so to speak, that'd allow you to defuse once you've entered our world again." My 'mother' explained.

"Then the portal?"

"That's the thing; we need a portal on your end as well. That's why I want Mr. Yuuto here to tell his leader that we need a portal built on your end so that everything can return back to normal. I doubt they'll listen though."

"Buchou has grown quite fond of John." Kiba said. "I don't think she'll disagree."

"You've become quite a ladies-man John, getting two girls like that." Doctor Halsey chuckled. I stayed silent, trying to recover my psyche.

"Okay then, I could send you some reinforcements, but the higher-ups have forbid me. They don't want to trap their own men in a world that they can't return from."

"Why the Devils?" I asked.

"Because they're the only faction that you've currently met, am I correct, Angels, Fallen Angels and Devils. I was actually quite surprised at the fact that those three cute girls were Devils."

Actually, my colleagues laughed until that portion in the middle of the night, the second Stray Devil encounter."

"Yes, Madam."

"Okay then, Mr. Yuuto, could you forward this to Ms. Rias Gremory? I'd like to meet with your top scientists if possible."

"Of course Madam."

"And John, don't trend the line between Spartan and Pervert for too long. In this case, the Pervert is pulling you in."

"Yes Madam!" I saluted Doctor Halsey and Pick's color returned to orange. I walked towards the Promethean; it reverted back into a necklace. I picked it up and put it around my neck once again. I turned towards the blonde.

"You know what to do." I said.

"Yeah, I hope you get better."

"I've had worse." I shrugged. I think I'm going to have to talk to Ddraig about this.

* * *

><p>"So, you're asking me to transfer you or Issei into another body temporarily so that neither of you would be assimilated nor combined into one entity?" The Red Dragon Emperor double checked.

"Yeah, could you do that?"

***"I can. However, I need a medium to transfer his soul into and I do have an idea for that, it's just that..."** The dragon paused. ***"Ah, whatever, I could just use Balance Breaker."**

I nodded.

***"I'm going to need an object to morph though, preferably something the size of a human or small."**

"I'm not using my MJOLNIR armor." I reminded him.

***"Then a doll or toy would be fine."**

"Dolls, no, toys, Issei has plenty of them lying around." I said, looking at the numerous figures of female anime characters.

"Rule 63." Picks commented.

"What?" He didn't answer.

***"Okay, I guess that's fine. You're going to have to use a Boost charge though so just wait ten seconds first."** Ddraig said. I walked up to a shelf and grabbed an action figure. He mostly had female ones and the male ones...well are mostly broken and old. I picked one that I recognized, an old anime that Linda used to watch, Sailor Moon.

(A/N: I don't watch that so excuse me.)

[Boost]! The gauntlet shouted.

"I see you have a figurine with you. Alright, hold it in this hand and clench it." I followed his instructions. Once my hand wrapped around the figure a red glow emitted from under it.

[Transfer]! The Sacred Gear announced. Once the red glow dissipated, Ddraig said that I could release my hand. Instead of a Sailor Moon figure that I once had in my hand, a red armored toy replaced it. I set it on my table or Issei's table and stared at it. I felt more relieved than I had for the past month.

Before then, I had a feeling that something was influencing me, now I felt completely cleansed.

"What now?" I asked.

"We wait. He's still waking up."

And so, we waited. Picks glowed and I hung him over the table lamp so he could view and record the entire episode taking place. I made sure the door was locked so no one would enter once he woke up. We waited for a total of two minutes and fifty seconds but it felt like an eternity before the figure's right arm flinched. I placed my armored left arm on the table and watched as the figure began to move.

"What's going...on...whoa?" It stared in amazement out of its armored body. His voice pitch was higher, like a girl's. I held back a smirk and stared at him with a serious face.

"Why am I over there?" It pointed at me.

"Issei, is that you?" I asked. He recognized the tone of my voice immediately.

"J-John? What are you doing in my- oh, right. You're controlling my body now." He said, remembering our conversation yesterday in the dream.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Hollow, very hollow. Why am I so small and why is my voice so high?!" He shouted.

"I might have used one of your toys from that shelf there." I nodded towards it and Issei began to freak out.

"Which one was it?!"

"A Sailor Moon one if I remember correctly."

"What! That was a limited edition copy! They're extremely rare you know!"

"Calm down."

"Don't tell me to calm down, you're the one who's in my body, why don't you get out?!"

"Maybe it's because I don't want you playing with my own 'toys'?" I replied sarcastically.

"Toys? Wait, from your world?"

He sat down.

"Yeah, I got a truck load of MA5Ds, BR85HBs, M365 DMRs and ammo to boot. Two or three days ago, some Forerunner weapons were delivered to me."

"Err...fine you win. I guess things like that are supposed to stay in the hands of a military specialist. Speaking of which, you never told me why you're like that." He said, looking up at me.

"Like what?"

"Were you always this serious?" I showed signs of irritation. I walked over to one of my crates and pulled out an M6H Magnum and unloaded it.

"That's one of your toys?"

"A M6H Magnum handgun, it has a scope as well and has the power of a Desert Eagle. If you want to know my life's story, you'll have to wait and find out for yourself. There are things I'd rather not talk or speak about especially to a kid." I said. My eyes dimmed as I reminisced on several years ago with the incident involving New Phoenix.

"Dark."

"Very, now, let's talk about you." I said, changing the subject.

"What's to know?"

"You can start by telling me about your history with Asuka." I reminded. I tapped my finger on the desk with my armored hand. I rested my head on my right hand.

"Fine, I don't know what actually happened between us but from what I could gather, it started when we were both children." The pervert paused. "She's two years younger than me and is in junior-high right now. She's generally very cold to me and usually calls me names and such."

"I know; tell me about your childhood with her then." I requested.

"Well, she was quite cheerful back then, always calling me 'onii-chan'. I think I did something to piss her off back then but I don't quite remember what." The kid said, scratching his head. "Anyways, I don't like her, not one bit."

"And I'm getting quite impatient as well." I commented.

"Yeah, that's all I remember. I think one of my friends might know but he moved overseas a long time ago. I think his name was Irina."

"That sounds like a girl's name."

"Really? He looked and acted like a boy, so I'm pretty sure it was a boy."

"Looks can be deceiving." I advised. I lay back against the chair and Issei perked his head up.

"So, about that gauntlet, where did you get it?"

"Do you know why Raynare killed you?"

"Who's Raynare?"

"'Yuma-chan' as you called her. Remember several hours ago?" I stared at the roof, bored.

"Oh...right. No, I don't know why; she did say something about a **[Sacred Gear]** though." Issei said. He thought to himself for a moment. "Yeah, she did say something about a **[Sacred Gear]**."

"This is a **[Sacred Gear]**. It's called the **[Boosted Gear]** previously **[Twice Critical]**. It's classed as a **[Longinus]** one of the strongest **[Sacred Gears]** in existence. Its ability is to double your strength or attribute every ten seconds." I lectured the boy.

"That's why she wanted to kill me?"

"Yeah, however if it was my call, I'd have her seduce you to lure you over to my side. Then, I'd either take away your **[Sacred Gear]** or assimilate you into my faction. It's a smarter choice, if all else fails though, yes I would kill you."

"How military are you?!" Issei shouted at me.

"I don't think that were her orders. If the Angels, Devils and in between were extremely strong, I'd guess Raynare or Yuma would be someone's underling, a grunt." I got back up and picked up Issei, toy form. "Anyways, I have to find the bitch. She has someone I know as hostage and I want her back." I said bitch in English.

"You know, if you're correct, I'd probably call you a genius." He commented. I scoffed and pulled off a menacing smirk.

"You think? If you actually thought about classes instead of boobs, breasts and sex for once you might actually become as smart as me." I said, placing him back on the table.

The Dragon Booster's gem glowed and Ddraig spoke, **"Partner, a Devil is at your doorstep!"** He informed.

"What the-?"

Ddraig scoffed, "**"So I finally get to talk to you. This is hilarious; I had to make a medium in order to commune with you. I guess this kid is pretty weak."**

"Too weak, I could barely sprint continuously for fifteen minutes much less ten without transforming back into my original body." I equipped the Mark XI just as there was a knock on the door.

"Hey, Issei, Kiba is here. He wants to meet you." Asuka called.

"I'll be right over there." I replied. Grabbing a Z-130 Direct Energy Weapon, Suppressor, I placed it on my back then grabbed a Z-250 Direct Energy Engagement Weapon, Light Rifle, and a Z-110 Direct Energy Weapon/Exotic, Boltshot. I placed the Boltshot on my Magnetic hoister on my thigh and carried the Light Rifle myself. Before I forgot, I grabbed Picks and my Type-1 Energy Weapon/Sword that I got from the Arbiter.

"Whoa, packing a whole lot of firepower eh?" Issei commented. I was about to dematerialize the Dragon Booster but it would help me carry this thing.

"Yeah, and it's pretty heavy. Hurry up and hop on. I motioned my head to my shoulder and Issei latched on.

"**[Explosion]**" I got a triple burst of strength and made my way down. I could already feel myself changing; I guess the Boosted Gear could help me with my transformation as well. Asuka stared at me as I walked down. Partially confused by the fact that I'm carrying all these guns and partially confused at the fact that there was an action figure holding on for dear life on my pauldrons.

There, Kiba was standing outside the door. He nodded, his eyes were dead serious.

"He said that you had a meeting with him and his club. I didn't know you were out to kill someone."

"Assassinate, there is a fine difference between the two. Nevertheless you are correct." I said in a deadpanned voice and further confusing my 'sister'.

I closed the door behind me and walked with Kiba.

"Did you find her, Raynare?"

"Wait, you actually know this douche bag?" Issei shouted.

"I guess you found a way to separate yourselves." The blonde laughed.

"Yeah, now I don't feel the urge to punch you the entire time." I placed the Light Rifle on my back and pressed the button on my necklace.

"Picks, feel free to talk from this moment on." I ordered.

"Affirmative."

"And you also have an Artificial Intelligence with you." Issei grimly said.

"Yeah, we found Raynare. She's held up at the church on the hill."

"The same one I took Asia to?"

"I believe so. There are only two churches here and only one that's on a hill on the outskirts of town." He confirmed.

"I lead the girl to her death." I cursed.

"Stop beating yourself. We can still save her." Kiba ensured. We began to run; I grabbed Issei off my shoulder to avoid dropping him. We made it to the 'fallen church' and I had transformed back into John-mode. Koneko was there as well but Rias Gremory and Akeno Himejima were no where to be seen.

"Where're the Prez and her Vice-President?" I asked.

"They didn't want us to come." Koneko replied.

"Wow, that's Koneko." Issei murmured. "She's so cute!"

"For god's sake Issei, shut up." The two Devils seemed to get hurt by my statement.

"Please refrain from talking about God in our presence." Koneko said. "Devils will get holy damage from prayers or anything holy."

"Wait Devils?" Issei said.

"Issei-sempai? Koneko said.

"Right, he's back as a female toy." I lifted the kid up.

"Did it have to be a female one? Don't tell me, John-sempai is a-"

"Don't mold me with him. They're the only ones in his fucking room and the others looked like they'd fall apart any second. What choice did I have?" I said, smashing the front door down. We walked up to the center of the room. All the statues and anything relating to God have been smashed to pieces. Even the cross wasn't spared.

"What a terrible place..." Issei commented, standing on my shoulder.

"This place gives me the chills." Kiba said. I walked forward. The priest, Freed Zelzan, walked up from an entrance in the floor.

"Ah, what a reunion! It's the super freaking strong freak of nature and two shitty Devils." He laughed.

"Who the heck is this guy?" Issei asked.

"Freed Zelzan, a hostile I met yesterday."

"Man, you nearly killed me with that punch of yours. You're lucky I had a shield with me, thought I'd never need it!" He began to laugh.

I didn't comment. I placed Issei on the floor where he ran to Koneko and brought out my Light Rifle. The rogue priest stared at my weapon strangely.

"The fuck is that?" He shouted. I raised the rifle and fired. Freed blocked the three shot burst with his sword and shot two rounds out of his pistol. I quickly crouched and activated my Cloak armor ability.

"Shit! The fucker disappeared!" Freed dodged a throw from Koneko. She was throwing the seats placed around her.

"Break." The Rook calmly stated. Freed cut in half a throw by Koneko and engaged Kiba in swordplay.

"You're pretty good!" The Knight said.

"You too, you're so good that it makes me want to blow your brains out!" He laughed manically. The priest raised his gun at Kiba's head. The Devil flipped and dodged the gun.

"Wow, I guess he isn't all for looks." Issei commented.

Freed raised his pistol at Kiba. I took the opportunity to jump out from cover and shoot the firearm out of the priest's hands.

"You're really annoying you know that!" Freed shouted. I looked though my sights and fired. Freed had difficulty blocking these shots but it gave me enough time to jump from cover and place the Light Rifle on my back.

I threw a front punch at Freed's face and followed it up with a knee. I used the same leg and kicked his legs. The priest fell on his back. I grabbed his face and threw him at the cross, charging to finish him. Freed, however, dodged and I broke through the stone statue.

"What the fuck! The Fallen Angel said he wasn't a Devil! He isn't a Devil, he's a fucking Demon!" I threw a shard of the cross at Freed and nailed him right in the chest.

"I leave the hostile to you." I told Kiba. Koneko tossed me Issei who screamed as he was flying. I caught him and thanked Koneko, placing the toy-sized boy-girl with Picks.

I sped down the entrance. The end result looked like a cult room. Hell, this is a cult. I found Asia tied up and lifeless, Raynare was behind her. She had a green orb in her hand. My enhanced vision was clearly lying to me. It was Asia's **[Twilight Healing]** ring.

"Oh, Issei. Sorry, but you're a little bit too late. Asia begging for me to wait for you but I couldn't. I did hear you up there though." The Fallen Angel chuckled.

"Look at this marvelous ability! To us Fallen Angels who have lost the blessing of God, this, itself, is a blessing." She inserted the

orb, along with the ring into her chest.

"Ah, with this Azazel-sama and Shemhazai, all their wishes shall be fulfilled!"

An explosion rocked the basement. Raynare quickly looked up and found myself holding a pair of Fragmentation Grenades. I was tossing up and down. I still had napalm and plasma ones to boot.

"You talk too much." I tossed another wave of grenades, killing her underlings with each toss. I made my way towards the alter where Raynare was shielding herself from the shrapnel that I was sending at her with her wings.

"Ha!" A man charged at me. I delve my hand into his chest and ripped his heart out, crushing it. The ones that survived the onslaught quickly ran for their lives, up the entrance. I walked up to Asia and picked her up, placing the grenades back into my pouch.

"Yuma-chan..." Issei muttered.

"Oh, so he's out now?" I ignored her and walked out the entrance, ignoring her screams and insults.

* * *

><p>"Die, die, and die!"<p>

"Guh!"

I found myself in a sword verses pistol battle. Freed was still alive with a few scrapes here and there. Kiba and Koneko were worse for wear. I ignored the battle and walked up to the nearest intact chair.

"Damn it! Oh, hi Asia-chan." Freed jumped on top the broken cross.

"I'm not going to die here! Retreat!" He threw a flash bang like device and disappeared in a flash. Koneko and Kiba ran towards me.

"She's gone. I'm sorry John." He placed a hand on my shoulder. I looked at Asia. There were dried up tears in her eyes. I touched her face and checked for a pulse.

"J-john?" She uttered weakly. I looked up at her face. She looked happy even at the face of death.

"You came back for me." She said. I nodded. I couldn't make coherent words at the moment.

"John...are you my friend?" She asked.

"Don't be a fool, of course I am." I said dryly.

"Will you be my friend till the end?" I nodded.

"I'm so glad...I could have at least one friend." She smiled.

"Don't give up yet. Stay strong, I'm sure there's a way to save you."
I ensured.

"Yeah, don't give up!" Even Issei was encouraging her.

"Who's that?"

"The pervious owner of this body, Hyoudou Issei at your service." He announced.

"Ah..." She smiled.

"I'm sure he'll be your friend as well." I said. She raised her hand. I grabbed it firmly.

"Good bye."

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Cold, I feel very cold. Why does this feel so familiar? I wasn't able to accurately describe it at the moment. Oh right, just like when Samuel first died.

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"We can still save her."

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"I'm listening."

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"We can-" Kiba was cut off by a Light Spear through the leg. He fell. I grabbed the young Devil and threw him towards cover, rolling away from the area myself. Issei skittered across the floor.

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"Issei!"

"Oh, so this is Issei?" Raynare stepped on the toy.

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"Don't you dare!" I cursed. Raynare raised her foot.

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"Raynare!"

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"Zero Point Energy Field Manipulator."

A force smashed into Raynare's back and shot her away from Issei.

"I think."

It was the same filtered voice I heard on the rooftop.

"Zero."

"Master Chief Petty Officer John-117."

"You-?"

"Don't bother asking. I'm just intervening because the Elder God here would bitch and complain if I didn't."

"Who are you?"

"Zero."

"Damn you!" Raynare charged at the newcomer who flicked his hand and slapped Raynare with an invisible force away.

"You aren't answering my question."

"Let's just say that I don't want to pull off a K.R. Decade. You were just about to, by the looks of it." He laughed.

"Are you friend or foe?"

"I'm just training here."

"Training?"

"You'll bitch and complain too when you get thrown off an aircraft a hundred kilometers off the ground without anything to break your fall." Zero laughed.

"You bitch!"

"Says the girl that's dressed up like a god damn slut!" He shouted back, smashing his foot into the charging Fallen Angel, launching her next towards the middle of the room.

"What a nuisance. I think I out lived my stay here." Zero said, turning away.

"Got any other names besides Zero?" Issei asked, groaning as he got back up.

"Yes, try Zero."

I paused, "For real?"

"Zero-Zero." He said before teleporting away in an orange orb. We all froze at the scene before turning our attention back to Raynare.

* * *

><p>"So, what do we do with her?"<p>

Rias stood beside me. My Suppressor's barrel was aimed at her head. Issei sat on my shoulder.

"The Sacred Gear, return it to Asia." I asked the 'King'.

"As you wish."

"No! This power belongs to me now!"

"Does it look like you're in a situation where you can negotiate?" I asked rhetorically. She shut her mouth and Rias stood over her.

"You're a Fallen Angel and you've had that power for a few minutes now. It hasn't merged with your soul yet so you'll live. However, the pain might be too much for you to endure." Rias said as a magic circle appeared over the black-winged angel's chest. She delved her hand into it, pulling out a pair of rings. Raynare screamed in agony. I walked up behind her, my gun still aimed at her head.

"Now what?" Rias asked.

"Issei, this is your call." I grabbed Issei with a hand. I straightened my hand into a palm and forwarded it towards Raynare. The Suppressor was slugged over my shoulder.

"Her life is in your hands."

(A/N: Oh the irony)

"..." He paused and turned towards me.

"She's caused you as much trouble as she had me. I'm tossing the ball to you."

"For real?"

"For real."

I grunted and placed the Suppressor on my back. Kiba's sword was at Raynare's neck now, just waiting for a signal.

"Picks, what do you think?"

"Really?"

"Permission to call Doctor Halsey?"

"Avoiding the responsibility eh?"

"Permission granted." I groaned. Picks turned a sky blue color and Doctor Halsey was on.

"John, to what do I owe the pleasure?" My 'mother' asked.

"We have a prisoner with us right now, a Fallen Angel. She's clearly been hostile and-"

"Oh, I can see her right now. I just got the live stream up; what a slutty outfit." She commented. "So you're asking me what to do with her?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Well then, why don't you decide?"

"It's been tossed from Issei, to me, to Picks, now you. Who's next?" I asked.

"Fine, the more people to work on the gateway, the better. So, tell me girl, can your faction help us?"

"Azazel-sama is quite the scientist."

"Ohoho! Azazel?" The Doctor laughed. "This feels like a fiction novel I'm reading. Speaking of novels, have you finished yours John?"

"All read, summarized and ready to hand in." I replied.

"Okay then, in that case, I'll spare her life. However, I want to know why she killed Issei and on who's orders."

"I-..." She paused.

"Well?" Doctor Halsey pressured. Raynare looked away in shame.

"You weren't ordered to kill him were you?"

"I was just doing it because I thought he might be a threat to Azazel-sama and Shemhazai-sama!" The Angel retorted.

"Hold your tongue!" The girl cringed.

"In that case it was a semi-innocent mistake. Very well, John, spare her, but have a gun pointed at her head at all times."

"Wait, about that...I don't think Issei's parents would take too kindly with a girl at his house, much less his body taking the girl back." I reminded.

"Hm...Then can't one of you take him back?" She must be referring to the Devils.

"Of course, I have a villa that I can hold her up in. I'll make sure she's treated kindly but under caution. We don't want to cause another Great War, nor do I want any of my servants killed."

"Have you considered my request?" Doctor Halsey asked.

"The Gateway, yes I have. Ajuka Beelzebub is currently working on it with his top scientists."

"Beelzebub? Oh my, that's quite interesting..." The Doctor commented. "Anyways, shouldn't you be using your **[Evil Piece System]** to resurrect the little girl?"

"I was just about to." Rias smiled.

"You have a kind girlfriend there, John."

"Doctor..."

"We're just friends."

"But you're a girl, are you not?" I swear she'd be smiling right now.

"Oh, right, resurrecting Asia!" Rias quickly rushed over to the fallen nun and I set Issei back on my shoulder.

"I think my work here is done." And with that, my 'mother' left. Pick's sky blue color reverted back to a bright orange. I picked up the Fallen Angel by the arm. The Suppressor's barrel was pressed against the back of her head. We made our way to Rias who had already begun chanting. A bishop piece was placed on the nun's chest.

I dropped the Fallen Angel. My motion sensors told me that there were four entities outside the building. One was observing us from the window and the others were behind us. I aimed my Z-130 at the window first and fired. Everyone flinched at the surprise attack and I did hear a grunt of pain coming from the window. However, the entity escaped and I turned my attention towards the door.

"Raynare-onee sama!"

I fired my Suppressor in short bursts. Quickly reloading and continuing the barrage. A light spear headed straight for my chest but my shields held. I switched to the Z-250 Light Rifle since they looked like they weren't going to come in any closer.

"What did you do to Raynare?" The older looking man shouted. They were the same group who ambushed me when I first arrived here. I ignored his question and aimed my sights on him instead. The Light Rifle burst ricocheted off the wall and hit the younger girl at the back.

"W-wait stop!" Raynare pleaded.

I stopped my Light Rifle bursts but my sights were still aimed at them. I quickly reloaded, just in case. We waited for something to happen. There was tension in the air and I was about ready to blow someone's brains out.

"Well?" I hissed.

"They could help us." Raynare suggested.

"We already have you, what could those three do?"

"I'm being held as a prisoner/guest at a Devil's house. They could help you relay your message and request to Azazel-sama."

I grunted, "Don't we have you for that?"

"Yes, but they'd be more persuasive." I groaned and pulled Raynare in front of me.

"Order them." I demanded. Raynare brushed the dust off herself.

"I liked it better when Issei was in control."

"Now!" I barked.

"As you wish, master." Raynare did a mock bow. It didn't appeal to me but I decided to let that one go. "My friends and companions, this Demon here that stands before you is not of this world. He requests assistance in a device of some sort that will allow him to transverse the world and has requested our leader, Azazel-sama, to aid him in its construction."

"So, you're asking us to relay this message to our leader?" The older man said. Raynare nodded.

"What if I said no?"

"Then I blow your brains out. What makes you think you're getting out of here alive if you don't agree to our demands?" I asked rhetorically.

"It appears we have an ultimatum on our hands. Although I would like to know why you think that pathetic toy of yours can harm us, Fallen Angels?" He asked, obviously not hearing the groans of his fellow angel.

"John, please don't hurt them."

I turned around. The revived Asia was there, tugging on my armor. I shook my head sadly.

"Sorry kid, I can't do that." I turned back to the black winged

Angels. "You're over confident in your inhuman abilities. I highly doubt you will be able to survive a direct hit with a charged shot from the Z-250 Direct Energy Engagement Weapon."

"Oh, I think you're over confident, Mr. Robot."

"You have till the count of three to comply." I said, pulling off Picks from my neck and tossing him to the side. The Promethean formed and a Light Rifle was in its hands.

"What the-?"

"One!"

The group was stunned at the sudden appearance of a Promethean Knight whose size was larger than even me. They were extremely cautious now.

"Two!"

The group formed Light Spears in their hands. I heard metal brandishing behind me. I raised my own weapon as well.

"Three-"

"Wait."

"Non-human detected!" Picks announced. He readied himself.

"I see you wanted to talk to me." The voice was that of a middle aged man and a middle aged man walked up from behind the Fallen Angels.

"Azazel-sama!"

Raynare and her subordinates fell onto their knees. They showed the upmost respect to the newcomer.

"Raynare, what did you do this time?" He groaned.

"I apologize, my lord."

"Ugh. You're lucky I was able to arrive just in time. I heard from one of my spies that a particular being as appeared; one with immense power and strange high-tech armor. I didn't know he was in league with Devils."

"I'm not 'in league' with any of them. I'm just more acquainted." I corrected, attempting to be neutral.

"In that case, hello Mr. Robot."

"You can call me John."

"Well then John, could you lower your weapons?" He asked.

"Not until your subordinates do the same."

"You three, drop the Light Spears!" Azazel shouted. They complied and

hurried behind Azazel. Raynare was about to do the same but my firm grip held her in place.

"So, you want me to help you build a portal?" He asked.

"Yes."

"Mind telling me what kind of world you came from?" I considered his question for a moment.

"It's a war torn universe. Humanity has just survived two wars. In reality, it was more of a slaughter, a desperate offensive and a zombie attack." I replied.

"Sounds interesting. Alright, I'll help you."

"W-what? Just like that?!" Rias exclaimed.

"Why not? It's going to be the first time in centuries that two of the three factions had actually worked together. Besides, I want to know more about John-san's universe."

"So, can I go back now?" Raynare asked in a childish squeal.

"No!" Issei and I shouted simultaneously.

"Is that toy talking?"

"Uh, yeah."

"How'd you manage to do that?"

"Something about Balance Breaker and transferring one's soul into a medium." I replied.

"You attained Balance Breaker?!"

"No, I don't even know what it is." I turned towards Asia whose grip was still firmly attached on my armor. "Anyways, I need to go. Issei's parents will freak out if I'm out for too long."

"Oh, Issei is the toy?"

"Yes."

"I assume his parents know."

"They don't."

"Then why-"

"Because I am Issei! I'm in his body because of an unnatural teleportation and universal properties that's keeping me fused. We've just found a way to separate ourselves so that I don't end up like him." I pointed at the toy.

"Is it a sin to be me?"

"It's the worse possible sin Issei." Azazel laughed and placed his

hands at his waist.

"I see you have yourself a situation of your own!" He said, "In that case, I'll leave you two at it. I believe the fine red-haired lady over there is going to take good care of my subordinate." The middle aged man nodded towards Rias.

"Of course. I don't want to be the catalyst of a second Great War."

* * *

><p>Author's Note:<p>

This feels so rushed and out of placed to me! Fuck!

What's up everyone, it's Sonic again and I'm here bringing you Chapter 4 of Spartans X Dragons. This chapter is brought to you by the skipping Parallel Worlds because I don't know how to fucking start Chapter 2.

On to my ramblings.

Before EVERYONE complains, yes I did find John to be EXTREMELY out of character in this chapter. I have no idea why but it just happened. Besides, I just wrote up 9k words, I'm not redoing this chapter until I post it!

I gave a canon explanation to the Fusion! Yes! Regained contact with Doctor Halsey? Yes! Told her about the Boosted Gear? Nope, not yet. I gave a canon explanation on why John is even more OOC than back in the Haloverse! YES! Separated John and Issei? FOR FUCK'S SAKE FINALLY YES!

To summarize this chapter:

Scolding-Date-Fight-Separating-Fight-Save-Curbstom p-Chat-More Chatting-Fallen Angels-Chat-End

Yeah, I kind of got lazy on this one. It happens when you pump out three damn chapters for a story. A remake of IDGPE chapter 1 and chapter 7 and 8 which is 4k-5k and 7k-8k respectively.

I don't know how to...integrate John as well anymore and...Err...I kind of rushed the plot, as you can see. Now, the shit REALLY begins, FINALLY! I can introduce some Spartans from the Haloverse (sorry, no OCs yet) and the Poll will end. The majority of the poll wanted Cortana to come back!

Total 'Unique' Voters: 22
>Yes: 10
Yes â€" As a Human: 7
>Yes â€" As a Native: 5
No: 0

Anyways, that's the poll results.

Cortana will be coming back as and maybe if I feel like it; I will also have a DxD-Native Cortana.

Now, a second poll:

Who do you want in John's Harem...oh shit that sounds so fucking wrong! A Spartan-II having a harem...that sounds so weird. Sorry, Rias and Akeno will be in his harem.

Cortana

>Asia
Raynare

>Ophis
Xenovia

>Other (Please Specify in a PM so I can add it to the Poll)<p>

Also, Issei might have his own Harem of OC characters that I will be making and I'll need suggestions from all of you since I suck at names.

Here the choices:

Asia

>Raynare
Ravel

>Ophis
Xenovia

>Irina
Kuroka

>Rossweisse
Koneko

>Others (Please Specify in a PM, OCs included)
A Humanoid-Dragon Girl (Unknown name)

Yeah, I kind of added one too many characters into Issei's harem. Dafuck.

I've only made up the plot (as in stored it in my mind) up to volume 2. Where then, volume 3 and beyond will probably not be as...volume 3. It's going to be more Halo in the chapters beyond that and won't follow the story as much.

Spoiler Alert:

****Introducing the most OP armor I've ever created besides my Dragon-Armor Tech Tree:****

****BOOSTED MJOLNIR POWERED BALANCE BREAKER ARMOR!****

Now, I just want to beat Halo:CE on Legendary. I'm stuck on the third mission.

I ****might**** to be going on a _sort_ of Hiatus for a while on this story sadly. Don't worry; it's just to work on the next few chapters so you'll be seeing chapters pop up like crazy in the next few months. Sadly though, my summer is coming to an end. I have half a month left with no internet and I wasn't able to touch my RuneScape account. WHAT THE FUCK MAN!

You'll probably see the chapter in a month if Parallel World and IDGPE takes a really long time to make.

I found the third-person a lot easier to write than in first-person but I can't actually switch to third-person in this Fan Fiction whereas Parallel Worlds is already in third-person and IDGPE has switched over to third person.

Enough Jokes now.

Sorry for being lazy on this chapter. I've been juggling 3 stories so

far and IDGPE is the most stressful to work with, surprisingly. It's harder to do an original plot line than it is to follow one. As you can see, I'm following this plot line and adding my own little bits here and there. Once I enter the 'volume 3' phase or 'DxD New' season, you'll see me increase in creativity and or decrease in quality.

IDGPE World 1 as I tend to call it is going to suck up a whole lot of time now. I want to finish the Infinite Stratos world first then get into ZnT. If you followed both stories, you'll know who Zero-Zero-Zero is; hell his name is a direct reference. This isn't an advertisement to get you to read IDGPE. I'm just explaining my reasons on why this is such a sloppy work. Twice in a row, I don't like that.

If you want to know my problems, it's that I don't know how to continue this story to chapter twenty or chapter forty. I could probably, very well end it after volume 2 since John doesn't really have a reason to stay in the DxD universe. He's trapped there and once he ends up back in the Haloverse, he's going to stay there probably on orders from ONI. Therefore, I'm trying my best to avoid that. This situation is similar to ZnT in a way but only lasts a few months.

Spartans X Dragons is a successful crossover, in terms of views and reviews. It is my most reviewed, followed and favorited story out of the three. I don't plan on ending it like that. There is one small problem though. ****_I don't know how to end the story._****

I don't plan on leaving it hanging like that. That's just going to be bad and annoying for all my readers. I mean, one of my favorite FanFictions, Dragon Ball Yokai, is currently on Hiatus for who knows why. The author said he came back and he did, for one chapter, and then left for the next half a year. So, back to the main problem, I do NOT know how to end the story. I know how it MIGHT end out but I don't know how to lead it towards that future.

Question: Who wants to see John at 150 years old (Well, plus cryo time) with his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren?

I think I dragged this author's note out for far too long, there's just one more thing I have to tell you.

You'll be in for a neat surprise in the undetermined future.

****Word Count: 10,245****

Removed Scenes/Lines:

(1)

I savored the taste. It was sweet. It reminded me of Cortana. (I said wtf 5 times. The joke would have been funnier if I had said blueberry instead of apple. If you don't get it, Cortana is 'sweet' in a way and she's blue. The apple/blueberry is sweet and is blue. So it reminded him of Cortana...somehow.)

(2)

Hopefully I could repay him with my own...

I stopped in my tracks. Asia turned towards me and stared.

"Is there something wrong?"

"Oh..."

"Oh...?"

"Wow, I can't believe I haven't noticed." I started.

"Noticed what?"

"I never even got paid to do any of the things I did. Spartan, go destroy his base! Spartan, stop the alien attack! Spartan, assassinate the Forerunner military leader! And all of that for nothing in return." I said.

"I'm not following you, sorry."

"Not even a small paycheck..."

Thanks,
>Sonicfanx1<p>

5. Chicken Wings

****High School DxD: Spartans X Dragons****

* * *

><p>Author's Note:<p>

Sorry for inactivity, I had a writer's block of sorts and my bedroom's fuse melted for a week. Yeah. I was also helping an author during the past month...? On some things and was downloading some anime. IDGPE will be coming right after this, and then I'll be working on the rewrite of chapter 2 of Parallel Worlds. Then I'll start rewriting chapters 3 and 4 of SxD and 2-5(ish) for IDGPE.

Yeah, sorry about screwing up the last two chapters, I was really out of it. Didn't really have much inspiration and I wasn't as cautious as I was supposed to. I got some practice in with Infinity Blade 2- SPEAKING ABOUT INFINITY BLADE, CHAIR, WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT IN VILE, OMEGA OR THE TWO HELIOS SETS FROM THE PREVIOUS TWO GAMES?! Fuck, a mosquito bit me as I was typing this...(seriously, you should have enough of my blood by now. You've been living with me for three years).

On with the chapter, I have no idea what's going to come up. As you probably have guessed, I'm using the anime series as a guide for me and chapter 5 should be the start of Volume 2 of the Light Novel. Also, kudos to those who knows what's going to come up (in the next several chapters). I dropped a vague hint in chapter...2 I believe. Shit, too many characters for me to keep up with.

Also, I noticed that in the previous chapter, people were not as satisfactory as I thought they would have been. I, again, apologize

for that. I wasn't as well prepared for that chapter and I was kind of lazy. Also, it was completely unexpected for there to be some strong resistance from people about Issei. I apologize; I'm not entirely sure what I should do with him at this point. He's just there for the lols.

Hope you enjoy, this is going to be...different (hopefully) to the previous two chapters. I take reviews very seriously and input from everyone would be _fantastic_.

Sonicfanx1

>Zero, Zero, Zero, Zero, Zero, Zero, Zero, Zero, Zero
UNLIMITED ZERO WORKS

* * *

><p>Chapter 5: Chicken Wings

(A/N: I did not just do that)

This day was the same as every other day. It consisted of me waking up, breaking or trying to break my alarm clock, brushing my teeth, taking a quick shower and eating a big breakfast. Unlike the other weekends, I had an appointment to go to. Straightening all the folds on my shirt and pants, I grabbed Picks and departed for my first "appointment". It was a simple job. Rias Gremory had asked me to join her on a small training regime that she had planned and she wanted me to give some input on what I thought should be altered, changed, etcetera.

Again, it was at the park. Why is it always the park? Does the god damn universe revolve around _a_ park or something? I swear my life in this world had always revolved around parks. Everywhere I went, I would always enter this park or another park or pass by it. It was a comedic when I first noticed but now it just got plain annoying. It always taunts me as well. I swear, once when I was complaining out loud, I swore I hear a very light whistle through the trees that vaguely sounded like, "Problem?"

I grabbed my bag as I left. It held all the essentials, water, an M6H, some MREs incase I somehow got lost and a spare set of clothes. It was a plain and dull dark gray in color with green here and there. I wore a normal sized T-Shirt that had the letters "UNSC" written on it with the logo of an eagle placed behind it. The shirt was a military gray color and the logos were printed in white.

I turned my head to the right, towards the living room. I saw Asuka watching TV, a detective themed show. She noticed me watching and her face quickly turned sour. I mentally shrugged and grabbed my shoes. "Great, now my day is ruined..." I heard her murmur. Ignoring her comment that was clearly intended to piss me off, I jogged out the house and towards the park. The wind brushed my face. I barely broke a sweat as I arrived at my desired location.

Looking around, I found the park deserted. It's 4AM in the morning so it's expected. The weather is pretty cold as well. It's almost like a natural air conditioner without the wind blowing in your face, perfect for exercising. I did some warm up stretches for an hour and ran around the park for the next hour. Kiba arrived at 6AM and Koneko shortly after. Issei was in a comatose state for the moment. It

turned out that being in Balance Breaker can take a lot out of a person even if he was in a _toy_.

Akeno arrived next. She wore P.E. sweats and had a bag strapped on her shoulder. We waited for another ten minutes and we found Rias and Asia. Asia was in more "exercisable" clothes and Gremory wore red P.E. sweats. "Ah, everyone's here." She said with a smile on her face.

"Yes, Buchou!" Everyone but me replied simultaneously. She smiled and clapped her hands twice. They all began their warm up stretches. Even right now at 6AM in the morning, there was no one here. I would have to ask Rias later. I tended to stay away from the group subconsciously like how most Spartans would shy away from conversation. I grabbed a piece of paper on a clipboard and began jotting down a quick draft of our morning exercise which consisted of a thousand laps around the playground, three hundred push ups, two hundred sit ups and five hundred squats.

Judging by their physical strength and estimated endurance, this should be a light to medium warm up for them. I sat in the shade, waiting for the Devils to finish their exercise. Rias walked towards me and sat beside me. It made me slightly uncomfortable and I scooted away. She made a face and sat closer which made me frown slightly. "Here's the morning exercise." I handed her the clipboard. "It's just a rough draft and I don't exactly have a proper estimate on your species' body capabilities." I watched her analyze it with careful precision.

"It looks a little heavy." She laughed and handed back the clipboard. "We might be Devils, but we can't do five hundred squats or a thousand laps around the park right off the bat." My eyebrows crunched as I made a questioning face at her. I had trouble believing that. Koneko, the little girl, could pick up a massive centaur-like Devil with ease and punch it into the sky. "Really?" I asked.

"Yes, sorry Ise- I mean, John." She placed two fingers on her lips in correction. I placed the clipboard on my lap and rubbed my temples with my thumbs. I might have overestimated their capabilities. "So, comparing yourselves to humans, I want to know how much your body can take." I asked, turning the paper over. Rias began noting down what they could and could not do. Generally, they were the "superior" version of humans, approximately 10 times stronger. Of course, that only applied to Kiba, Koneko, Akeno and Asia. Rias was a hundred times or stronger even.

I settled with two hundred laps, fifty push ups, fifty sit ups and one hundred squats. Rias still laughed at the schedule but it was doable. Kiba had a more diverse reaction, saying that this was almost as bad as Rias's training regime or even worse. "Actually, John wanted you to run a thousand times around the park, do three hundred sit ups, two hundred sit ups and five hundred squats before I corrected him." Rias said without remorse. I shrugged. Kiba began laughing nervously. After they get used to the drills, I'll bump it up to UNSC standards, a thousand and five hundred fifty laps, five hundred sit ups, four hundred and fifty push ups and a thousand squats. A smirk tugged on my lips as I thought these thoughts.

"B-buchou...John is smiling..." Kiba stuttered. His face was almost

as pale as mine was.

"Enough talking," I barked. "Start running, I don't want to see any lollygagging or any mouths moving, let's go let's go!" I began jogging beside them as they took off. I heard moans from Kiba and 'ara aras' from Akeno. Koneko was silent for the majority of the jog but her face was just as red as everyone else is by the time it was over. Asia got the blunt of the force. She was hyperventilating by the third lap and Rias had to take her out. She must have not gotten a lot of exercise.

"Oh Maou, you're _the _Devil!" Kiba shouted as we finished. He was panting hard and his shirt was covered in sweat.

"Suck it up and leave it for later, unless you _want_ to start the next section immediately. This is just a warm up exercise for me to find your strengths and weaknesses." I paused. "Break ends in a minute."

"Wait what!"

"Break is over! Everyone on the floor now and give me some push ups!" I shouted. All those years with Sergeant Mendez had paid off.

* * *

><p>The rest of the morning was drenched in sweat and heavy breathing on the Devil's part. Even Akeno's high stamina as a [Queen] didn't save her from my hellish (A/N: ****_ARGH!_****) regime. It was 8 AM right now and everyone is at the bench, panting hard. Usually now we'd have a short five minute break then start training again, but I keep on having to remind myself that this isn't the UNSC and there is no immediate war that's going to break out. I clapped my hands twice to get their attention, "You did a good job today. Starting from next week, I want you all to arrive here at 4 AM in the morning. There we will do this exact same exercise for the next few weeks for two hours so we won't be late for school. Now, are there any questions, any suggestions?" I asked. No response was given. They were either too tired to scared to give one.

I clasped my hands, "Perfect. We'll meet again tomorrow at school." I walked off, grabbing my bag and heading back home. Today was a good day. Victor should be in the United States this month. He relayed all the information he had obtained over the course of two months to me in a USB. It was some interesting stuff, mostly false alarms and occasional "Zero" sightings. There were clearer images of the other Spartans, but I couldn't make them out.

Details were that two of them were at least seven feet tall; the others were around six to six and a half feet tall which is roughly two hundred centimeters. There was at least of five or more of these beings and they're commonly found in the mountains. There had been only one instance where they were inside a city and that was just a small raid as someone pointed out.

They were all humanoid in appearance and wore strange armor. Their helmets had a golden visor and they are always seen holding a weapon of some sort. Those weapons are gray in color and look vaguely similar to modern day rifles and battle rifles. Thanks to this

article, I had gotten a small job carrying boxes in a store to place on shelves. I'm planning on saving to go to the mountains. I should have my next check today so I should take a quick shower and head off to work.

I changed into a white polo-shirt and shorts. Picks and I haven't had conversation in the past few days. However, I had asked him for situation reports occasionally on my sanity and it seemed to be recovering. It's back at normal levels. I rode into the city on a peddle bike. The traffic was awful. When I finally arrived at the store, a truck was just entering. I greeted my boss in a monotone voice, "Morning sir."

"Ah, Ise! Thank goodness you're here; I really need your help with these boxes." He said relieved. He commented that I was surprisingly strong for my size once.

"Yes sir. I'll be moving the boxes as you ordered, if you need me, you know where to find me." He nodded as I walked off to the truck. He really did need help. There were an enormous amount of boxes here, cardboard boxes. Some wine cases as well but mostly boxes containing meat, fish, groceries, etc. I grabbed the first container and lifted it inside. The label read, in Japanese, that it was fresh meat. I moved it over to the freezer area. Rinse and repeat. I completed 85% before my boss called for me.

"Hey Ise, you can take a break for the rest of the day!" He shouted from outside. "You've done so much already, go live your life." I could only laugh at what he could mean by 'your life'. My life had consisted of killing, maiming and everything that a normal human being wouldn't consider normal.

"Yes sir." I replied. I left the store, my fellow employees waved goodbye at me. I returned the gesture. I guess I don't really have much to do today. Compared to life back then, today is a lot more colorful...

* * *

><p>One year ago...<p>

"You cannot be serious." Fredric said. I could see the smile jerking on his lips. I sighed again, "Yes, I've been retired."

"Master Chief Petty Officer John-117, savior of humanity, Spartan-II, the luckiest man alive, has been fired because he was too attached to an AI." Fred's face began cracking up as he suppressed a laugh. Even the oh-so stoic Linda smiled behind that book. I closed my suit case and turned back to my Spartan brothers.

"Yes, I've been retired. No, this isn't a joke." I said aggressively. This was getting annoying.

"Of course, our almighty leader, MCPO John-117 is so serious; a joke like this is inconceivable for his theoretical physician brain." Kelly said sarcastically. My face turned into a scowl.

"Kelly, please stop." I said in surrender. "I'm already torn by the fact that they're not giving me my MJOLNIR Mark VI as a souvenir for my service in the UNSC."

"No way, did John just crack a joke?" Fred said flabbergasted. "He _did!_" Kelly confirmed as the two began laughing.

"Ha-ha, laugh it up." I couldn't keep a straight face in the situation and smiled as well. "I'm going to miss you guys.

"As will we, sir." Fred playfully punched my shoulder.

"Stop it Fred, you're higher ranked than me, remember?" I tried to remind my "superior" of his rank in futility. I heard a noise emit from the metal sliding door in front of me. My ride was here. I turned to the few remaining Spartan-IIs that survived. There were six or seven, excluding me, that were present and there is certainly more out there.

"I'll miss my family." I muttered, turning around.

"And we'll miss our brother."

* * *

><p>I took a quick bathe at home and went to do maintenance on my stockpile of weapons. I can't believe my parents haven't checked on them yet. It's surreal. I oiled the M6H that I was maintaining and grabbed an oil rag to rub it off. Either ONI wants me to get back into shape or they just thought I might need the extra guns. It's stupid of them to just drop a crate full of weapons in broad daylight. Hell, the Japanese military and police are still trying to find the crate and Warthog.

During my stay with Victor, I disassembled the warthog and placed it in a security box. It looks too out of place for anyone to drive without a care in the world and looks very...unsecure. I grabbed the next gun, a BR85HB Service Rifle, more commonly known as the Battle Rifle. I disassembled it and began cleaning the pieces separately. I reassembled the gun again. How many rifles did I go through? It should be around the twenties or thirties. I wasn't keeping track.

I checked the crate. It was empty, meaning that I maintained all the weapons. Sighing, I grabbed each rifle and placed them back in their respective crates. Covenant Weaponry, I did not know how to clean and I'd prefer not burning down the house. Also, I did have that one Z-250 Light Rifle. I think Forerunner light-based weaponry were self maintaining.

Looking out the window, I saw the sun setting. There was a knock on the door. "Ise?" It was my "mother".

"Yes Okaa-san?" I replied, getting back into my usual facade. The door opened and said character entered. She looked worried; there were dark patches under her eyes. "Is there a problem?" I asked, crunching my eyebrows together.

"Ah, yes. Could you go out and find your sister for me? She doesn't seem picking up my calls and she's been out for an awfully long time." She requested. I felt Issei, the real one, stir in his sleep. A minor reaction, he feels worried.

"Sure, where is Asuka anyways?" I asked. My "mother" shifted

nervously. "She's at Studio-09. She's working part-time as a star and model."

"And you think she might have been kidnapped or something similar?" I asked, lifting an eye and turning my head to the side. She nodded, looking slightly more annoyed. "Okay, I'll be back in an hour or two."

And with that, my "mother" left. Turning around, I grabbed an M6H and attached a silencer onto it. I decided not to equip my MJOLNIR Powered Assault Armor for very specific reasons. Besides, if I were in any serious trouble, I would have Picks there to help. I grabbed a few magazines for the Magnum and left the house.

It took me a while to find "Studio-09" since I wasn't familiar with the layout of the city. When I made it there I saw one car parked out in the front. My hand moved to the Magnum on my waist. The Studio looked deserted but on closer inspection, I saw movement inside. I gritted my teeth. This was bad. I didn't like the looks of this. Picks glowed. The amulet detached itself from my neck and fell onto the floor. It disintegrated into hundreds of orange particles and in its place, a mechanical behemoth towered over me.

"Awaiting orders." The Promethean Knight said in a raspy metallic voice. The huge lump on its back shuttered like an insect.

"Just get me inside." I grumbled. The Promethean grabbed my shoulder and flash-jumped through the gate. It wasn't a very pleasant experience either. It felt like the combination of instant freezing, moving in extremely high speeds, and getting sucker-punched in the gut, not a good feeling. I ordered Picks to stay out of sight but be there in case I need assistance. I grabbed the door knob and tried turning it. The door opened with ease, which surprised me.

The room was slightly illuminated and I could see a younger male kneeling down, a phone glowed in his hands. Its screen illuminated his face. I crept up behind him, not making even the slightest sound. He was kneeling in front of a hole in the ground, a hole in the ground. Steadying my breathing, I grabbed him by the shoulder and quickly pulled him around.

"Producer-san?!" I heard a girl cry out.

"W-whoa who are you?" The "Producer" asked surprised. I quickly scanned his body and found no weapons on him. He was Japanese, 5ft, 7inches. His hair was a dull brown and he had very dark eyes. His facial features weren't exceptional and he wore a very formal suit as if he were out to a party or something.

"Hyoudou Issei," I replied reluctantly. "I'm looking for my sister, Hyoudou Asuka."

"So, the first thing you do is climb the studio gates? You're an idiot!" That was Asuka. I sighed and knelt down to peer over the hole. She was with another girl and they looked like they had been crying.

"So, I'm guessing you don't need any help then." The hole wasn't that wide. I could easily climb back up, but it was the depth that worried me. They didn't look hurt or anything but I had to check, "Do you two

have any injuries?" I called.

"I don't think so." Asuka's friend replied. I scoffed and jumped down the hole. The producer lurched to grab me but missed by a thread. I landed feet first on the pavement. The hole wasn't as deep as I thought it was.

"W-what are you doing you idiot? Now all 3 of us are stuck in here!" Asuka shouted angrily at me.

"I wouldn't have jumped down if I didn't know how to get us out, now come on, it isn't that hard to get out." I retorted. I leaned against the wall and placed my feet on the wall opposite of me. Since the pit was cylindrical in shape, I had a better grip on the walls. "Grab hold, both of you." I demanded.

Asuka looked weary whereas her friend immediately grabbed hold around my neck. My face quickly twisted as I grabbed my "sister" and pulled her around my neck. "What are you doing you brute?!" Asuka immediately shouted. Even with all her screaming and hitting, I managed to crawl my way out of the hole with two passengers. The producer looked relieved as I patted the dust off my clothes.

"Thank god you're alright; I thought I had to call the police for a second there." He said with a sigh. I turned my head to look at Asuka. My left eyebrow was raised and she definitely caught my weird expression. She wore casual clothing. There was a bracelet wrapped around her wrist and a bead necklace. Her friend wore casual clothing as well. My night vision detected a ring and ear rings.

"That reminds me, how did you end up in there?" I asked. That caught the young adult's attention. He perked his head up to listen in as well.

"We might have fallen down while playing around..." Asuka's friend replied nervously. That gained a venomous glare from my sister.

"Asuka, behave." I hissed. That surprised her, nearly causing her to fall again.

"So you start acting like a brother now?" She retorted. Issei scoffed back, looks like he's awake.

"It's better late than never." I replied. Her face distorted and some "killing intent" was directed at me.

"_Ha, take that you bitch!_" The pervert shouted. Issei, you behave as well. I don't need to lecture two people, one being my half-biological sister and another being a person in my head. "_Yes, mom._"

I grimaced visibly however the dimly-lit room made it neigh impossible to see, excluding me of course. Folding my arms, I leaned against the wall, waiting for Asuka to finish her chat with her friend and producer. She glanced at me for a second and said, "You don't have to wait for me, go home first."

"No, Okaa-san wanted me to find you and make sure you get home safely. And that demands that I have to follow you to the bathroom_

for all I care." I replied with ease.

"Pervert."

"That's disgusting."

"We're siblings, it doesn't matter." I retorted at their comments. The producer laughed nervously. Grimacing, I shouted, "Hurry up, you two girls had plenty of time to talk in that hole! Asuka, Okaa-san is waiting for us, better not make her worry."

I grabbed her by the hand and pulled her away from the group. That caused an unpredicted reaction. She tried to slap me. She did and I nearly broke her wrist as I got her into an arm lock and was milliseconds away from losing myself to years of training. Issei, what the hell have you done to make your sister despise you so much.

"H-hey let her go. She's your sister right?" I was broken out of my string of thought and quickly let her go.

"Sorry, force of habit." I apologized but gained no response. We left in silence; Asuka barely spoke. I had no qualms with that. She can stay quiet. It's much less noisy that way. Mother seemed extremely relieved that Asuka was safe when we returned however noticed a bruise on her wrist. Asuka immediately blamed it on me and I got a scolding for several minutes. I noticed her, from the corner of my eye, retreat to her bedroom looking as grumpy as ever.

* * *

><p>School ended like any other day. Classes went by like a breeze and I was getting more used to my Kanji as the days passed. Pretty soon, I was probably the smartest student in class, unless someone else can explain Fusion Energy in thirty minutes. Rias had called me over so that I could keep Asia in good company. I did and the nun embraced the idea. Again, the Gremory asked me to join her club but I respectfully rejected. I did ask about the progress on the Dimension Gate and she said that it'd take a while.<p>

Just like any other day. I sat down on the sofa. Kiba was asleep. He was exhausted from this morning's exercise routine. I fiddled with Picks for a few seconds and Asia came up and offered me some tea. I accepted the offer with reluctance, now getting back into my old self. I wasn't as used to having things handed to me, nonetheless offered. I took a sip of the beverage. It helped me relax some more. Honestly, I have no reason to be here.

I stood up and left the club room and the old school building and headed straight to work, boxes again. That reminds me, I had picked up this very interesting game called "Metal Gear Solid". Talking about boxes reminds me of the game and how stupid some of the AI in the game was. This time, the truck brought beverages and primarily premade coffee from prestigious brewing companies. I took extra care not to break any and it took me a quarter as long to finish today's work load.

"Thanks Issei! I'll see you tomorrow, right?" My boss asked. I managed a smile and replied, "Sorry sir, but I'm going to use the money to go over to the mountains and stay there for a couple days."

I'll be back in a week or two."

"Huh. Aren't you supposed to be at school?" He asked. His large back leaned against the wall in a very carefree manner.

"No, there's a holiday on the upcoming two weeks. Besides, this is very important for me." I said, placing the last bottle of coffee on the shelf. I patted my hands together and placed them on my hip for a work well done. It was definitely easier than cleaning MA5Ds and BR85HB SRs.

"Well then, don't get hurt." He cautioned and turned away.

"I'll take extra caution then." I murmured under my breath.

And so, the day ended, just like that. I told the student council, who informed the school that I'd be going on a holiday early. My bags were already packed. I had several crates of primarily UNSC weapons and Covenant Plasma ones. I wore my MJOLNIR Powered Assault Armor on the train, which practically made every passenger on the train stare at me. I felt very uncomfortable.

My little house that I planned on being my BOA (Base of Operations) held a small kitchen for cooking, a small bed and a TV and table all in one room. That was satisfactory. I tried focusing the energy I had in my body to turn me into a Spartan. Ddraig had been giving me lessons on magical and spiritual energy ever since the day I met Azazel. He explained that the "White One" would be much stronger than anything I had ever fought before.

Those lessons allowed me to turn back into "John" at will and allow me to regulate my spiritual and magical energy in my, or Issei's in this matter, body. It let me fire small fireballs from my hand and manipulate the space around me as if I knew telekinesis. Besides that, I was more attuned to the natural world, sensing "disorders" and "energy" around me. Those disorders are misplacements and abrupt mistakes in the universe such as rips in space and time and things that aren't naturally created in the world. Energy would be magical and spiritual, something that I'm less used with.

Nevertheless, in four days, shooting grape sized fireballs is good progress. I picked up a cloak module and Promethean vision armor ability, integrating them into my armor. The cloak module will be useful in scouting silently and Promethean vision is sort of a requirement in this case. It'd help me spot targets and humans without alerting them, unless they had ultra-sensitive hearing, then they'd hear that ominous scanning noise when the almost sonar like ability hits them. I left the house. I bought it from an owner who complained about the strange robot sightings recently. My appearance in the armor definitely shocked the people around me but I told them that "it's just cos-play".

I hiked my way into the mountains. It wasn't steep and there was a path for me to follow. It was a relatively pleasant hike. The weight of the rifles didn't bother me as much and the **[Boosted Gear]** was out, equipped on my left arm. The red gauntlet looked out of place with the olive green and black armor that it was paired with.

The motion tracker detected nothing. I found myself having to steer off into the forest. If things got hot, I could always activate cloak

and _roll_ down the hill. Oh boy, that'd be fun. "_Don't ruin my body John._" Issei grumbled. I gave him a mental laugh and began patrolling the mountain. All the information accumulated by Victor was in a bag on my back. Of course they were copied, incase they got shredded in possible resistance, I always had the originals.

My motion tracker detected motion (A/N: Seriously?) to my right which was up the slope. A flying metal boot was flying at my face. Before I could even react, it gained enormous speed as a shockwave sounded behind it. I began tumbling down the mountain. I hit a tree on my way down and broke the trunk in half before I was able to catch myself. I lost considerable progress but no matter, he was right beside me. It was Zero.

I blocked a punch that grinded against my forearm armor and countered with an elbow. He quickly pulled his head back and lifted his knee to my abdomen. My shields flared temporarily and I quickly sidestepped to the left and swung my elbow at his face in an arc. The surprise attack connected but I wasn't able to chain it. Instead, he grabbed my elbow and took me down with him. As I was about to fall onto the onyx colored behemoth, he planted a leg on my chest and supported my body to fall behind him.

Zero got on top of me when I fell onto my back and started nailing me with cheap punches. I managed to grab his arm and twist his wrist. The Spartan (literally) howled in pain. I grabbed him by the helmet and brought it to mine with disorienting force. The shockwave shook the forest and Zero stumbled back. I rolled in front of him and stood up quickly, using the momentum to bring my fist up his chin. I chained it with a side-kick which caused him to stumble back even more.

Seeing an opportunity, I charged at him and jumped, kicking both my feet in mid air. I heard a grumble emit from his voice filter as he blocked the two kicks with the "fat" bit of his forearms. When my front foot landed on the ground, I thrust my fist at his visor but he pulled off another technique I didn't see coming. He dodged and grabbed my first and arm, pulling them both into the air so that my hand bends into my body instead of out of it and pushed near the joint of my arm up so that I was on my tiptoes. Pain breached my arm as Zero pushed even more, as if he was intent on breaking my arm.

He nearly did by notice that I was too heavy to lift and decided to throw me instead, pulling me around and throwing me onto the ground. He tried to finish the job by smashing the back of my head but I saw, from the corner of my eye, that the tree trunk that I previously broke smashed into him, sending him flying down. "Sonofabitch!" I heard him shout. Talk about Chekdov's gun.

He managed to regain footing again, now charging up the hill with the tree trunk _in hand_. My jaw nearly dropped before I grabbed my M6H and began unloading its clip into the charging berserker. He quickly used the trunk to protect himself and closed even more distance before the rounds of the M6H cleanly tore the tree in half, but that's after he was meters away from me.

Zero began swinging the halves of the tree. I jumped over the first swing and matrix-ducked under another. His other swing came from my left and I stood firm as I broke the chunk of wood into splinters. I grabbed a stray shard and jumped into the air, using the shard as a

dagger. Zero dropped the tree in his right hand to block my attack but I started to jab at his right kidney. He grunted and swung the tree trunk in his left hand at me.

I vaulted over that swung and dropped the wood shard in exchange for my M6H. Zero shifted to the side and raised his right hand as I raised mine. My M6H was inches away from his head but he had a Z-110 Boltshot aimed at my head as well. We both stood at a stand off, both of us didn't move a muscle. His voice filter activated, I could hear from the ominous static that emitted from his helmet. "You didn't use any martial arts." I could hear disappointment in his voice. Mendez didn't teach us much of any martial arts besides CQC.

"Yeah, what about you?" I asked. I was actually interested in how he was able to match me with barely any strength in his attacks.

I heard a scoff. "Kempo and a bit of Karate." I saw his Boltshot disappear as he quickly ducked with surprising speed. He grabbed me by the wrist and one of the grips on my armor and threw me onto the ground. "That was Judo." He grunted. Zero smashed his foot into my helmet and pulled on my arm until I subconsciously began tapping on the ground.

"Kuh, how disappointing, I expected a better fight, even at 35%." He let go and I saw a blue rift open in front of him. My senses immediately went wild as they screamed "irregularity".

"I wasn't even taking it seriously." I claimed, getting back up.

"Of course you didn't," He twisted his body and thrust his side-kick into my abdomen. "Because if you did, this would be much more interesting. I'm looking forward to our next meeting." I saw him walk into the portal and disappear. My body ached and stung. Picks formed in front of me; damn I forgot to call out for him.

***"That was pathetic, Partner."** Ddraig commented.

"_Really? I thought John did a great job._" Issei said. I felt really bad right now. It felt like he knew my combat style but didn't really bother being careful.

"It's rare to hear Hyoudou Issei not talk about boobs or anything erotic for once." I laughed painfully. I then realized I forgot to use the **[Boosted Gear]**. The fight would have been a lot easier if I had used Ddraig, but it was true, I wasn't expecting a surprise attack like that so soon. The **[Boosted Gear]** is easy to forget about in the heat of combat. "Is there an automatic function for the **[Boosted Gear]**? I find myself using it way too little." I asked the Dragon.

***"Yes. You didn't need to manually [Boost] every time, you know."** Ddraig scoffed and I groaned at the obvious answer. My HUD indicated that it was still two hours before 5PM. I should have enough time to search for any other...people on the mountain. The Promethean suddenly looked up.

"Unknowns in the area." He stated in a monotone. I hastily got up and grabbed the M365 DMR off my back and aimed it around me. There were several red blimps all around me; two of them were approaching me. Shit, I was surrounded. Clicking my tongue, I whirled around and ran

towards the closest cover, which was a tree trunk. They were coming up the slope, so I should have some advantage in case I got into a firefight. Picks disappeared in a flash and I spotted him reappear on a tree branch.

My sensitive hearing detected footsteps approaching. There were two grenades in my pouch, one incendiary and one fragmentation. I grabbed the incendiary one and cautiously watched my radar for any sudden movements. They seemed to approach with great caution, like a trained soldier. Realizing the incendiary grenade would be a terrible choice in a wooded area, I quickly swapped with a fragmentation grenade. It wouldn't do me much good, but would cause some panic. I rolled the explosive in my hand, waiting for the right moment to strike. I slowly raised my M365 DMR. I activated the explosive and tossed it behind me. The grenade exploded and sent shrapnel and dirt throughout its vicinity.

One...

I quickly jumped out of cover and aimed my M365 DMR. Barely making out their appearance from the rush of adrenaline I got, effectively putting me into Kelly's infamous Spartan Time, a play on bullet time. In less than a second, I closed the distance between the closest unknown and smashed the butt of my rifle into his face. The force of the hit should have caved his skull in.

Two...

"**[Boost]**" I spun around 270 degrees and aimed my DMR in the smoke. Visuals were zero so I switched visor modes to Promethean Vision. The human shaped red taint on my screen quickly turned to my direction, but in my opinion, he/she looked like he/she was moving in slow motion. I quickly shot the leg and shoulder of the soldier and kicked some dirt into the air.

Three...

I sprinted towards the hostile and thrust my knee into his/her stomach then just as quickly smashed the butt of my rifle into the back of their head. Gun fire finally reached my ear and my shields quickly dropped. Grimacing, I realized I was under sniper fire.

Four...

I rolled towards cover and reloaded my rifle.

Five...

I rolled out of cover and aimed my DMR. Peering through my scope, I could make out a faint figure, crouching, in the mist. I fired my gun in three bursts, most of them missed due to some super-human reactions.

Six...

I quickly reacted to what looked like another soldier rushing at me. Looking down from my scope, I saw another soldier in the mist, sprinting towards me.

Seven, eight...

I fired off all the shots left in my DMR and switched to my Magnum.

Nine...

I ducked under a punch after I detected movement behind me on the radar. I aimed the Magnum in front and quickly popped out three quick bullets to the leg.

Ten...

I felt annoyed. Dropping the Magnum, I lowered my body and kicked the person rushing up from behind me. Why would they drop their weapons in favor of hand-to-hand?

Eleven...

"This bastard-!" I cut off whoever was talking with a front jab and twisted my body to deliver an elbow smash with a lot of weight behind it. Twisting my body, I pushed up on his arm and pulled his wrist while kicking his shins and threw him onto the floor.

Twelve...

"**[Boost]!**" The radar detected someone sprinting up from the rear. I turned around to find a very sloppy punch heading towards my way. Grunting, I halted the attack with the "meaty" part of my forearm and thrust my free fist into the attacker's stomach. Then, I maneuvered my punching arm under his/her elbow joint (A/N: I need new words to describe a human's anatomy.) and pushed it up while pulling his/her wrist down, hard. Causing the person under the influence of my Kempo to quickly fall and throw himself/herself over.

Thirteen...

"**[Explosion]!**" I turned to greet the third attacker who was running towards me. He held a shotgun that looked very familiar. I formed a fireball in my left hand, the one that housed Ddraig and the **[Boosted Gear]** and launched it at him. It was slightly larger, around the size of an apple or baseball.

Fourteen...

The attacker quickly threw his gun into the air as I shot out towards him. It would be best to end this in one punch now. I dashed in low and my fist shot out with speed comparable to Kelly's running. As the punch connected, I swore I heard or felt a shock wave blast out from behind him/her.

Fifteen...

Picks was behind me, his Z-250 Light Rifle was in hand and ready to blast any over soldier who dared engage in combat with me. Spartan Time disengaged as my adrenaline wore off.

My eyes quickly widened in realization.

The one in front of me coughed and gagged while struggling to maintain his footing. "Well," He groaned painfully and clutched his stomach. "I guess they don't call you _hyper lethal_ for nothing."

"A Spartan...?" I managed to croak. My voice came out raspy; I barely bothered to hide my surprise.

"Spartan-III, Alpha Company, code name, Sergeant Leonidas." The newly identified Spartan announced.

* * *

><p>Author's Note:<p>

I had to cut this short to 7k. Shit, I felt like this could have been better in the beginning. I was watching my grammar a whole lot. Sorry on the frequency of my updates. This was "finished" on the 17/10/2013. In reality, I cut this into two parts since this was the best place to cut it off. I was about to continue when I remembered the chapter name, but fuck it, let's split it into two parts. I've kept a lot of you waiting already.

Now, my thoughts on this chapter? I've spent way too little time on the fight scenes. Sure, it was good, somewhat lengthy, but I didn't think it out that well. Therefore, slightly rushed fight scene. The beginning was also slightly rushed and hopefully wasn't as crappy as the last two. Speaking of which, I need to rewrite chapters 3 and 4 and 2-5 for IDGPE.

I want to stabilize my writing speed since I don't write that often. One month-Three months sounds like such a long and fucking annoying time. I don't know if you noticed in this chapter, but I'm trying to get back into the "Spartan" personality of John. I feel like Johnsei mode is too carefree and I'm going to lose my touch with the Spartan core.

Yeah. I don't have much to say besides this chapter could have been better, but it's not as crappy as the rest and was actually (somewhat) thought out. Don't worry; I know where I'm going with the next half.

Also, about the Harem. Yes, it's official; there will be a harem, because it isn't DxD without a harem. Issei? Maybe. I don't plan on killing him off but I need some god damn characters out of the way, it's too hard to keep track!

Thanks,
>Sonicfanx1<p>

6. Doppelganger

****WARNING: THE FOLLOWING CHAPTER IS VERY BAD AND IS NOT OF HIGH QUALITY. IT IS ALSO CONSIDERED A FILLER CHAPTER AND HAS MANY, MANY SCENES THAT CAN BE CONSIDERED SURREAL, RUSHED AND JUST BAD. I DO NOT LIKE WHAT I HAVE DONE, BUT I WILL POST THIS BECAUSE I CANNOT LEAVE YOU WAITING FOR HALF A YEAR.****

****CONTINUE READING AT THE END AUTHOR'S NOTE:****

* * *

><p>High School DxD: Spartans X Dragons

* * *

><p>Chapter 6: Doppelganger

Leonidas coughed and groaned. His SPI armor was rusting and showed signs of degrading. He stumbled back, clearly in pain. That strike to his abdomen didn't take too kindly to the Spartan-III. There was a clear dent in his armor. He quickly tore off his helmet from his head and puked out some blood mixed in with whatever he ate that day. Leonidas covered his mouth and fell flat on his ass.

"Shit, that was a mean punch." He commented, holding back another volley of vomit. "Jesus Christ, how fucking strong are you?"

"Don't talk," I ran up to the Sergeant and checked his wounds. I quickly got him out of his SPI armor, granted I tore through his armor to get to his wound. I studied it quickly. The bruise mark was phenomenally dark. I could tell that he was bleeding internally as well. I motioned for Picks to run an X-Ray scan of his gut and it turns out I had heavily wounded him in that area. I didn't know the specifics, but Picks said that the wound was heavy and the Spartan-III would not survive without proper medical attention.

"So this is how I die, eh? Friendly fire is a bitch." The Sergeant laughed. He began coughing vigorously.

"Save your breath, we'll get you proper medical attention ASAP. Where's your team?"

"Right behind you asshole."

I turned to see two Spartan-IIIs, each with their own less serious injuries, if you count a semi-broken skull, busted knee cap and beaten up body less serious. I stood up to my full height and picked up the injured squad leader. He didn't seem to mind the manner I held him and waved at his subordinates and told them to stand down.

"Where's HQ?" I asked.

"The way we were coming from. We've got trained medical personnel stationed there." The least injured Spartan-III waved for me to follow him. His less clunky armor gave him better mobility, not that it mattered. The other Spartans limped after us, seeing as they got shot in the leg. Picks carried them on his carapace, much to their horror. Their Headquarters weren't as close as I expected however. I had to descend the mountain and cross the city to an abandoned warehouse. By the time I arrived there, Leonidas was visibly shivering. Whether that be from the cold or apparent blood loss was something I don't think I'll ever find out.

"Oh shit, Henry!" A girl ran up to the wounded Leonidas and plucked him off my hands. She fell onto the floor and examined his body.

"He needs medical attention." I calmly stated, gaining only a sneer from the female.

"No shit! Just who the fuck are you anyway?" She hissed.

"Master Chief Petty Officer Spartan-117," I replied.

"I don't give a rat's ass about your rank! What the fuck's your name so I can carve it into your grave once I give you a 12.7x9mm problem in your fucking head!" The girl shouted, lifting an M6D Magnum at my head. I took a step back and aimed my rifle back at her.

The Spartan-III that led me here interjected, stepping in between our crosshairs. "Emily calm down!"

"Piss off Jake!" The girl, now known as Emily, hissed. "I'm in the middle of something right now!"

"This is just a big misunderstanding, lower the gun down Emily." He said calmly. He took a calm step forward; just to be met by two SAP-HE rounds flying pass his head.

"Okay, okay!" He quickly stuttered and lowered his head in surrender.

"Lower the gun, that's an order." I hissed, glaring knives at the Spartan in question.

"Fuck you!"

Seeing as she wasn't going to cooperate with me anytime soon, I moved forward with impossible speed and kicked the Magnum Pistol into the air. Then, I planted a foot onto her chest and applied some pressure. This gave medics the time to take Leonidas or Henry to the infirmary, where he would be treated. The exact same thing this girl wanted to do, but in a more acceptable manner.

"You're lucky this isn't loaded." I retorted, tossing the DMR aside. "Restrain her." I ordered.

"Um, actually that isn't a good idea, and I'm sure as hell not going to touch her." One of the people watching the scene said. The others nodded and murmured in agreement.

"Explain," I demanded.

"She's the only cook here. I touch her, and there goes my dinner, and tomorrow's dinner, and the day after that. There's a universal rule here that says that if we even as much pisses her off_, we're probably going to starve to death." He explained. I grumbled and turned back to the girl, who seemed harmless on the ground, still lashing out, but harmless.

"She can't actually starve you." I said critically.

"Actually she can. It's happened five times now. We even have the bones and dog tags to prove it to you." Another commented, pointing at some bones on the other side of the cave.

I stared at him in astonishment. I tried to open my mouth to speak

but nothing would come out, until I managed a, "Oh you've got to be fucking kidding me right?"

"And there goes his professional behavior; no we are not kidding you. Carter Welish â€" A214, James Camper â€" A057, William Trevor â€" A273, Carvel Dimes â€" A315, and Lee Ciao â€" A101 died from starvation. They all died right after getting in a fight with Emily Darwin â€" A302. Does that seem like an obvious connection to you?"

I grumbled and released her, not for fear of dying from starvation, but for fear that the others would kill me if I killed or somehow stopped their only cook from cooking. She stood up, patting the dust off her pants, stared me straight in the eye and punched me. The physical attack did nothing but sheer a small amount of skin from her knuckles and cause the others to stare at me in shock. My energy shields flared up instantaneously, enveloping me in a golden light.

"Holy hell, were those bloody Energy Shields I just saw?" One commented.

"I think they were!" Another exclaimed.

"When the hell did the UNSC reverse engineer Elite Energy Shields?"

"Hey, hey! Give the man some space, quit crowding!" My escort pushed the crowding Spartan-IIIs back. I sighed heavily and turned around, seeing as I have no business here.

"Oi, where do you think you're going? We have loads of questions for you!" One of the Spartan-IIIs called out.

I turned around and looked at all of them and shook my head. "Sorry, I don't have time for this."

"Where are you going?"

"I rented a house not far from here. I should be fine for the duration of my stay."

"And why are you here?"

"My main priority was to find you guys. I've got a good partner that was able to brush up some info on you guys and your general location. Since I could find you, others can as well. I'd recommend you lay low for now so you don't attract anymore unwanted attention." I replied and immediately ran off.

* * *

><p>I arrived back at the rented house. My body ached, presumably from the usage of the [Boosted Gear]. My left arm throbbed considerably, but I ignored the pain. The more pressing concerns were the Spartan-IIIs I had just met. Kurt trained them so they're well trained, even if they're emotionally unstable. The Spartan-IIIs themselves looked accustomed to the warehouse they were situated in. Judging from all the radio boxes I observed, there should be other Spartan-III "sanctuaries" like these. The thing that

surprised me the most however were how coolly they looked at me when I arrived. It was as if they were accustomed to this sort of thing or they really didn't care as much. Their weapons were antiques as well, compared to 2564 weaponry. But, I must agree that those MA37s and MA5Ks are very reliable when the time comes for them to use them.

I slugged off my armor and placed it at a corner. The MJOLNIR Mark XI sat there, staring at me. I stared back, into that golden visor, and then sighed. I kept the gauntlets and forearm guards on, just in case. The Titanium Nanocomposite Bodysuit stayed on. I could never sleep without that extra layer of comfort after sleeping for so long with it on. Actually, taking the MJOLNIR off was the worst bit. I usually slept in armor. Even during my civilian year, I could never get used to the fact that I was sleeping without my armor. It felt like I lost a layer of my skin. Sadly, this was a measure I had to take to avoid breaking my bed in half from the shear weight.

I tossed Picks onto the table and turned off the lights. I slept inside the blanket. That extra layer of cloth gave me a greater sense of comfort. With my back against a wall, and Picks guarding the door, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep. As you can see, this ended in failure. I kept on tossing and turning, trying to find the best position to sleep in. It was still 8 PM but it was dark outside and I didn't want to go for any sort of walk.

I turned on the air conditioner, since it was getting too warm under my blanket, but then turned it off since it was getting too cold. My eyes were well conditioned in the dark now and I could make out every single outline in the room. Sighing, I realized I wouldn't be able to go to sleep like this and headed out the door, limping. My body felt strangely sore for some reason, so I decided to take the risk and not to go out in the MJOLNIR armor.

I put on my civvies and tucked an M6H with two magazines in my pocket. I sighed and looked in the mirror. I was still John, luckily. I grabbed Picks and exited my house and locked the room behind me. Deciding to go for a short jog, I toured the city, noting each store and building they have. Most of them were business ones and the occasional internet caf  . I did notice a "sleazy" bar though, but decided to stay away from them. The night sky was filled with vivid colors and flashing lights. There was a party going on somewhere. Judging from the music and the tickets in everyone's hands, it must be a concert of some sort.

I shrugged and decided to turn around and head for the mountains. Maybe a short stroll in nature would ease my body. So, I decided to visit the shrine. I, myself, wasn't a very religious person, nor do I believe in any sort of religion. I have seen, from all the anime Linda and Asuka watches, that shrine maidens are generally nice people.

I paced up the stairs. The sound of nature kept me company as I mentally complained on how long these stairs were. They were long. I'm not even trying to be funny; even I'm getting a little bit tired. The shrine looks like it's a bit further up. The way down will be painful though. When I reached the top, I was greeted with relatively nothing. The buildings up there were dark and unlit, there were no shrine maidens to be seen and I don't actually have any money with me right now.

"I suppose... I could just enjoy the view." I sighed and sat on the steps, looking down at the city. I tried to organize my thoughts and identity. The past few days have been very strange to me. Issei was less talkative but I have become more talkative. Issei has lessened his... sexual harassment of females during classes or, more recently, during my stay here, but I have started getting strange ideas in my mind. Issei has stopped trying to communicate with us and has become very tired. The obvious answer is that he's mentally stressed from not having his own body, but the truth is far stranger. Ddraig said that he's experiencing aftereffects from the times I've switched forms. I've noticed that Issei's body has been becoming more and more like mine.

His skin is paling; his muscle density is increasing, his vision is getting better, just to name a few changes. So, I try to stay as long as I can in "John form", to lessen the rate of fusion. The more annoying aspects of this are that everyone notices it. They notice every time his skin gets paler, every time I seemingly lift things without much trouble. Now, after having a memory check and identifying ourselves as two separate entities, some of my older traits have come back, one of the more notable ones them the Spartan's general shyness and loathing of conversations with civvies.

This seems more like a soul related thing more than anything, and I didn't cover "souls" during my training as a Spartan.

I felt something pierce the skin around my neck. I went to squat the mosquito away, pulling it off my neck and crushing it in my hands with lightning reflexes. I sighed and decided that it was time for me to leave. The walk didn't help a lot. I still felt full of energy. Yeah. I felt like... like... like I need to...

* * *

><p>He yawned. John didn't know why but he suddenly felt a lot more tired than usual. He looked at his hand and didn't see any mosquito. Instead, he saw a small wood splinter with a trace of blood from his neck. The Spartan's brain couldn't comprehend what just happened. He was too drugged to even think properly. His eyes twitched in a desperate attempt to stay awake. He felt so sleepy that he somehow managed to fall to his side, hitting his head hard against the pavement in the process. The force of the fall, combined with his drugged state, managed to knock him out.<p>

The Promethean in necklace form noticed that his brain activities have changed drastically and he quickly transformed back into his normal state. The former human grabbed the Petty Officer and flash teleported away, leaving only one witness, Zero. The Forerunner sighed as he was left alone once again. He returned to his comfortable nest and snuggled himself.

PKX-7341 returned his partner to his dwelling. The former human ran a blood test and detected nothing too abnormal, just the strange new cell strains that started appearing all over the Spartan's body. The Promethean didn't inform the Spartan of the strain since it might unnecessarily alarm him. His immune system has been ignoring the strain for a very long period of time and might have already integrated it into its system. It, when activated, creates the ****[Boosted Gear]**** gauntlet.

The process was too confusing for the Promethean to stomach and he didn't decide to dwell too much on it. Instead, he prioritized his partner's wellbeing. He decided to go into standby mode and wait for the current terrestrial cycle to finish. PKX-7341 morphed into his power saving mode, the necklace form. It wasn't as efficient as his other modes, but it allowed the Spartan to take him along with him with more efficiency than simply following the Spartan. However, unlike the previous weeks, PKX was slightly more adventurous today.

Taking advantage of his relatively lighter restrictions, PKX decided to connect himself with the planet-wide network. It was simple to hacking into a satellite and streaming the internet directly into his systems. He indulged himself in 21st century history and news. He found that it mirrored the home universe in an almost perfect image. Then, he decided to research more Spartan locations and strange sightings in Japan. He easily found more of those "Zero" images, sometimes with other mechanical entities. It didn't intrigue him as much as it did the breast monster/creature sightings in the same area as the Spartan's school was.

Then, he stumbled on the most intriguing discovery. As he strolled through the internet, he stumbled upon a memory fragment. It was integrated into a "bugged" webpage. The website wasn't very well known, nor is it viewed often; therefore the problem has gone relatively unnoticed. However, he did discover very strange things. There was binary coding everywhere. The Promethean decided to translate it. It said, "Find me in deep space".

The Promethean, puzzled, reviewed several interpretations of what "deep space" could mean. He came to the conclusion that whatever this programmer wanted to convey was located somewhere on the deep web (1). The Promethean took a risk and decided to plunge into it. What he found, was not amusing. Excluding all the child porn, what he was looking for was not easy to find. He had to go through many firewalls and probably had to hack into many other websites before he found what he was looking for.

It was in a large mess, but it was still in one piece. It would take the Promethean a very long time in order to decrypt and repair the package. PKX-7341 was amazed his (John's) luck as well. The Promethean virtually sighed as he transferred the files into his memory drive. When the transfer was completed, he hacked into the website and completely destroyed its binary coding as well as deleting all traces of the package. Then, he scrambled whatever was left of the code and planted an untraceable and undetectable virus that would hack into whoever computer that access that particular website. It would search through the infect computer's files until it found a copy of the package or parts of it, where it would then delete it and wait 24 hours before deleting itself.

Satisfied with his work, the AI started work on repairing the package, knowing full well that it would take him at least a year to complete alone.

* * *

><p>John woke up to pounding at his door. When he went to greet whoever was so kindly knocking on his door, he was greeted by

Kiba. The Knight was drenched and panting hard. The look in his eyes spoke a million words for him and the Spartan quickly straightened his back and grabbed the Devil's shoulders.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

Kiba gasped for air as he wiped the sweat off his forehead. He quickly jerked his head behind him, like he was worried he was being followed and said, "Something attacked us last night. It wasn't... terrestrial, I suppose I could say. Koneko is badly beaten up and Akeno is trying to find the intruder."

Kiba grimaced and clenched his fist. John pulled the Devil inside and slammed the door shut behind him. He pushed him onto a chair and took off all my civvies. He doesn't even remember coming back home last night but this takes priority above that. John enticed the Devil to continue as slid on his Titanium Nanocomposite Bodysuit.

"It looked like Picks; I swear it looked like him. Albeit slightly demonized, it looked like him. It was huge as well." He summarized. John started placing his MJOLNIR armor on. The gauntlets and forearm guard screwed into place. His body armor hooked onto each other and his shin guards attaching in place.

"It had energy weapons; the strange thing was that it used both demonic and holy energy â€" two energies that shouldn't be together. We tried fighting it, but when it started charging this... laser attack, Koneko took the blunt of the damage. It escaped afterwards."

"It looks like a Promethean?"

"Yeah, didn't I tell you that already?"

"Describe it to me, everything."

"It had two large arms and two smaller ones like T-Rex arms. Its legs had two joints. It also had that huge carapace on its back like Picks, but his were absolutely vile. It looked like it was a mass of insect biomass or something. There were tentacles and everything and it was so wet and slimy. It is definitely not a **[Stray Devil]** that's for sure." Kiba listed off.

"That's it? There weren't any weapons, nothing?"

Kiba shook his head.

"How did it fight? Close combat or did it fire any kind of energy attack?"

"It occasionally used its tentacles to attack and almost always fought in close quarters combat. Wait, what are you doing?"

Kiba stared as John grabbed a M45D Shotgun and several M6D Magnum Pistols from the crate that he brought.

"Continue, did it wear any armor or did it have an insect exoskeleton? Could it fly? I need all the information you have to combat it effectively."

"Oh, right! It did have an exoskeleton that could block my sword attacks, but it didn't have any artificial armor. It also escaped by flying away so yeah, it can definitely fly. It also has very sharp claws and can move very fast. I think it also had a tail and well... had Pick's face. There were teeth and everything. I think the armor on its face is also an exoskeleton, but its eyes and mouth are exposed."

"Alright, do you know how to use a gun?" The Spartan asked, placing a Type-51 Storm Rifle on the table in front of him.

"No thanks, I'll stick with my swords thank you very much." He laughed awkwardly.

"Roger that," John grabbed himself a bag and started loading all the weapons and ammo that he took out. He brought two M45D Shotguns, four M6D Magnum Pistols, one M365 DMR, and one Type-51 "Storm" Rifle.

Then, John paused, realizing the newest resource he had recently discovered could be exploited in this situation.

"How many were there?"

"Just one,"

"Are you sure?"

"No, I think Akeno said something about hearing insect shutters everywhere in the forest but she didn't see anything." Kiba said, making me sigh.

"Right, we're going to have a few guests on this hunt." John said as he grabbed more weapons.

* * *

><p>I told Kiba to take the bag of guns to Rias and make sure that nobody saw the weapons inside the bag. I explained to him how each gun functioned and how to reload and told him not to take it out of safety but just to get used to how each gun felt and how to hold them. The Devil nodded and returned to Rias but I had a different task. I grabbed another bag and filled it to the brim with Covenant and UNSC weapons. I brought at least two Needlers, three Type-51 Carbines, three more Type-51 Storm Rifles, two Type-25 Plasma Pistols and two Type-1 Energy Swords, excluding my own.

I packed up and grabbed Picks, who remained quiet throughout the conversation. I made my way to the Spartan-III's Headquarters, where I was greeted with that bitchy Spartan-III again. When she stopped her verbal onslaught, I explained the situation to the base's highest ranked officer and asked for six Spartan-IIIs. He reluctantly agreed and after explaining the situation, omitting the bit with the Devils, they told me about the hunts they were going on. Apparently I had intervened in one of their hunts yesterday, which would also explain why Zero was there.

"Yeah, we've met that guy. He's a real big dick, but is really good at killing those things." Spartan-A437 said. "By the way, my name's Jake."

"Nice to meet you Jake, are you good with swords?" I asked.

"Decently well, why?"

I tossed him a Type-1 Energy Sword and watched him crumble from a soldier to a child getting a toy he always wanted on his birthday. After I gave everyone a loadout, I led the small fire team into the mountains, where I eventually found Rias's peerage. She waved when she saw me but when she saw the Spartan-IIIs behind me, quickly took a step back, shocked. The Spartan-IIIs on the other hand, almost drew their weapons before I stopped them and told them of their situation.

They weren't too pleased with what I had to say.

"The hell, what are you thinking, giving guns to kids?" Jake shouted.

I sighed and said, "They aren't exactly normal."

"Yeah, well they look pretty normal to me! Screw this, I mean seriously kids?" He tossed his hands into the air in frustration and walked away.

"Ignoring the act of insubordination," I hissed, grabbing his shoulder, "I think shooting fireballs and causing lightning to strike just by pointing at a spot should be a sufficient argument."

He turned his head towards me, staring for a few seconds, before turning to the peerage. The six-foot tall Spartan folded his arms and sighed heavily.

"I don't know what drugs you're on but if you're seriously planning on having them fight with us â€" it isn't my fault if anyone dies." He said.

"Ara ara, you think we're that incompetent?" Akeno asked, laughing to herself.

"No, I just think my commanding officer is high as fuck right now." He shrugged.

"Was that an insult _soldier_?" I shouted with intimidating authority behind my voice, causing him to jump.

"Sir no sir!"

"Good, now drop down and give me _fifty_!"

"Yes sir!" Spartan-A437 dropped faster than a dying Grunt and began giving me push ups.

"Count them out!" I ordered, walking around him.

"One sir!"

"So this is what John is like when he's in the military." Rias laughed nervously.

* * *

><p>"How's Koneko?" I asked.<p>

"She's healing faster thanks to Asia's **[Twilight Healing]**, her life isn't in danger but she won't be able to move for a couple of hours." Rias said.

"Okay, I'm stationing two Spartans here. Asia is staying here; make sure to get everyone else ready. I'll go over how to use each gun that I gave Yuuto." I said, walking outside. After a few minutes, everyone besides Asia and Koneko was outside and there weren't many Devils here anyways. The Spartan-IIIs were securing the perimeter, leaving just me, the two Spartans outside the building and the three Devils.

"Right, according to Yuuto's information and what the Spartan-IIIs know, these Promethean bio-copies have a strong outer armor and can fly. Since you three are middle to close range types, I've given you M45D Shotguns, Designated Marksmen Rifles and Pistols. The Storm Rifle is only for me to use since Plasma technology is too dangerous for people without MJOLNIR armors." I said, holding up the Storm Rifle.

"You hold the rifles like this, with the butt of the gun against your shoulder, your right hand on the trigger and arm down, your left hand on the pump. This is a pump action shotgun so with every shot you'll have to pull the gauge back. It also has quite the kick so don't underestimate it." John explained. He handed the M45D Shotgun to Rias and Akeno since they had good mid-range magic and the M365 DMR to Kiba since he was a melee type and the DMR should balance out and work well with his attribute.

Next, I brought out the M6D.

"This is the M6D Magnum Pistol. It is known as the smallest rifle in the world since it can break my shields in three shots." I said, shaking the pistol in front of me.

"You grip it with your right hand and place your left hand underneath. There is a button on the side, above your thumb, that will drop the clip and allow you to reload. It's the same with the DMR. Be careful with the Magnum though since it's pretty much the Desert Eagle of the 26th Century. It takes a lot of shots to take down my shielding, but if it only takes _three_ with this gun, then I'd advice caution when using it."

"Also, the M6D is effective at medium to short range; the DMR is effective from long to medium range." I added.

"Why are you giving us weapons?" Rias asked, holding her shotgun awkwardly. I looked at her and walked back a few steps.

"Try hitting me with your magic." I requested, throwing the weapons away to avoid damaging them.

"Are you sure?" Rias asked, looking at Akeno and even the other Spartans for approval.

"Very, I won't die. Maybe," I assured.

Sighing, Rias summoned up a bit of her magic. The mana took the form of a monster and charged at me, causing a small explosion. The blast pushed me back a few feet and drained me of all my shields. I did experience some damage from the attack as I was kneeling on the ground panting heavily. The attack was both physical and explosion based since it felt like I was being rammed by a Warthog and there was a small C6 explosive going off right in front of me.

"John-san, are you okay?" Rias asked.

"Just... let me catch my breath." I gasped.

"Uh... Sir, are you okay?" A Spartan asked. I nodded my head and stood up, my legs a little bit wobbly. After a few seconds, the familiar hum played in my helmet and my shield meter returned.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah," I lie and took a deep breath, getting rid of that uneasy feeling on my chest.

"So, how strong was that?" I asked, rubbing my shoulder.

"Not too strong but not too weak. Its practical use since strong versions would take too long to charge and I might lose concentration." She answered.

"Right, now did it work on the Promethean wannabe?"

"No, it just smashed its arm against the blast and deflected it."

"Now if we used a shotgun or this insanely powerful pistol, it should be able to get through its armor and cause some serious damage. The Spartan-IIIs have already tested this theory." I said.

"Anyways, I'll let you get used to it first before we go hunting. Make sure not to point it at anyone, especially the Magnum since it uses Semi-Armor Piercing High Explosive rounds."

"There is a point in time when one will ask, why do you need a pistol that strong? It's because fuck you that's why." A Spartan-III commented.

* * *

><p>The crunching of leaves and the rustling of bushes; John would have preferred it if there wasn't so much background noise, but he would put up with it. He carefully observed the landscape as he walked through the woods, filtering out all the background noise that accompanied him. The Spartan-IIIs talked about the mythical copy's hive and how they're hundreds of them that they'll have to go through. John didn't bring any explosives with him, so the only way from them to get rid of the hive in the mountains is to blow them all to bits.<p>

They walked on for what seemed like hours, until a noticeable miasma started lurking in the air. John didn't smell the purple gas that

crawled in the air, but the Spartan-IIIs and Rias's peerage didn't have the luxury of a gas mask or in John's case " a filtered helmet. They covered their noses and the Spartan-IIIs ignored it. The group ceased all talking and slowly progressed into the forest. As the miasma seemed to become even darker and more noticeable, John heard an unfamiliar noise and raised his left hand, cuffed in a fist.

It sounded like an insect's wings shuttering and some low growling. The sound surrounded them and they were in a disadvantage as the miasma acted almost like a fog in the situation. John activated his on visor flashlight and checked his radar. There was nothing. He decided to move forward until they found what looked like a large egg.

"Stop, move back, defensive positions," John ordered. They found an egg. This may not be a hive, but it should stop them from attacking Ms. Gremory's group for the remainder of their stay.

"Jake, what is this?" John asked, leveling his Storm Rifle.

"This is one of their eggs. We're lucky, if this was a full blown hive there would have been thousands of them. If there's an egg here, it means that they're close to making a hive here. With one egg, they make hundreds of little babies. The babies look like a freaking pile of human shaped tentacles though." He said.

"How do we destroy the egg?"

"To be honest, I don't know. The most effective way is with fire or explosives, but some times we just blow it to smithereens with whatever is left with our ammo."

"What do you mean, 'whatever is left'?" John asked, seeing one red dot on his radar.

"I mean that whenever we find an egg " they usually start attacking. We got contacts!" Jake shouted as he stood up and fired his Type-51 Carbine. The other three Spartans got into a defensive position around the Gremory peerage who was confused as to what to do. John noticed the miasma beginning to lessen considerably. There were hundreds of them surrounding the group. He barely had enough ammo to kill twenty of them, much less a small army's worth.

His Storm Rifle hit the Promethean copy's chest and melted through, causing severe burn wounds and killing it almost instantly. They kept on coming however and it was inevitable that they had to fight them close.

"Out of clips!" A Spartan-III called out as he dropped his Carbine and pulled out a Needler and Plasma Pistol. He aimed his Needler at the charging onslaught of clones and fired. The needles latched on to the clones and exploded. The Gremorys had already run out of ammo taking care of the ones that came too close. Kiba dropped his DMR in favor of his blade, his Magnum was still fully loaded, but he didn't draw it yet. Rias and Akeno were using their respective magics on groups of Promethean clones. They weren't very effective, but it did seem to stall them for a period of time.

"Master Chief, come in Master Chief!" John heard on his radio. It was

the Spartan-IIIs back at the spa. Their voices were frantic and agitated and he heard shots being let loose in the background.

"Home team, what's wrong?" John asked as he dropped his Rifle in favor for his sidearm.

"The massive buggers are here! We're trying to hold them off but there's too many of them!"

"Hold the line! We'll be there as soon as we-"

"Holy shit what the fuck is that!"

John heard a thump and a loud primal roar. Then, there was sound of flesh being torn apart. Finally, silence.

"Home team come in, home team, what's your situation?" He got no reply.

"Damn it!"

His Magnum eventually ran out of ammunition and he drew his Energy Sword. The orange glow and sheering heat that emitted from the blade was spectacular as he cut the charging mob to bits, but they were being over run. Eventually, they'll get tired and sloppy and they'll eventually lose to the waves of Promethean clones.

"Fall back, fall back!" John ordered.

"We can't, they've got us surrounded!"

"Then make a fucking hole in their formation!"

A bugger leapt onto the Spartan-II and he noticed the similarities between the cybernetic and organic Prometheans. It raised its right claw and stabbed at John's face. The Spartan jerked his head to the side and dodged it as he struggled to get his arms free.

"Shit," He cursed as the insect grabbed his head to keep him still. Its arm raised, the bugger was about to thrust his arm, when an orange light cut it in two. John saw the figure whirl around, using his right arm to cut into the insect's carapace and slice it in half.

"Zero!" Jake shouted.

"Thank god I wasn't too late." He panted as he pulled a Light Rifle seemingly out of nowhere. There were Promethean arm blade attachments on both his forearms and his forearms were drenched in a brownish liquid.

"Hurry, fall back â€" I'll take care of the situation here."

"Why are you helping us?" John asked.

"It's because it is partially my fault that a doppelganger managed to copy the appearance of one of my Prometheans. This entire situation is my fault, that's why I'm cleaning up my own ass!" He barked.

The Forerunner primed a grenade and ran up towards the egg, shoving

his arm into it. When he retracted it, I saw what looked like tentacles on his arm. The Forerunner showed signs of disgust and smashed his arm into a tree, killing most of the tentacles.

"What are you waiting for? Hurry and get the fuck out of here!"

* * *

><p>"Christ," Zero cursed.<p>

He managed to somehow kill every clone that was following us. He looked beat as he sat on the porch of the spa building. The Spartan-IIIs were alright, although a little shaken. Nobody was injured too badly.

"I have only one or two days left until I'm called back." Zero announced.

"Called back? They're Forerunners in this world?" I asked.

"Don't be ridiculous!" Zero laughed.

"I won't go over the specifics but I shouldn't be here and those doppelgangers should have never taken the form of a Promethean. They've gone through at least three generations to look that hideous."

"You seem to know quite a bit about these organisms, care to enlighten us?" Rias asked.

"The sad thing is, is that I don't. I barely know anything about this place and I only kill to cover up my ass." He turned to the Gremorys.

"You're an exception."

"Just who are you?" I asked in vain. He probably won't tell me, but there's no harm in trying.

"That's classified. However, sticking on the classified note â€" why did you tell the Gremorys who you were? Did you think they were going to help you or were you just high back then?" Zero hissed.

"I..."

"Hey, don't bully John!" Rias defended me.

"That's right, you're devils aren't you? I have a very interesting method of spying; it consists of my practically nonexistent Ninjitsu skills and watching people while they sleep." He said sarcastically.

"That reminds me, don't you have a... Rating Game to deal with? I saw that pretentious bastard that you call a fiancÃ©e and got the chance to kick his ass." He scoffed.

"What's a Rating Game?" I asked, completely lost and confused.

"A Rating Game is sort of like chess since they use chess pieces but

you can move where ever the hell you want and there may be an instance when a pawn can take out a king, queen and all of his pieces if he or she is good enough. Just think of it as capture the flag, just that you're going to kill a VIP instead."

"Right and why are you here?" I asked. Zero shrugged and stood up.

"No particular reason. I just noticed the miasma and figured I found an egg. So I told my forces to secure a perimeter around the forest and I managed to save your guys' ass."

"That's it? You just... noticed the black fog? I smell bull shit." Jake scoffed.

"You're right, I was on a hunt and I noticed the fog, happy now?"

"No, "

"Well you aren't getting shit from me and if you haven't noticed â€" I saved your ass. Now either you take it or leave it." He hissed.

"Zero, in all seriousness, how did they get a Promethean form?" I asked, curious. He shifted himself towards me and sighed.

"They copy an object's appearance by observing it. Every time they attempt to copy something, it ends up a corrupted and twisted version. That's how they got that organic Promethean look. That's from me studying them though. I'm sure Miss Gremory here can tell us what the hell that is. It is a demonic creature, is it not?" He said, shifting the blame to Rias.

She said nothing; I saw the fatigue in her expression and decided not to push further. Zero sighed heavily and stayed silent, so did everyone else. We sat in silence for another hour before the Forerunner left the scene, leaving me to my Spartans who eventually left as well. The sun started to set. I got up and packed all the equipment I brought with me. They weren't damaged, just out of supplies.

The day was over. I don't have a reason to be in this particular area anymore. I guess tomorrow I head back home.

* * *

><p>Author's Note:<p>

The Deep Web is actually a thing. You can access it via the Tor browser and I refuse to talk about it any further. The only information you will get about the Deep Web (from me), is that it is basically a black market of illegal items, assassin hiring or hit men and lots of child porn.

In all honesty, I kind of did hate this chapter as well. It seemed to just... drag on, longer than I'd appreciate. I have no explanation for why this took so long other than, "Visual Novels". Before you start complaining about how shitty this chapter was in comparison to all the others, I would just like to say this:

****I KNOW THIS CHAPTER WAS SHITTY AND I WOULD BE HAPPY TO REWRITE IT, BUT I'VE ALREADY PUT THIS OFF FOR FAR TOO LONG AND I WOULD LIKE TO POST THIS BEFORE I DISAPPOINT ANOTHER PERSON.**
>

I cut the chapter at 7k. I would like to plan out an ****INTERESTING**** 7th chapter since... well 7 is Bungie's favorite number...

No promises.

Well this is better than the first version which just made everyone OOC, John started freaking out, Rias turned into an asshole...

Yeah, this is better than the original version.

I am not proud of this version either. It isn't nearly as polished as the last one nor as my remakes for IDGPE. I still consider the remakes on IDGPE to be my best works since I had a better plan than I do now. Hell, this is what I call "writing blind". I have a very vague plot in mind but I just can't express it correctly. I wish this could have been better, I really do. For now, just put up with my bad writing.

If you haven't checked already, I have a schedule planned out on my profile page as well as a new poll. The schedule can change at whim but I'm currently in the process of planning and writing a remake of Infinite Spartan, something I hope can give me some hope that the next chapter can be better. Speaking of the next chapter, if you have any questions on progress, please PM me.

Thanks,
>Sonicfanx1<p>

7. Phoenix Rising

****High School DxD: Spartans X Dragons****

* * *

><p>Author's Note:<p>

Sorry for going on hiatus. The fic will probably stay on hiatus but I wanted to get out a chapter for Halloween and I want to finish up "season 1" albeit rushed and I wanted to tell everyone that I am STILL alive.

More on why I'm so lazy at the end.

Concerning Halo 5: Guardians

Since this fic was made before Halo 5 and the Halo Escalation comics, we are assuming that ****Shadow-Of-Sundered-Star**** or Ur-Didact (Halo 4 Didact) is still alive and was defeated on the Forerunner home world. We are also assuming there are enough Forerunners alive (shield worlds) that they can repopulate their home planet and survive.

Halo Lore tidbit in case this is confusing for you:

There are TWO Didacts in the Halo Universe. The original Didact and commander of the Forerunner Military: ****Shadow-Of-Sundered-Star**** aka ****Ur-Didact**** and his younger counterpart: ****Bornstellar-Makes-Eternal-Lasting**** aka ****_Iso_****-Didact****.

I won't go into their history, do that on your own time.

We are also assuming that Cortana has "died" in the Haloverse and no other Spartan-IIs were killed after the events of Halo 4. That means Spartan Team ****BLACK**** is still alive.

* * *

><p>Chapter 7: Phoenix Rising</p>

"PKX-7341, status update. Authorization Code: Doctor Catherine Elisabeth Halsey." The old woman spoke.

"Authorization Code accepted, sending report and surveillance footage." The Promethean Knight replied.

"7341, what are your opinions on Spartan-117's psyche or does it remain indifferent?" The Doctor questioned the composed Knight.

Its carapace audibly twitched as it replied, "MCPO Spartan-117 continues to show signs of teenaged insecurity. This trait has diminished after MCPO Spartan-117's recon mission in the mountain regions. Now, he refrains from interacting with other members and staff at the educational facility. 117's sudden change may be a result of his training with the entity known as 'Ddraig'. The training primarily consists of spiritual and mental training. MCPO Spartan-117 is now capable of harnessing 'Magic Energy' to create orbs of thermal energy that emit an unknown Energy Frequency."

"Verify: Spartan-117 can create balls of fire or fireballs from his hand?" Halsey asked.

"Affirmative,"

"What other abilities have emerged after his 'training'?" She asked.

"Spartan-117 is capable of minimal energy sensory, however this is only limited to Magic Energy. MCPO Spartan-117 is also capable of doubling his strength at every 10 second interval."

"Verify: Did you say _double_ his strength every ten seconds?"

"Affirmative,"

"How is this possible?"

"Thermal scans indicate that the entity known as Ddraig resides in a jewel inside a gauntlet identified as a Sacred Gear, an item that is given to humans at the time of their birth. The Sacred Gear MCPO Spartan-117 has, was inherited from the human known as Hyoudou Issei who is currently in a purgatory-like state inside MCPO Spartan-117's mind. Hyoudou Issei continues to unknowingly influence Spartan-117

although to a lesser extent." The Promethean Knight explained to the Doctor's dislike.

"Stay on topic 7341." She ordered. "I'll read your report later."

"Affirmative," Picks replied. "Thermal scans indicate that on every 10 second interval, a massive amount of energy of an unknown frequency is ejected from the jewel in the Sacred Gear. The source appears to be from the jewel located in the Sacred Gear; however it appears to not be it. On further study, it is hinted that the entity known as Ddraig is supplying MCPO Spartan-117 with the energy. The Jewel and to an extent, the gauntlet, is simply a medium."

"Acknowledged 7341, the modified portal is virtually completed. The Forerunners helped us modify the portal slightly. We have your universe identified but we need some sort of energy signature or beacon to lock on to avoid any political disorders on your end. We're currently shooting a beacon to your location so we can lock on and bring you two back home. Tell John that the estimated time for us to retrieve him is about 72 hours."

"Affirmative Doctor Halsey, PKX-7341 logging off."

* * *

><p>"So I have 3 days to notify Alpha Company and rally the whole 300 of them at a designated location. Verify, Picks."<p>

"Affirmative," The Promethean replied in a metallic growl.

I nodded. I tuned into Alpha Company's radio after meeting with them. The radio that they only use sparingly in case some unlucky individual decided to tune in and listen to them. Even if the chatter was heavily encrypted, it was better safe than sorry.

I sat on the ground and adjusted my signal to fit Alpha Company's radio frequency. There was light chatter, mostly minor chatting. The Spartan-IIIs were taking their turn talking so the entire radio isn't just one big static fest. I cleared my throat on radio and said,

"Attention Spartan-IIIs, this is Master Chief Petty Officer Spartan-117 speaking." I announced. "In approximately 72 hours, a beacon and portal will be opened somewhere in the city I am currently situated in. The place will be a secluded area away from any public service or resource. Some place like the city's abandoned theater."

"Wait isn't that at the park?" A Spartan-III asked.

"Yes, Spartan, it is at the park, again." I sighed. I came to reason with the whole park fiasco, but it still sounds strange when every place I go to either has a lot of trees or is the park.

"I want you all here in 1200 hours, no sushi this time alright Spartans!_"

"Yes sir~~~" The whole company replied in an unenthusiastic and

dejected manner. There was a small incident during my stay at the mountain town region that some might consider humorous but was a tactical nightmare to me. Suffice to say, the incident included a lot of Japanese foods, multiple plans that aligned with each other and sometimes go against each other, and 300 pains in my ass.

*****Oh so you're leaving now eh Partner?*** Ddraig perked up.

"Apparently so Ddraig, we might not be seeing each other again." I said.

*****Shame, it would have been interesting to see you go up against the White One, with your experience and body. You may be the strongest Sekiryuutei in existence.***

I opened my mouth to reply, but I was interrupted by a knock on the door. Asuka came in, scowling when she saw what I was wearing.

"Hey weirdo, Akeno-senpai wants to talk to you." She hissed and loudly shut the door. I went downstairs to meet my guest. She wore shrine maiden clothing and her hair was let down instead of in a pony tail.

When she saw me she waved.

"Akeno," I said with a noticeable Western accent.

"Good morning John-san." She bowed gracefully.

I surveyed her movements. She executed herself with elegance but with haste. The way she sat makes it look like she wasn't here to visit. Her hands were clasped on her thigh and I could see paper from under her cupped hands.

I spoke in English, "Cut to the chase Akeno, what is it you want?"

The sudden revelation that I knew what she was here for made her widen her eyes in surprise. She quickly fixed her facade and replied with a more serious look on her face.

"Earlier today, at 4:30AM, the Occult Research Club participated in a **[Rating Game]**. We lost the match and Rias is to be married to a person named Raiser Phoenix in about three days." She spoke softly.

"And why you want me to stop the wedding, why?" I asked.

"I'm not just asking you, I also want to inform you that Raiser knows about you and the Spartans." She whispered.

"How?"

"He has been observing you ever since you reached the mountain town. He plans on killing you and giving your corpse to one of his siblings to be reincarnated." She said, clearly not liking the idea.

"This would make me a Devil like you, why are you so against it?"

"You've only seen Rias treat her pieces. In reality, we're actually her 'slaves'. She treats us fairly and equally, but other ****[Kings]**** may treat their pieces differently. Raiser's siblings are known for their cruelty in ****[Rating Games]****. I don't want you to get hurt." Akeno's eyes got a little misty.

"Are my men in any danger? If he so as much _touches_ them..."

"No, he's only after you. He knows that he can't win against a group of Spartans."

"How many did he send after me?" One of the best tools in war is intelligence. Know your enemy's plan so you can plan ahead and make countermeasures for every single possibility.

"He sent about three peerages after you, all from reincarnated devils who managed to become High-Ranking Devils." She answered quickly.

"Is this information trusted?"

"I saw the documents myself. One hundred million yen to whoever brings him your corpse."

"Permission to kill," I asked while popping my knuckles.

"Please don't, you may think I'm lying but the Devil species is on the verge of extinction. The Great War killed so many of us off that we had to resort to using the ****[Evil Piece System]**** to fill our ranks."

"Alright then, what do you want me to do to them?"

"Leave them knocked out or somewhere unconscious but out of harms way." Akeno smirked. "Or you could just send them to me. I'll make sure to take _good_ care of them." She put a hand on her cheek. I could see a slight blush as she said that and my mind quickly gave me a different mental image.

She is the _Ultimate_ Sadist.

"Also, I wanted to give something to you." She handed me the slip of paper. "I'm not asking you to do this, but it would be highly appreciated. In three days, I will be waiting at this location at 12 in the morning. If you come, you're agreeing to stop the wedding."

"I don't actually have any reason to stop the wedding. This isn't my fight." I told her.

Akeno sighed and responded, "Rias trusts you; we all do even if you don't trust us. I don't have much to say besides that Rias was against this whole marriage thing. She doesn't want to be known as 'Rias Gremory: the daughter of Duke Gremory'. She just wants to be seen as a normal girl with normal interests."

"And I treat her like a civilian." I added.

"Yes, yes you do. John, may I ask you something?"

I nodded.

"If you could take back your own life right now, would you do it?"

"I already have. I have no place in the civilian world."

"Then can you help Rias take back her life?" She asked, staring dead into my eyes.

"I'll consider it."

"It's better than flat out refusing. Good day John," The shrine maiden stood up, bowed and left.

I opened the slip of paper that she handed me. It said to go to Kuoh Academy's Occult Research Clubroom at 12AM. The beacon arrives at 1AM, same day. Let's hope whatever plan Akeno has doesn't take too long.

* * *

><p>Three Days Later

"Spartan-III Alpha Company is assembled. All 277 of us are here." One of Alpha Company's de-facto leaders reported.

They were inside the abandoned theater, sitting around the long lance-like beacon sticking out from the ground. The beacon had a timer that was counting down to zero. I had about one and a half hours remaining until the portal opens.

"Good. Spartan, I'll be gone for the next hour, taking care of business. If I'm not here when the timer goes off, leave _without_ me."

"Yes sir. I trust you will be back in time, right sir?"

"I hope so."

I left without saying a word to the Spartan-III commander. The other Spartan-IIIs who overheard the conversation were quickly stopped by the commander and were ordered to sit still.

I had with me, a M6 G/GNR or a Spartan Laser, a MA5D ICWS Assault Rifle, M6H PDWS Magnum and Arbiter's Gift Energy Sword. It was a rather light load out compared to my usual load outs. I suspect all I need to do is get in, stop the wedding by shooting everywhere, kidnap/rescue Rias and get out.

I got to the location and instead of Akeno there was a white haired lady in a maid outfit. I was surprised to see a young face when she turned around since white hair is usually a sign of age.

"Are you John?" She asked politely.

"Yes." I answered.

"I was expecting someone a little bit smaller, but I suppose this is

better. You're here to help put an end to Rias's unwanted wedding, correct?" She asked.

I nodded in response. Her shoulders relaxed and she brought out a slip of paper with something one might describe as a magic symbol on it. She muttered a few words and a glowing magic circle drew itself below me.

"I'm teleporting you outside the wedding hall. When you get in, challenge Raiser Phoenix." She said.

"Shoot to kill?" I asked. The light started to grow even brighter that the visor had to do some light correction.

"It would be kind of you if you didn't kill anyone, even Phoenix."

"Roger that,"

"Also, one more thing," She said, catching my attention. "The Phoenix clan isn't just named Phoenix for show." Whatever she was going to say was cut off when I teleported.

I found myself in a nearly pitch-black hallway. The door in front of me was massive, about the height of two Mantises. It looked heavy but the door was wooden. The frame was metal though, but that is probably to strengthen the wooden frame.

I clenched my fists.

"MCPO Spartan-117, query: for what reason are we here and where is our location? Air samples have a hint of magic energy of a higher frequency." Picks asked.

"I have some work to do Picks. Scan the door; I want to know its durability." I ordered.

"Door scanned: it is unlocked and very durable." Picks answered.

*****Hey partner, word of advice, end the fight quickly. The Phoenix clan isn't called the Phoenix clan for no reason."** Ddraig advised.

"Roger that, I'll be careful." I gritted my teeth and prepared for a fight.

* * *

><p>John kicked the door open, shocking many guests. The Spartan walked into the room once filled with laughter and music, now silent. He examined the room in case he needed to fight, he knew what to do. Rias's peerage was smiling, with the exception of Koneko. She never smiles. The other guests stood shocked as guards ran to intercept the abrupt intruder. They came equipped with spears.<p>

John immediately noticed the Devil on his right and grabbed his spear and pulled it out of his hands. With little effort, he smashed the pole of the weapon against the attacker's leg shins, tripping him. The one on his left thrust his stick at the Spartan. In response, the

super soldier ducked beneath the attack and hit his opponent's legs, making him trip as well.

The Spartan-II took one step forward and twisted his body, putting all the force he could into this swing. The third attacker didn't have time to react as the blunt end of John's wooden spear smashed against the Devil's face, shattering the spear's body and the Devil's skull.

"Who is this interloper?" An angry devil shouted.

Ignoring the seemingly middle aged man, John shouted, "Raiser Phoenix! You wanted me, here I am."

The Devil in question laughed vigorously. He didn't expect his bounty to _literally_ show up at his door.

"This is hilarious!" He laughed. "Yes, yes I wanted you. I'm actually really surprised that you're here right now. Of all the times, you had to give yourself to me as a wedding gift."

"Save it Phoenix. I'm here to win back Rias's freedom."

The audience gasped.

"As an ally," John added, gaining sounds of disappointment from the crowd.

"And by what right do you have? You're just a human." Raiser hissed. The elder Phoenix didn't look like it, but he was roughly as old as the Spartan-II, albeit slightly older. He had experience in duels, but the "duel" the Spartan had in mind wasn't the duel Raiser was thinking of.

"Let him fight you Raiser," A man in the audience said.

"Lucifer-sama,"

"Did he just say _Lucifer?_" I asked.

"Verified. Devil: Raiser Phoenix did in fact say Lucifer." said Picks.

"Besides, I want to see why you put a hundred million yen bounty on his head. And since he's here, why don't you turn in the bounty yourself? You won't be losing any money and you'll entertain guests." Lucifer said.

"Yes milord." Fiery phoenix wings erupted from Raiser's back. The Devil hovered several meters in front of John and a Magic circle appeared below them.

"I can't decline his majesty so try not to die too quickly, alright?" He mouth twisted into a very evil grin.

Asia pulled John's arm. He noticed the tears that were forming in her eyes. She handed him a box and said,

"John-san, please use this to your advantage. You won't be able to

defeat a Devil without the power of God."

The Spartan reluctantly took the package and snuggled it above his waist, on his backside.

The two combatants appeared in an arena that seemed to worship the game "chess". There was a horse head, obviously modeled to look like a Knight's piece and a tower that was also made to look like the "rook" piece. The field itself was tiled a single color but was properly proportionate to the chessboard since if a piece was life sized, it would be around Raiser's size.

"Tell me one thing though, Issei." John felt his self-esteem go down a bit. "Why are you fighting for Rias's sake?"

"First off, Phoenix, my name is John and I'm fighting to give Rias something I never had as a child: choice, the choice to choose how she lives her life." He replied.

"And what choices weren't you able to make?" Raiser asked.

"I never asked to become this, a Spartan, a Demon, an Immortal Warrior." He replied. "Although I don't regret this lifestyle of mine, I would prefer the younger generation to be capable of something simple like choice."

"That's an interesting choice of words 'Spartan'. You know we're Devils but you call yourself a Demon. Why is that?"

"Why don't you beat me and find out?" The Master Chief quickly pulled the Assault Rifle from his back and began firing at the Devil. To his surprise, the sub-human took it without doing so as screaming. Instead, every hole the 7.62x51mm rounds made were quickly engulfed in flames and regenerated. To add insult to injury, Raiser was only walking towards John. He didn't even bother to dodge.

John unloaded his magazine and popped in a new one, but seeing the futility of sustained fire, he switched to his M6H Magnum sidearm. The Semi-Armor Piercing High Explosive Rounds tore massive holes in the Phoenix's body. Those rounds were also useless against the regenerator but did cause slight irritation.

"It's no use Spartan. You're dead." Raiser taunted. The Spartan took out a small blue orb and seemed to ignite it on fire. He threw the Plasma grenade at Raiser who raised his arm to defend but the orb stuck and began fusing itself into the Devil's skin. The Devil began to grimace but was interrupted when John fired his pistol at the grenade, making it explode.

"Cheap trick, did you think your puny ball could match my flames?" He scowled.

John reached for another magazine but Raiser grabbed his pistol arm and used his other arm to lift John into the air via neck. The Spartan dropped his pistol from the shock but grabbed the Energy Sword that was lying on his left thigh. He thrust his arm forward, stabbing the Phoenix in the chest then swung his arm upward. The Devil dropped him and staggered backwards. John managed to pick up his pistol before the Devil fully regenerated.

"John, you can't kill him. He's immortal! His flames will continuously regenerate him." Rias said, concerned.

"You should listen to her." Phoenix taunted.

John spun around and slashed Raiser in a wide arc and cut his torso into two, but he still regenerated.

"Had enough fun?" Raiser smirked. John kicked the Devil back with all his might. He got a good ten, twenty meters before Phoenix stopped moving but was bleeding vigorously from his nose.

"That...hurt." He growled as he wiped the blood from his nose. It was still flowing, like a river.

"He isn't healing...maybe 'shoot to kill' activates his self defense mechanism." John placed his Energy Sword back onto his thigh. "Let's try punching him to death."

He outstretched his left arm. The crimson gauntlet came to do his bidding.

*****Boost!***

"So you have a Sacred Gear. What is it, **[Twice Critical]**?"

"**[Boosted Gear]**," John replied.

"A Longinus? It's no use if you can't hit me."

*****Boost!***

"Let's test that theory then."

Surprising the entire audience, the Spartan seemingly moved like a blur. In mere seconds, John's fist had already struck its target. The Spartan struck with the force to lift a 66 metric ton tank. Raiser's entire torso was pulverized in a single hit, forcing the Phoenix to spew out blood from his mouth.

This wasn't the end of the Spartan's onslaught though. The Spartan used his right fist to punch Raiser but his left leg took the step to make that punch. He bent his knee so he could make the transition easier and thrust his whole body forward and launched his knee at Raiser's face. The half-ton Spartan grabbed Raiser's head and pushed it into his knee cap and easily obliterated the Devil's head.

*****Boost!***

Phoenix was already regenerating when John leapt backwards to get away from any possible counterattack. Somehow, even without a central nervous system, the Devil was still standing up straight. The Spartan grimaced and side kicked Raiser. Unexpectedly, he caught the kick. It still shattered his arms, but his healing factor made short work of that.

*****Boost!***

Raiser lifted John by his legs and slammed him into the ground. His shields crackled a golden color. He managed to throw the half-ton soldier into the air and shot a burst of fire at the Spartan. John's shields couldn't take the heat and dissipated, but not before the flames had let up.

"You are a pain in my ass Spartan." Raiser spat, wiping nose of blood.

"Kiss my ass chicken wings." John retorted and stood up, shaking his head to get rid of the nausea.

*****Boost!***

Enraged, John suddenly felt weightless. Raiser had just sent him several meters in the air with a single hit. His reflexes managed to save him from a certain-kill hit as Raiser was about to break John's neck. Instead, Raiser kicked air instead and John used his installed thrusters to move himself away from harm.

*****Boost!***

*****Hey Partner, you seem to be in quite the pinch.*** Ddraig commented; smirking the way a Dragon would smirk.

"Not now Ddraig." John said while dodging one of Raiser's punches and countering with one of his own.

*****Yes now, Partner, I have an idea that will let you take down Raiser in 10 seconds.***

"Now I'm listening." John said aloud. He kneed Raiser in the gut and tried breaking his neck, but it didn't work. Raiser's neck snapped back to normal, but with an angrier Phoenix.

*****Usually, this would take weeks of nonstop physical and mental training but you managed to knock off the mental training in just a few days and I'm already sure you're ready for the physical bit.***

*****Boost!***

"I'm going to fucking end you!" Raiser screeched and he flew up into the air, preparing his ultimate attack.

*****Uh oh. Quickly! Activate the Balance Breaker!***

"How am I supposed to do that?" John hissed.

*****Just overload the Gauntlet with your power and the sequence should appear in your mind.***

"How does that even work?" John thought but did it anyways. He forced all the Boost Charges to activate inside the Gauntlet and like just like Ddraig said, the sequence appeared.

*****Yes, you did it Partner!*** Ddraig said ecstatically. **Welsh Dragon: Over-Boost!***

The Gauntlet's power surged through John's body. He could feel the change coming, but nothing happened. There was a red light surrounding his body and electricity crackled around his aura.

"What is this?" Raiser shouted.

"Ddraig, nothing is happening!"

"Reclaimer, the armor is rejecting the change." Picks informed.

*****How can the armor reject the change, it's not even alive!***
Ddraig shouted.

"The Mark IX previously had a rejection mechanism for when viruses or unwanted programs were invading the armor. This feature wasn't installed until the Mark XI Prototype, but the feature has evolved to combat unwanted Flood assimilation or something of the like." Pick explained.

"How do we bypass this?" John asked.

"I'll just kill you before you get a chance to do what you're about to do!" Raiser roared and raised his hand into the air.

Pick's form changed into that of a data-chip similar to Cortana's.

"Interface me with the MJOLNIR Mark XI Systems and I will add an exception into the program." Picks said.

John quickly tore the necklace off and inserted into the AI-Slot. Picks went straight to work, adding an exception and analyzing all information on Raiser's abilities.

The gauntlet's gem glowed bright as Raiser unleashed his ultimate move: a Phoenix shaped Supernova. The attack obliterated the ground beneath John and turned the area into a molten mess. Raiser was laughing at his victory, but before that, unbeknownst to him.

"Assimilating," The MJOLNIR systems spoke.

*****Uh, Partner, something weird is happening.*** Ddraig commented.

"I heard. Picks, status report!"

"A new feature had been added to the MJOLNIR Mark XI that remained unknown to me. The armor has the ability to assimilate and analyze foreign technology invading the armor. Dr. Halsey made the suit to be constantly evolving to fit every combat scenario."

"Assimilation complete,"

*****Boosted Gear: Balance Breaker!***

A gust of wind blew away the dust that was blocking view. The Spartan was alright, but his form had changed. The 7 foot tall behemoth now

stood clad in bright red armor. His visor remained the same color, but his armor had changed drastically in both color and appearance.

His chest armor now sported a large green gem in the center and the structure of the chest armor was also changed. The gem was inside a concave diamond hole that wasn't too deep. The armor itself has now become sleeker and lighter. The MJOLNIR Mark XI thigh armor was edgier than before and his knee caps also had a gem inside it. John's boots morphed to mimic a dragon's feet. At each toe, on the boot was a spiky toe. He could actually move those toes as well.

His helmet remained true to its original counterpart, but it was now red and had two "horn" like structures that were excessively long and bend back, past his ears. His visor color changed into a darker orange. His shoulder pads now had two straight horns on their base and were bulkier to mimic a knight's shoulder pad. John's gauntlets, vambrace included, now looked like the Boosted Gear, but mixed with the MJOLNIR's gauntlets. The gem on John's hands still remained and his hands were sharper and more metallic. In fact, John had gained a second bodysuit layer that was made of a light and flexible metallic material.

A long tail lazily wrapped itself in front of John. This was his "tail", unlike its Boosted Gear counterpart; the tail "grew" out of the back of John's armor.

"What..."

"Balance Breaker? That forbidden technique?"

"Impossible, what happened to it?"

*****Boosted Mjolnir Powered Assault Breaker Scale Mail!*** Ddraig said out loud, using the MJOLNIR's built in speakers.

*****A fitting name for this monstrosity, yes? Quite comfy compared to that claustrophobic gauntlet.***

"Is that the spirit within the Gauntlet?" Rias commented.

"Are you the entity from within the item classed 'Sacred Gear'?" Picks asked.

*****Hey Partner, what is this...thing?***

"Raiser first, bickering later." John demanded.

The thrusters on his back were much stronger and functioned more like a true jetpack. Green flames started to spew from the thrusters as they propelled him towards Raiser, fast. The man in question shot two fireballs at John. His energy shields flared bright green. His HUD showed an overlapping shield bar and a timer.

"Picks, what's this?" John asked.

"The MJOLNIR Mark XI is overexerting its generator. When the timer reaches zero, the suit will shut down and the 'Balance Breaker' will disengage. This will leave you vulnerable until the suit reboots itself." The Promethean explained.

"Roger." John reached for his weapons.

And grabbed nothing.

"Picks, where's my weapons?" He growled. John pinned Raiser against a wall, breaking the Devil Nobleman's ribcage.

"Weapon Systems have been assimilated into the armor. Please use neural implants to call for a weapon module."

Raiser seemed to explode, forcing the Spartan-II back. He counterattacked with a flurry of attacks. The Super Soldier grabbed Raiser's fist mid-thrust and broke his arm in that joint then kicked him away.

*****[Energy Swords]!*** Ddraig shouted. The blade of the weapon appeared just above John's fist. The lack of weight made moving his arm feel awkward.

John smirked internally. He was starting develop a liking to the new armor.

Raiser rushed him, intending to blow the Spartan up to smithereens. He didn't even care about the bounty now; he just wanted the human dead.

John swung his arm, cutting Raiser's forearm off cleanly. Usually this was nothing to the Phoenix, but this wasn't the case. The proud Phoenix was on the ground clutching his wounded arm. The flames were regenerating at a slower pace but that wasn't what was giving him so much pain.

What was giving him so much pain was the holy attribute the blades had. It felt like a hot rod had just passed through part of his soul and cut it clean off. His head snapped up at the floating Super Soldier who was just analyzing the situation. He knew something was wrong, but he couldn't tell what was going on.

"I'm going to kill you son of a bitch!" Raiser shouted, absolutely pissed. The Phoenix began shooting flame bolts at the Spartan from all over his body. John took evasive actions, dodging all the large bolts and occasionally letting his shields take some of the small shots.

*****[Dragon Assault Rifle]!*** The Dragon shouted.

John began his own counterattack and fired his modified MA5D ICWS at the Devil. The shots were mostly deflected by Phoenix's own onslaught of flames, but the ones that got through and hit the Phoenix caused him to stop said onslaught immediately. The devil fell onto his ass, clutching his right thigh where the first shot hit. John dropped down to ground level and switched weapons again.

*****[Dragon Magnum Pistol]!***

He popped a round in both of Phoenix's kneecaps and rammed his soles into one of Phoenix's kneecaps. He switched weapons again.

*****[Dragon Laser]!***

The modified Spartan Laser appeared on John's shoulders. He pointed the massive weapon at Phoenix who was completely terrified of the walking apocalypse. John pressed the trigger button. Raiser could see the red line coming from the weapon and knew if that thing hit him he would be as close to dead as he could be.

"S-s-s-stop! I yield, I give up!" Raiser hugged his head and rolled into a ball. His back turned away from the Spartan. The grown man started to cry pitifully as Lucifer called in John's victory.

The arena began to break apart. The Spartan panicked for a moment before being teleported back into the guest room.

Standing in the middle of a scared and stupefied crowd, John took this moment to disengage the Balance Breaker using his neural implants. The armor quickly returned to normal and his weapons returned. The red turned back into a forest green color and the second under layer disappeared with the balance breaker. John saw his HUD rearrange itself and return back to normal.

Lucifer started clapping, much to everyone's displeasure.

"Congratulations John, you've beaten a now terrified immortal being, as expected of the Sekiryuutei, the one with the power to surpass god." Lucifer commented while smiling.

John was about to say something about "surpassing God" but he was running out of time.

"As a result of your victory, I will grant you one wish. Any who dares oppose my decision may speak with John and we'll see where that gets you." The king of Devils joked.

"Now, what is it you desire?"

"I already told you _Lucifer_, I came here to void Rias's marriage so she can live the life that she chooses to live." It was a half truth. In all honesty, he came here just because Rias and her peerage was what he could consider a "friend", even with the short time they spent together. The other half was purely out of obligation.

"So you came here solely for the purpose of freeing my cute little sister?"

"Lucifer-sama!" Rias cried out. Her face was completely red.

"Lucifer is your brother?" John's mouth was hanging a bit.

"That's _Sirzechs_ Lucifer to you and yes I am her elder brother." Sirzechs Lucifer answered.

John, deciding not to pry into this any further since he was out of time and the stares that he were getting from the guests were very, _very_ uncomfortable.

"As I would (dis)like to stand here and chitchat," John began. "I

really need to be getting back to Earth now."

"But the party has just started." Sirzechs laughed, but John didn't see the humor in this and gave his best Spartan Stare.

"Alright, but before you leave I suppose I'll grant your wish now." Sirzechs sighed and stood up.

He cleared his throat and said, "As the Crimson Satan, I, Sirzechs Lucifer, hereby void Rias Gremory's and Raiser Phoenix's lifelong marriage contract, effective _immediately_."

John was expecting some sort of sound effect right now and was disappointed when he got none. The Crimson Satan generated a magic circle beneath John who reluctantly forced himself to stand there. He was about to give back Asia her gift but she shook her head. Kiba and Akeno were smiling while Koneko was stoic, as always.

"Goodbye," John managed to say aloud before disappearing.

They wouldn't learn the significance of that word until it was already too late.

* * *

><p>I reappeared somewhere near the theater, of course, in a dense wooded area. I felt like crap. That Balance Breaker really pushed my body to the limits with that transformation. Especially with those new abilities of mine, I wasn't expecting my abilities to have increased seven times. I was about to leave when someone unexpected showed up.<p>

"Zero," I said with a pang of annoyance.

"I don't have time for your shit right now, let me pass."

"I'm not here to fight John, just to say goodbye." He said and tossed me some sort of device. It was shaped like a small cube with a button on top. It glows Forerunner orange.

"What is this?" I asked, turning back to the soldier.

"A gift," He said. "I'm leaving, you're leaving. I'd rather not leave you with just bad memories and painfully surreal fights."

"Quite sudden," I retort.

"Yeah, just like that bullshit ETA you got from Halsey." He replied with his own retort.

"How the hell did you..."

"I hacked the UNSC's encryption with assistance from an AI dumbass. I know everything that goes on in this city as well as the fact that you have three minutes before the portal closes. We have enough time to talk for one." He said.

"Who the _fuck_ are you?" I asked reluctantly.

"It's obvious I'm a _Spartan_. Even though you try to make yourself

believe I'm not one. Just because I have Forerunner armor and weapons doesn't make me not human. Besides, you've fought Forerunners before; they're twice as big as us."

"Then what the hell have you been doing? Why are you always getting in my way?" I barked at the so-called Spartan.

"For the sake of getting on your way, John. Also to train. I have strange and awkward circumstances back in the universe that I'm currently concerned with."

"What's with the strange wording?"

"Let's just say I'm in a more favorable predicament than you are before meeting with Doctor Halsey." He said.

"Again, how the hell do you know about all these things?"

He shrugged, "I'm really sneaky about it."

"Last question: what's your name?" I asked.

He chuckled for a moment and replied, "I think you're better off not knowing that. You do however know my ID tag."

"Zero? You're 'Spartan-Zero'?"

"Three times," He corrected. I checked my HUD for the time and he seemed to do the same. Spartan-Zero took a deep sigh and walked up to me.

"The worst part about departing is thinking that you'll never meet each other again. That always bothers me." The Spartan said.

"You're too emotional." I comment.

"But lo and behold, I'm a Spartan-II." He proved it in the surest way possible: a Spartan Smile.

"I have no purpose in your life besides being a pain in the ass and a sort of 'friend'. I'll miss you John... well this you anyways. Now get going and don't forget my present or me got that?" He gave me a friendly but violent punch to the shoulder.

"You're definitely too emotional."

"It gives me character. Now get your ass moving before I have to pull your ass there." He joked.

"Before I leave though,"

"You literally have like...two minutes to run back to the theater and you're wasting your time talking to me."

"What's your story?" I asked.

He sighed and said, "Long story short, I was under different circumstances but I ended up in the same situation, but I have the support of two, now three armies. Right now, a situation has arisen and I need to return."

I nodded in response.

"Well go! Doctor Halsey isn't going to leave the gate open forever!" And he kicked me to get moving which I did.

"Well then, _goodbye_." The Spartan-II said. As he walked away, I could hear him whistle a familiar six-note tune as he frankly, dropped out of radar.

* * *

><p>"Doctor Halsey, we can't keep this gate up for any longer." An engineer said. "The thing is sucking up so much power; we're draining the entire city."<p>

"Just a little longer Andrew, he'll come. I know he will. Commander, do you see him?" Dr. Halsey asked.

The Spartan-III commando shook his head and the old lady sighed.

"Wait, I do see something...it's him. Prep the Forerunners."

Spartan-117 ran at record breaking speeds toward the universe gateway. Smashing through the door, he tackled the Spartan-III commando through the portal and across the other side, allowing Andrew the Engineer to shut down the gate before anymore damage could be done.

"That electrical bill is going to fuck us right up our metaphorical pussies." He said as he left.

"John, it's good to see you again." Halsey said, looking at her "favorite pupil".

"Likewise Madam."

"How do you feel? Any personality spikes or teenage urges recently?"

"Nothing of the sort Madam."

"Good. Well, get some rest. We're going to do a 'surgical' removal of Issei in three hours." The doctor said, turning away from the Spartan-II.

John looked at the cube and his other hand moved towards Asia's present. There's nothing he can do about it now. The Spartan returned to his old quarters where he was greeted by the friendly faces of his Spartan-II brothers.

"Welcome back to the land of the living Boss." Fredric said, patting John on the shoulder. They all still had their armors on, Kelly in the process of removing or equipping a boot. Some Spartans did prefer to put it on manually, but you could only say that with the Mark V, VI and VIII versions.

"It's good to be back, Fred." John replied.

"What did happen over there? We only heard a few details from Doctor Halsey and almost nothing from everyone else. When we tried to push for more from her she told us to ask you when you come back." Nicole-458, a Spartan-II from a different set or class, asked.

"It's a long and crazy story that I'm willing to tell you, but I'm too tired to talk right now." The sudden celebrity replied and immediately collapsed onto his bed, nearly breaking it.

"Good night,"

"It's actually 0800 hours right now." Nicole commented.

"I don't care, it's one in the morning back there and I'm dead tired." The Spartan-II complained. He took out Picks from his AI slot and placed it on a table near his bed before passing out from sheer exhaustion. Usually he could stay up for 48 hours straight, but using that Balance Breaker form really took a lot out of him. He couldn't feel a muscle.

"Alright then, rest easy Chief."

* * *

><p>UNSC Space: Three Months Later

DxD Universe: Two Days Later

Three months have passed since I've returned back to UNSC space. Two days have passed since I've left this universe. Strange how time works across worlds. The Forerunners who were advising this operation said that this was because each universe's time moves out of synch with others. Anyways, I'm currently sitting next to the bedside of Hyoudou Issei. He is in a coma. All his wounds were healed; kudos to me fusing with him, but the shock to his brain put him in this state.

I will admit though, the UNSC works fast. In just a single day, they bought a hospital and began setting up shop in this universe. There are now active and slightly more efficient "gateways" between the two universes. In reality, it's just an Einstein Rosen Bridge they made. They glorified it and called it a gateway even though it was just a wormhole.

On a side note, the surgery went well. The Forerunners that were doing said surgery put me in some sort of alternate dimension and did a lot of space-warping. They successfully managed to separate us two; obviously we wouldn't be having this conversation if they didn't. I've yet to speak to Ddraig again. I think we're finally done working together. Still, it's fun knowing that I can still make fireballs from my hands. When they finally separated us two, they put Issei in cryogenic stasis so he wouldn't age while he stayed here. It was redundant but I appreciate what they did to the little pervert.

"Ddraig," I said. "You there?"

No reply.

"How's Issei, he doing alright?"

Still no reply.

"If you're going to ignore me, you should at least tell me why." I growled.

*****Sorry Partner, I don't mean to ignore you like that. I just never had the time to say anything."** Ddraig appeared on Issei's left arm.

"Ddraig, where have you been?" I asked, looking at the red gauntlet.

*****Personally, I've been monitoring Issei's mind. He returned to his fantasy."** The Dragon said.

*****I think this time he should overcome his fears himself, so I've been watching him and tried to guide him for a while."** Ddraig continued.

"Inform me before you do something like this." I said.

*****Alright,"**

"Also, are we finally done? I've lost the Sacred Gear, right?"

*****Luckily, you haven't."**

"Why?"

*****If you haven't guessed it yet, I'm trapped in another world. The gem on the gauntlet is like a gateway to that world it also sustains this world. With you, the gauntlet seemingly copied itself, giving me two doors instead of one. That means if the actual Sacred Gear was destroyed, I would still be alive since I have a back up copy. That might also mean that after you die, your Sacred Gear will be passed onto other people, which would be troublesome."** Ddraig explained.

As to prove his point, the **[Boosted Gear]** appeared on my left arm. The gauntlet was still on Issei's arm, but there was a twin just like mine here.

*****I can still keep in contact with Issei even if all connections to your world are broken. My world is like a junction point between you two."** Ddraig added, speaking from my gauntlet.

I nodded and slouched back into my chair. Judging from how Issei's parents reaction before, I suppose I have to live in Issei's place again. Really, I've retained almost everything from my field trip here. Besides those teenage hormones, moments of time when I go out of character and the meshing between two personalities, I've retained everything I've gained or learned here, even the body morphing technique so I can live in Issei's place.

The UNSC does know about this though and they're planning on making me an agent here last I checked. There should be a holiday around

this time. It's a convenient excuse for saying, "I was at a friends house for the holidays, sorry for not keeping in touch." When I get back. Actually, if I get back, assuming I even return to the Hyoudou residence at all.

"John?" A nurse called for me.

Both Sacred Gears disappeared before she could notice.

"A 'Doctor Halsey' wants to speak with you." She said.

"I'll be right there." I said, placing flowers next to coma boy.

"This is a state of the art Hospital kid; they'll take good care of you." I said, leaving the young Japanese.

I wonder what Halsey has in store for me this time.

End Season 1

* * *

><p>Author's Note:<p>

Like I said, I had to rush it. I wanted to get this out before Halloween but I ended up posting it on Halloween because of distractions. I planned on getting this done in one day, but finished up in about two. I wanted the extra time so I could work on IDGPE then transition back to what I was previously working on: Kill the Heisei and ACE.

I suppose this was, in my opinion, better in quality than the other chapters since I had actual plot to work with. I think I work much better with plot. Everything was nicely paced and I tried to stay true to John's personality, hence time skip to avoid plot holes. I'm pretty sure I made some plot holes already, but I don't have time to read the last six chapters to remind me of what I wrote.

Also, this story is becoming self aware or...I think so. Yeah, I "killed off" Zero. He doesn't serve a purpose in this story except to make surreal fights which I won't need anymore since Volumes 3 and up have plenty awesome fights. Will we see them? Some of them.

I also unveiled (again) the Boosted MJOLNIR Powered Assault Scale Mail. I was tempted to call it the Boosted MJOLNIR Powered Assault Breaker Scale Mail but I thought that was too redundant.

Also, trying to fix this fic and seeing as people hate the shit out of Issei, I've made him as dead as canon will allow and pulled some shit from my ass so I can keep the Boosted Gear with John.

Speaking of John, yes I am aware of the different personality he had before he arrived at the DxDverse, which was because I thought he would have picked up a few civilian traits when he was retired (fired). That obviously didn't work out well.

****Important****

I still will be continuing this story but I have four other stories

to take care of as well. But comparing my lazy ass before, I think updates will come more frequently if I continue writing (typing).

Honestly, I have nothing else to say besides "Happy Halloween" (if I'm not too late).

Thanks,
>Sonicfanx1<p>

P.S. Sorry for not updating frequently. Fucking Saints Row and shit taking up way too much of my time.

End
file.